

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXII., NO. 5 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Moutaigne. NOV., 1897

### *The Passing of the Illustration Fad*

There are reasons to believe that the public is tiring of a magazine diet of nothing but pictures with a little explanatory text. We have passed through an epoch in magazine history. Mr. Frank A. Munsey can be credited with inaugurating the craze, and the success of his monthly, crammed with half-tone engravings from paintings and photographs of celebrities, was something phenomenal. It not only produced a horde of imitators, but its influence extended to the elder magazines, which found themselves driven willy-nilly into making themselves more or less picture-bookish. The craze for illustration drove them further into a frantic effort to be contemporaneous. They began to adopt journalistic methods and in time became hardly more than "éditions de luxe" of Sunday newspapers. They selected articles according to their possibilities for illustration, and the literary hack had to trot round his circuit, less with ideas under his hat, than with pictures under his arm. Wood-engraving was placed, at least temporarily, "hors de combat." The engraver could go to "tooling" half-tones or enter some other business. Even the draughtsman in pen and ink was neglected, though the worker in washes got some employment. The voice of the photographer waxed great, and was heard in all the land. He was the man of the hour: he and his fellow-usurper, the half-tone engraver. For many years the mania raged among the people and ravaged magazine literature. Then its very vehemence wore it out. The newspaper met the magazine half-way and began to drive it back from the newspaper field and follow it into its own territory. The Sunday newspapers issued elaborate supplements on super-calendered paper, with illustrations in half-tone and in lithographed colors. Then came the change. Magazine readers grew tired of incessant pictures evidently dragged in by the heels; or if they did not weary of them, the indispensable Sunday paper satisfied their appetite. The acute Mr. Munsey read the barometer well and materially modified the tone of his monthly, and returned to the discarded name "magazine." The other magazines feel the same public mood and a distinct effort toward solidity of matter is evident.

Through all this fever, the Atlantic Monthly has pursued its venerable path, undiverted. It declined even to be inoculated with the picture virus, preferring to weather the public malady or die under its own colors. In consequence it almost disappeared from the public attention. It was rarely seen on the stands, it was almost never seen on the street-cars or railroads—at least, in New York and the West, though doubtless the old guard at Boston clung about its standard. But recently there has come a new spirit into its circulation; and it seems to be

returning with a rush to the public mind. Only a firmly-established publishing house could have preserved such a magazine through such a picture-plague, and it is fortunate that the Atlantic had such backing as it had. Now it appears with its old look of staid prosperity in a Fortieth Anniversary Number made additionally notable by the purity of its ideals and the quality of its contributors. Magazine illustration can never lose its beauty or its deep value, but it is better as a servant than as a master.

### *The Kansas Festivals*

So large a part of fiction and poetry and oratory is taken up with a denunciation of the luxuries of city life and amusements and a eulogy of rural simplicity, that certain worthy people get to thinking that the difference between the two classes is actually one of character, and not merely of opportunity. Last year, certain people of great wealth were pleased to indulge themselves in a magnificent costume ball. It was an occasion permitting the most unlimited display of splendid jewelry and gorgeous fabric, but it is improbable that many of the guests spent more than they could well afford. Now all this harmless ostentation was, to be plain, nobody's business but the guests' and the hostess'. But oh, what a pothole there was upraised! Not only did scholars fall by the ears, over the usefulness to the whole community of such an unproductive consumption and such prodigal dissipation of money, but indignant editors wrote fiery columns on asbestos paper and fervid preachers denounced the affair as something deserving, and not unlikely to receive, the brimstone of Gomorrah. There was plentiful allusion to starving tenementers and bleak farm-life, and Populist and Anarchist orators howled themselves almost into tonsilitis over this final crime of the money-power.

This is all very easy to understand until one looks on the other picture—the diversions of the poorer of us. Here one finds the passion for ostentation exactly the same and quite as strong, the only difference being in the disproportion of opportunity and the refinement of taste. What have the railers at the New York costume ball to say of the September festivals in Kansas? Why are they so strangely silent at this latest outrage, this flaunting of rural and Western luxury in the face of the downtrodden goldbug? Is there no one to protest against these monarchical insults to our Democratic institutions? Thousands of dollars were lavished on the gaudy pleasures of a week's rejoicing over good crops. There was a "Queen," too! Think of it, sons of Jefferson, are we to fall again into the hands of a despotry, like that from which our forefathers fought and bled, etc., etc. . . . Valley Forge. . . .

Declaration of Independence. . . . Fourth of July . . . Freedom and Equality?! And this Queen was attended through the week by "a court of twelve ladies and gentlemen in fourteenth century costume." O sacred homespun and blue jeans! And the Queen wore ten different gowns—not all at once, strangely enough—and they were valued at \$15,000, and she wore jewels valued at \$50,000—the price-mark undetached, possibly. There was a great parade of fraternal orders led by Grands, and Most Grands, and Most Exalted Highs and Mighties, and all the other titles title-scoring Americans could heap up. The Mayor of the City—a Lord Mayor, surely—met the Queen and delivered to her the keys of the city! Is not here a theme for an orator? Is not this symbolic of a tendency in the money-power of the farmers to surrender this country to the rule of a dictator, an oligarchy? On one of the days of the week an array of "Knights" held a "grand masked ball," presided over by a cigarette-maker sumptuously robed and crowned as Carnival Queen. Two Queens, twelve feudal courtiers, an army of knights, thousands of dollars, diamonds untold! O tempora! O mores! New York must admit itself outdone and outshone.

Now, to the calm and catholic mind, and even to the humane political economist, the occasional breaking of the dams of economy and prudence and the occasional indulgence in wasteful extravagance and hilarity, are all healthful and blameless. It is good finance to throw away a little money now and then; it is sober wisdom to play the fool and the peacock on occasion. Holidays and festivals and burlesques and horse-play are all good purgatives of the body politic. Unreasoning mirth can dull an edge of misery that cannot be reasoned away, and the wanton purchase of a silly gewgaw may give one a new grip on stern necessity. But the rich ought to be allowed their extravagances, too. If a woman, used since her birth to costly gowns, desires one brocaded with diamonds and fashioned in the mode of Marie Antoinette, her whim is surely as legitimate as that of the farmer's daughter who saves her pennies to buy, not a skein of yarn, but a bow of ribbon for her hair. But it is not generally so considered. The happy philosopher that seeks the golden mean, however, will scan the country mouse's barbecue with the same look he bends on the luxury of the city mouse; and he will cautiously discount the calamity-howling of the under dog, whose chief motive is after all only jealousy and who will forget his under-dog theories as soon as he can get to the top of the social struggle.

*The Cowboy in History* We have little enough of the flavor of strong individuality in any part of our national life, not to be chagrined to learn that one of the most picturesque of Americans is fast dropping into oblivion. The cowboy was a peculiar growth—something quite as genuinely American as the red man himself. Our early border life, the vast unfenced ranges over which cattle roamed at leisure, called for an individual of toughest fibre to guard the herds of the new settlers. Borrowing something of the dress and personal agility from the Indian, a touch of finery from the Mexican Gaucho, and that same endurance from

the atmosphere, which characterized his alter ego—his pony—he was the mounted police of what in time became locally known as the "cow country," and around him grew up a peculiar life that was at once picturesque and unique. The cowboy may be said to have been the first and most pronounced racial development which civilized America has possessed. He was a distinctive creation—quite as clearly chiseled a character as one of Millet's French peasants—and, in his way, an individual in whom there was much to excite our admiration. He has already passed into history, and was done to death by the barbed wire fence. His virtues, his vices, his habits, his life have been most delightfully treated by Mr. Hough in a volume from the press of the Appletons, from which some stirring scenes have been selected for this number of *Current Literature*. In due time the cowboy will be a figure in American history around whose personality will cluster no small amount of romance, and in whom the literature of the future will take a more and more lively interest.

*Is the Man of Leisure Superfluous?*

There seems to be but one conclusion to be drawn from the annual migrations of wealthy Americans abroad, and that is that a residence in Europe offers to the leisure classes more comfort and pleasure in the aggregate than can be procured in this country. To assume that Americans have no patriotism would be both false and foolish, but in the face of existing facts it cannot be said that they have as much love of country as is possessed by men of other nations. It is to a spirit of pride in its government, allied to that unshaken tenacity of purpose that has made the English race foremost among the nations of the world. No characteristic of the British is more pronounced than this. The devotion of the Scotchman is no less dear. Separated from his Fatherland the German pines for his native shore, and the Frenchman bereft of Paris can imagine no joy to equal that of return. History is full of such instances which could be multiplied indefinitely. With this knowledge of the sentiments and habits of men it is clear that the reasons must be strong which induce the wealthy classes of this Republic to leave their home for a permanent residence abroad.

It is said by discriminating travelers that there is little comfort in America in return for large expenditure, and that the daily conditions of life are more expensive, crude and unsatisfactory than those prevailing in the cultivated centers of the Old World. In reflecting upon the numerous ways of acquiring vast wealth in this country, and realizing the number of emigrants that annually seek these shores, the fact is shown that while America is an excellent place in which to make money, it is not a place which gives satisfactory values in return to those who do not find it necessary to work, nor can it be said to give as much actual liberty, in spite of all the talk of liberty, as, for example, can be enjoyed in England.

The social conditions of a country whose standards are continually shifting and transitory, must be unsatisfactory to those who are in a position to enjoy the best conditions of society. Wealth presupposes culture, and the man of independent means gravi-

tates towards those centers where he considers the social conditions to be in the best state of development. Until recently there was no idle class in America, but with the enormous fortunes accumulated during the past fifty years a leisure class has sprung into being which is naturally animated with the desire of seeing and enjoying the best things the world has to offer. If the cultivated, and those passing through the process of becoming cultivated, find life more interesting, comfortable and attractive on the other side of the Atlantic, who shall blame them for seeking such conditions?

Between the complexities of social life, and the more serious calls of a political career, there is a wide gulf, but the complicated issues which spring from each are undoubtedly potent forces for creating the dissatisfaction which influences so many influential people to abandon America. The uncertainty of social position in this country, as compared with its security on the other side is cited as one of the chief reasons for international marriages. The energy required of an American woman of fashion to keep her place in the social world is indeed a travesty upon the social life of a Republic whose avowed policy is "equality."

The sense of personal responsibility which actuated the fathers of the Revolution appears to be a matter of complete indifference to their sons. The patriotic spirit of "How can I best serve the country?" has changed into "How can the country best serve me?" The statesman has given place to the politician and the man of cultivation is relatively crowded out of the political arena. The vocation of a gentleman in America is, indeed, a difficult sort of profession. The man of leisure is an anomaly. He is not provided for by the Constitution and does not drop naturally into any part of our social life. As a necessary product of the times, the man of leisure is with us a heavy percentage of national "waste" for which as yet no adequate use has been found.

*The New Status of the Old Physician* There was a time when the first step toward becoming a doctor of medicine was the cultivation of a beard. The young Imberbis forswore the razor as soon as he decided upon the scalpel. By persevering through the taunts of years his patience saw the down change to ineffectual, but lingering, tendrils, and these at last into something that passed for a beard, though in reality it only accentuated the youth of its wearer. But it took more than whiskers and a hardly dried parchment diploma to procure patients. It took years of famine, then more years of parsimony, before the years of plenty could be hoped for. People whose members, organs or lives are endangered, may believe firmly in vivisection and experimental medicine, but they show a strange reluctance to furnishing the material themselves. They prefer to let someone else be the subject. And in the case of a new physician, that stately word "practice" has always had an ominous sound. As young and auburn whiskers were always a danger signal to those in desire of doctoring, so, conversely, a beard whitened with the snows of many years was taken to be a guaranty of accumulated wisdom. It was a better advertisement than a European degree, and more convincing than many testimonials. About the

only advice that could be given a promising young *Æsculapiad*, then, was "Grow old as soon as possible." He sought no fountain of youth, but rather a plunge into "the flood of years."

But we have changed all that now. The gray beard is no longer the badge of access to the sick-room. On the contrary, the complaint goes up that King Lear is being thrust quite out of doors by a younger generation. Now, the last two or three decades of medicine and surgery have borne results that deserve the abused word "epoch-making." They have revolutionized the groping-in-the-dark methods of whole centuries, for they have developed the germ theory of disease with its corollaries of antiseptic treatment, inoculation, isolation, municipal sanitation and any number of other "-ations." The great increase in the percentage of patients saved from infectious diseases, the glorious victories over plagues that used to ravage whole continents, overpowering all human resistance and yielding only to some change of season, and even the complete repulsion of pestilences, such as that accomplished by the cholera quarantine of some years ago in New York; the enormous benefits of scientific sewerage, of tenement inspection and street-cleaning; the marvels of antiseptic surgery—all these and many other daily miracles of the new school of physicians could not fail to captivate the public interest. They have indeed excited the whole populace. Everything new is hailed with extravagant prophecies, and the dire failure of this much-heralded panacea or that specific does not seem to abate the public confidence in anything new. In consequence the new physician has the glamour of fresh methods about him. The elder doctor suffers from the prejudice attaching to all things "old." There is much talk now of a so-called "dead line" in the ministry—an age beyond which the congregation begins to cry, "Retire and rest!"—which is almost to say, "Retire and starve!" Many physicians are beginning to feel the punishment of the same idea. They must adopt new methods, or pretend to; else they are laid on the shelf. The young man is to have his vogue, it seems. In choosing, however, a physician as in choosing a wife, it is better not to judge by general rules, but to choose for individual reasons and after some familiarity with the character of the one chosen. The public has learned that the fact of a physician's being young, does not prove him a fool. But they must not, on the other hand, get the idea that a man is necessarily a fool by reason of age. It is the individual equation after all that is the only sure test.

*The Sonnet in America* The substantial contribution made to sonnet literature by Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, in his *At the Gates of Song*, noticed at length elsewhere, will attract attention anew to a form of verse that has been increasing in popularity, among both writers and lovers of poetry, for many years. In England, nearly every contemporary writer of verse has used the sonnet form and this is particularly true of American poets. The critical literature and anthologies that have been published along this line during the last two score of years would make a fair-sized library.

The sonnet, generally considered the product of

leisurely culture, was not popular among the earlier group of American poets. Percival, Dana, Allston, Willis had very little regard for it; the classical Bryant, although more successful with it, was not much more enthusiastic. Poe's sonnets were few and not noteworthy when compared with his other verse. What is true of these half dozen poets was true of nearly all of the versifiers of the first half of the century. The pioneers of the sonnet in our literature were Longfellow, Lowell, Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, and Boker, and the contributions which they made gave it a vitality that has been surprising. To fairly represent the group of sonneteers that have followed these distinguished poets with worthy and, in many cases notable work, would require the mention of scores of names.

In the English collection of American sonnets made by William Sharp, the compiler stated that he believed a finer collection of sonnets could be made from the contemporary American poets than the English ones. The statement caused considerable discussion at the time, the consensus of opinion being that the living American poets were holding their own against our contemporary cousins across the Atlantic. In a collection of representative American sonnets published a year or two later than Mr. Sharp's, the compiler, Mr. Charles H. Crandall, in a very scholarly essay discussed, among other phases of the sonnet, the comparative merits and characteristics of the work of contemporary poets on both sides of the Atlantic. We acknowledge the charm of many current English sonnets, he said, but we are tempted to adopt Mr. Sharp's generous opinion. After perusing some of the English collections of sonnets we fancy that there is a certain generic difference between the typical contemporary English sonnet and the current American one. If one may hazard the opinion, English sonnets display most conspicuously a sedate, often deep, order of thought, occasional striking imagery, and a punctilious observance of some of the older canons of verse-making, without often attaining to as great excellence in spirited movement and melody. The choice of subjects is not so wide, it seems, as in this country, and many of the poets appear to be still walking in the shadow of the great sonneteers who are dead. The American sonnet, on the contrary, is superior in nervous energy, in originality and movement; and possesses a wider range of thought, though it may not be so deep and introspective. It attains melody and flexible strength and at its best displays a conscious inspiration, a genuine excuse for being; it has feeling and virility which more than atone for occasional lack of repose, profound thought, or perfectly polished lines.

This comparison made five or six years ago is largely true to-day. Perhaps it may be said, however, that without losing any of the distinguishing characteristics of variety, movement, melody, and feeling the best American sonnets are showing a decided improvement in artistic finish. The beautiful, perfect sonnets of Mr. Mifflin furnish a good case in illustration.

*History Traced Backward and Outward* Dr. Arnold of Rugby's common sense idea that we should have history "traced backwards," beginning with the

things that are, and measuring the importance of the things that were by this influence in shaping the things that are is meeting every year with wider acceptance.

The study of history is being revivified by letting the dead past bury its dead, but making the living past animate the living. What Tennyson calls stealing fire from the fountains of the past to illuminate the present, is now so widely recognized as the function of history that the ordinary college graduate's knowledge of history no longer stops with Augustus or Trajan as it did a generation ago, or even with Henry VIII. or Elizabeth as to our sad recollection it did fifteen or twenty years back. Modern history and even American history have forced their way into the curricula of most of our colleges.

The advances, however, which the practical conception of history has made in the colleges are as nothing compared with those it has made in the common schools. There American history has long been in the foreground, and Dr. Arnold's law of historical perspective has in some degree been applied to the events of modern Europe as well as those of the ancient world. With this recent growth of municipal spirit, however, Dr. Arnold's conception of how history should be studied has received a new development not anticipated by the Rugby teachers. Not only is history being "traced backward," beginning with the study of present conditions, but history is being traced outward, beginning with the study of present local conditions.

Simultaneously, it appears, in Brookline, Massachusetts, and in Columbus—or rather Franklin County—Ohio, textbooks have been prepared in which the study of history begins, not with Assyria, but with Brookline and with Franklin County. The Brookline text book begins by describing the town geographically, and telling its relations to neighboring towns. It afterwards tells where the town buildings are, who the town officials are, and how they administer the town affairs. The children learn in a way that comes home to them how money is raised by taxes and loans and how it is spent. The history of the town is also taught, and the services of the most noteworthy citizens. Municipal knowledge and municipal spirit are developed side by side.

The Franklin County textbook is constructed upon somewhat similar lines. There is a map of the county, and the boy who has no other interest except bicycling is glad to learn how he can get to different places on his wheel. The fact that the state capitol is in Columbus enables the book to describe the work of the governor and of legislators, as well as of the lower officials, without getting away from the natural interest of children to learn more about the things they already know something about. In both text books the aim is to train children in school along the natural lines which their parents had instinctively followed at home. They tell the child about the things he is already interested in, and do not deaden his mind with things utterly foreign to his present life.

These experiments in reversing the traditional order and substituting a natural order, of widening the intellectual horizon, of teaching history are

meeting with the approval of educators in a most gratifying way.

The Columbus textbook has within four or five months been adopted by more than half the school boards in Franklin County, and is used as "supplementary work" in the grammar grades in the city schools. The professors in the State University at Columbus have given the book a warm welcome—Professor Knight, of the department of history, urging strongly that boys and girls would be interested in such a book "long before they would care a fillip for state and national governments." The fact that the natural interests of children—and indeed of older people, too—are first in their own locality, and the fact that the need of a better knowledge of municipal affairs is the prime essential to better municipal government, bid fair to make this method of teaching history become the accepted one in most of our schools.

*The Versatility of the American Drama* The production recently of two serious dramas based on Chinese life in San Francisco, and the promise of a production by Mrs. Fiske of a play dealing with the Italian colony in New York, emphasize the amazing variety of subjects open to the American dramatist. Without leaving United States territory one can find almost a planetfull of radically different types. Not only have the vast confines of our empire permitted and compelled many differentiations of look, mind and manner, but the streams of immigration have brought representatives of all people here, and these have generally clustered into districts where they resist or modify the influences that tend to assimilate the citizens of one country. Furthermore, the newspapers, the magazines, the story-writers with predilections for local color and realism, and the general travel of the American people have so familiarized them with the variegated phases of our country, that our audiences are sufficiently prepared to watch intelligently the explication of dramas founded on the most curious sorts of life and the most bizarre types. The British Empire includes possibly a greater variety of races than our country, but they are not in any way unified, and they are scattered at wide intervals, oceans apart. Our people are gathered into one fold. A glance at some of the phases of American life that have received dramatic treatment may look a bit like a catalogue, and a very incomplete catalogue, but it will serve to illustrate their variegation.

The United States is rather short on history—unless we take advantage of a logical enough claim to a share in all the history of all our fatherlands previous to the time of our emigration. Thus Whittier has written very vigorously of our right in the glory of the Elizabethan period. But what brief history we monopolize is fertile in dramatic resources. We have had a grand opera based on a Puritan subject, *The Scarlet Letter*, and Mr. Wm. H. Crane has brought out this year a play of an early Virginia period. We have had a comic opera or two of Revolutionary period, one military, the other naval. The career of Benedict Arnold has been dramatized, and Mr. Richard Mansfield has produced this season a new work bringing in General Burgoyne and some of his victims; it was, however, written by an Eng-

lishman. Other phases of our earlier life have been presented in such plays as *Davy Crockett*, *The Arkansas Traveler*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *The Jibbenaino-say*, and many other good, bad and indifferent pieces of frontier days. Southern society before and after taking the Civil War has been exploited in *Pudd'n-head Wilson*, and *Alabama*. The war itself has inspired several genuine achievements, such as *Shenandoah*, *The Heart of Maryland*, *For Fair Virginia*, and *Secret Service*. The scout, the trapper, the miner, the rancher, and the cowboy have all furnished picturesqueness of figure and event, and the Indian raid, the prairie fire, and the cyclone have played important rôles. Farm life has had innumerable dramatic uses, particularly in such plays as *The Old Homestead* and *Shore Acres*, the latter a work of fine art. Life in the high society of our cities has been utilized and in *Aristocracy* and many other plays the inroads of the foreign nobility on our democratic institutions have been employed. Mr. Bronson Howard also demonstrated in his *The Henrietta* the practicability for the theater, of the intense dramas of Wall street. In this he has been several times followed. The slums have been well tilled, especially the Bowery with its prize-fighter plays and its *Chimmie Fadden*. The see-saw of political life with its curious bedfellows and intrigues has enlivened *The Senator*, *The Politician*, and Mr. Augustus Thomas' play, *The Capital*, which did not deserve its failure. Mr. Thomas fared better with his *In Mizzourah*, *Alabama*, and other works. The new woman has left burlesque for the legitimate stage, and Mrs. Ryley has made her fairly winsome in *The Coat of Many Colors*.

Some of these sorts of life, or kindred sorts, are open to almost any nation. But, besides these we have had the aforesaid Chinese plays and the Italian. And we have been long acquainted with the negro, both as a racial tragedy and a general dramatic problem, and as an overworked comedian. The German and Irish immigrant are familiar figures, and the French and Spanish people have furnished us many characters, principally stage villains. The Indian belongs distinctly to us, and has been a most flexible creature, appearing now as the painted snake, now as the terrible warrior, and recently even as the gentle-hearted Yale graduate. The Scandinavian has come out of the Northwest with his quaint wooden dialect and been the protagonist of at least two plays. New York has supported besides German and Chinese theaters, two Hebrew playhouses, where Yiddish audiences see original works or plays adapted from Gentile sources—the temples and churches all being made into synagogues, and Hebraic customs rigidly enforced. There are long stretches of New York streets where not an English sign is to be seen, all being in Hebrew; and the life of the Polish Jew furnishes a chance for a most picturesque dramatic environment. The Pennsylvania and New Jersey Dutch have preserved many odd manners that might be well translated to the stage, and in the Huns and other tribes that furnish labor-colonies to this country there is further material. The same unprecedented opportunity, in short, that is offered to the literary seeker after local color, is open to the American dramatist in almost equal measure.

## CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*The First Thanksgiving Day*.....Alice Williams Brotherton.....*Home Queen*

"There was great store of wilde turkies of which they took many beside venison. . . . The fowlers had been sent out by the Governor that so they might—after a special manner—rejoice together after they had gathered the fruits of their labors."—Palfrey's History of New England.

In Puritan New England a year had passed away,  
Since first beside the Plymouth coast the English Mayflower lay,  
When Bradford, the good Governor, sent fowlers forth to snare  
The turkey and the wild fowl, to increase the scanty fare:—

"Our husbandry hath prospered, there is corn enough for food,  
Though 'the pease be parched in blossom, and the grain indifferent good.'  
Who blessed the loaves and fishes for the feast miraculous,  
And filled with oil the widow's cruse, He hath remembered us!

"Give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts, by whom we all are fed,  
Who granted us our daily prayer, 'Give us our daily bread!'  
By us and by our children let this day be kept for aye,  
In memory of His bounty, as the land's Thanksgiving Day."

Each brought his share of Indian meal the pious feast to make,  
With the fat deer from the forest and the wild-fowl from the brake.  
And chanted hymn and prayer were raised—though eyes with tears were dim—  
"The Lord He hath remembered us, let us remember Him!"

Then Bradford stood up at their head and lifted up his voice:  
"The corn is gathered from the field, I call you to rejoice;  
Thank God for all His mercies, from the greatest to the least;  
Together have we *fasted*, friends, together let us *feast*.

"The Lord who led forth Israel was with us in the waste;  
Sometime in light, sometime in cloud, before us He hath paced;  
Now give Him thanks, and pray to Him who holds us in His hand  
To prosper us and make of this a strong and mighty land!"

\* \* \* \*

From Plymouth to the Golden Gate, to-day their children tread,  
The mercies of that bounteous Hand upon the land are shed;  
The "flocks are on a thousand hills," the prairies wave with grain,  
The cities spring like mushrooms now where once was desert-plain.

Heap high the board with plenteous cheer and gather to the feast,  
And toast that sturdy Pilgrim band whose courage never ceased.  
Give praise to that All-Gracious One by whom their steps were led,  
And thanks unto the harvest's Lord who sends our "daily bread."

*The Gravedigger*.....Bliss Carman.....*Ballads of Lost Haven* (Lamson, Wolff & Co.)

Oh, the shambling sea is a sexton old,  
And well his work is done.  
With an equal grave for lord and knave,  
He buries them every one.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,  
He makes for the nearest shore;  
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,  
Will send him a thousand more;  
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,  
And shoulder them into shore,—  
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,  
Shoulder them in to shore.

Oh, the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre  
Went out, and where are they?  
In the port they made, they are delayed  
With the ships of yesterday.

He followed the ships of England far,  
As the ships of long ago;  
And the ships of France, they led him a dance,  
But he laid them all arow.

Oh, a loafing, idle lubber to him  
Is the sexton of the town;  
For sure and swift, with a guiding lift,  
He shovels the dead men down.  
But though he delves so fierce and grim,  
His honest graves are wide,  
As well they know who sleep below  
The dredge of the deepest tide.

Oh, he works with a rollicking stave at lip,  
And loud is the chorus skirled;  
With the burly rote of his rumbling throat  
He batters it down the world.

He learned it once in his father's house,  
Where the ballads of old were sung;  
And merry enough is the burden rough,  
But no man knows the tongue.

Oh, fair, they say, was his bride to see,  
And wilful she must have been,  
That she could bide at his gruesome side  
When the first red dawn came in.

And sweet, they say, is her kiss to those  
She greets to his border home;  
And softer than sleep her hand's first sweep  
That beckons, and they come.

Oh, crooked is he, but strong enough  
To handle the tallest mast;  
From the royal bark to the slaver dark  
He buries them all at last.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,  
He makes for the nearest shore;  
And God who sent him a thousand ship,  
Will send him a thousand more;  
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,  
And shoulder them in to shore,—  
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,  
Shoulder them in to shore.

*Immortality.....Edward S. Van Zile.....The Dreamers (F. Tennyson Neely)*

THE PAINTER

Beneath his brush the pigments wrought  
Such wondrous tints and shapes  
That e'en the birds, bewildered there,  
Plucked at the artist's grapes;  
And Zeuxis, pale with ecstasy,  
His wild eyes all aflame,  
Cried out: " 'Twill live till Time is old!"  
—He left us but a name.

THE SCULPTOR

Praxiteles from stubborn stone  
Carved figures warm with life.  
The marble gave its secret love  
A form beneath his knife.  
And on his work the sculptor gazed,  
While to his heart there came  
The hope of its eternity:  
—He left us but a name.

THE POET

A sightless minstrel, old and worn,  
His tales of heroes told,  
Of deeds that live from age to age  
Of might men of old.  
The glory of his day is ours,  
For Homer's soul hath sought  
The garb of immortality—  
In deathless words he wrought!

*Two Soldiers.....May Kendall.....Longman's*

Forth went galloping, swift and straight  
Soldiers twain from the city gate;  
  
Bearing a message to their king,  
Through the foemen beleaguering.  
  
To their king in his peril sore  
Tidings of faith and aid they bore.

Spake their chieftain: "Be swift and bold,  
It is a nation's fate ye hold.

"It is a kingdom's hope ye bear.  
Speed, speed on, lest the king despair."

On they rode till declined the sun;  
Now the journey was three parts done.

All the desert seemed lone and drear,  
Yet they knew that the foe couched near.

On they rode with never a word—  
Hark! but what in yon thicket stirred?

Hark! what hurtled the still air through?  
Whir of an arrow 'twixt the two.

Arrow on arrow pointed well—  
From his saddle the foremost fell.

Then the second his charger stayed,  
And had sprung to his comrade's aid.

But he rose in his agony,  
And he cried with a bitter cry:

"If thou lightest or drawest near,  
In thy false heart I'll sheathe my spear!

"Art thou comrade of mine indeed?  
On, ride on, for the king hath need!

"On, ride on, lest I die in vain!  
Be thou swift with the speed of twain!"

He whispered the steed a word he knew—  
Forth through the showering shafts they flew.

On they sped as the swallows flee,  
Till they had left the enemy.

Came the nightfall—no rest he craved,  
Riding on till the king was saved.

Spake the king in his citadel:  
"Soldier mine, thou hast ridden well.

"At the dawn had the flag gone down;  
And thy riding hath saved my crown!

"What is thy guerdon, soldier bold?"  
"Sire, my guerdon I have and hold.

"Yet one bounty I would entreat—  
Let me lie at my comrade's feet.

"Swift was I with the speed of two—  
I the traitor and he the true."

\* \* \* \*

Far away in the desert wide,  
There together the comrades bide.

Faithful soldiers in every deed,  
They shall waken when God hath need.

They shall waken, nor soon, nor late,  
They shall enter the city gate.

*Autumn on Wind River.....Owen Wister.....Harper's*

The black pines stand high up the hills,  
The white snow sifts their columns deep,  
While through the cañon's riven cleft  
From there, beyond, the rose clouds sweep.

Serene above their paling shapes  
One star hath wakened in the sky,  
And here in the gray world below  
Over the sage the wind blows by,

Rides through the cottonwood's ghost-ranks,  
And hums aloft a sturdy tune  
Among the river's tawny bluffs,  
Untenanted as is the moon.

Far 'neath the huge invading dusk  
Comes Silence awful through the plain;  
But yonder horseman's heart is gay,  
And he goes singing might and main.

*Keats.....Lizette Woodworth Reese.....A Quiet Road (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*

An English lad, who, reading in a book,  
A ponderous, leathern thing set on his knee,  
Saw the broad violet of the Aegean Sea  
Lap at his feet as it were village brook.  
Wide was the east; the gusts of morning shook:  
Immortal laughter beat along that shore;  
Pan, crouching in the reeds, piped as of yore;  
The gods came down and thundered from that book.  
He lifted his sad eyes; his London street  
Swarmed in the sun and strove to make him heed;  
Boys spun their tops, shouting and fair of cheek.  
But still, that violet lapping at his feet,—  
An English lad had he sat down to read;  
But he arose and knew himself a Greek.

*Indian Summer.....John B. Tabb.....Poems (Copeland & Day)*

No more the battle or the chase  
The phantom tribes pursue,  
But each in his accustomed place  
The Autumn hills anew:

And still from solemn councils set  
On every hill and plain,  
The smoke of many a calumet  
Ascends to heaven again.

## A READING FROM A RECENT DRAMATIC SUCCESS

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. BUGLE.

BY MRS. MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY.

[Allan Fondacre, seeing a burglar climb the balcony of a Summer hotel and enter one of the rooms, follows him in, scares him off, and finds that he is in the room of his cousin and former sweetheart, Betty Fondacre. She, however, is affianced to Tom Pollinger, a fiend of jealousy, who has persuaded her to pass herself off as a married woman under the name of "Mrs. Bugle" until Tom's rich grandmother relents and permits them to marry. Betty enters, Fondacre lays down the cigar he has been smoking, and they fall to talking over old times. Betty refuses to believe his story of the burglar, and is trying to send him home, when there is a knock at the door. In great alarm she makes him descend from the balcony on a broken waterspout. Then she throws herself on a sofa, and, as if just waking from a sound sleep, calls in a yawning voice, "Come in!" What follows made one of the most comical of the many comic bits in this delicious farce.]

(Enter Tom Pollinger. He looks angry and glances suspiciously around. Betty turns her head languidly, with a look of pleased astonishment and rises.)

Betty—Tom, is it really you?

Pollinger—Didn't you get my telegram?

Betty—Yes, dear, but you see, I've (yawns) been asleep, and the time has slipped along. I suppose you had to knock two or three times. I'm so sorry!

Pollinger (suspiciously)—I thought I heard voices.

Betty—Then I must have been dreaming. Talking to myself.

Pollinger—You were singing also.

Betty—Singing, was I? Now what did I have for dinner?

Pollinger—Where is your sister Julia?

Betty—Gone out.

Pollinger—Ah, gone out. So that you might have an undisturbed concert and conversation with yourself.

Betty (offended)—I am very sorry. If I had known that you had come from Philadelphia especially to see Julia, I should have kept her at home.

Pollinger—Don't be unkind, Betty. I warned you that I was a jealous fool when I first proposed to you. The sight of the bellboy who answers your ring, makes me furious, and when I think that the elevator man has the privilege of carrying you up and down every day, I feel like murdering him.

Betty—I wouldn't do that; (indifferently) they'd only hang you, and take another man in his place.

Pollinger—Oh, I know you regard me as an ass (she nods). But surely you might make some allowance for me, under the circumstances.

Betty (abruptly)—How is your grandmother?

Pollinger (sullenly)—She has a touch of bronchitis, thanks.

Betty—And otherwise?

Pollinger—Otherwise, a little more unreasonable than usual. Still harping on the same old string: that men should not marry until they have arrived at years of discretion.

Betty—Then you didn't break the news of our engagement to her?

Pollinger—No. I steered her on the subject in a

general sort of way, and she calmly told me, that if I contracted any sort of alliance during her lifetime, I shouldn't get a cent.

Betty—Tom, I've been thinking. Suppose she never dies?

Pollinger—Then let us announce our engagement, and let grandma go to—

Betty—But she won't. At least, not yet. No, we can't afford it. We must go on as we are till something turns up. By the way, I've news for you. Tom, I've become a woman of business. Been investing in a little property. I've just had a long interview with a New York broker.

Pollinger (turning jealously in his chair)—A male broker?

Betty—No. A stock broker. Don't be frightened. He knows nothing. I obeyed your instructions to the letter. I told him that I was married, that my husband was traveling, and that for family reasons, I desired to keep his identity a secret. Do you know, I am beginning to believe that there is actually a Mr. Bugle, and I am getting quite fond of him.

Pollinger—Then understand, once for all, that I won't put up with it.

Betty—But he is only imaginary.

Pollinger—But that makes no difference. Betty, I don't believe you appreciate the agony of my position. This secret engagement involves the danger of having every jackanapes that comes along, make love to you.

Betty—Not since I have adopted your grass widow idea. The moment any one gets sentimental, I talk about the absent Mr. Bugle.

Pollinger—And how dare you permit any one to get sentimental?

Betty—Tom, if you have come to see me on purpose to quarrel, I had rather you stayed with your grandmother.

Pollinger (rising from sofa)—Oh, I can go, if I'm not wanted (sits in chair).

Betty—I thought you were going.

Pollinger—As I have come, I may as well remain and pay my respects to *Julia*.

Betty—Julia again. It is a great pity you didn't propose to Julia. She wouldn't have humored you, and spoiled you as I have done.

Pollinger (rising, with contrition)—Betty, forgive me, I am so miserable.

Betty—Not half so miserable as I am. All the restrictions of a married woman, and none of the privileges.

Pollinger—Privileges? Darling! (Embraces her.)

Betty (drawing away)—No, Tom. You mustn't. It won't do. You might acquire the affectionate habit, and then you would be compromising me before people.

Pollinger (going towards window)—Phew! Suppose we let in a breath of air.

Betty—Yes. (Suddenly.) No. (Rushing after him.) No, you can't. (Holding the window.) It is stuck. Wet paint. They're decorating. (He

turns and accidentally lays his hand on half of cigar, which lies on table of window. Jumps as if burnt.)

Pollinger (picking up Fondacre's cigar)—Hallo, what's this?

Betty (turning)—Oh, dear! (Innocently.) It looks like a cigar, doesn't it?

Pollinger (suspiciously)—Very much like a cigar.

Betty—You must have left it the last time you were here.

Pollinger—Hm! It has kept very warm.

Betty (nervously)—Warm?

Pollinger (glaring at her as both come down)—Yes, warm. How do you account for it?

Betty (after long hesitation)—Tom, if you hadn't been such a bear, I should have confessed before.

Pollinger (savagely)—Confessed!

Betty—Yes. The fact is—I have been driven to it, by—by—loneliness.

Pollinger—Driven? To whom?

Betty—I didn't say whom. I said *it*. I meant tobacco.

Pollinger (overwhelmed)—You mean to say, that you smoke cigars!!

Betty—Incessantly. I should die without them.

Pollinger (throws away burnt cigar, produces case, and offers it to her)—Then permit me to save your life. (She takes a cigar uneasily. He produces a match box, finds it empty, goes up to table near window to procure match. When his back is turned, she attempts to throw cigar away, but he glances back and stops her. This business repeated. He brings her a match. Reverses the end of cigar which she has in her mouth. She looks up helplessly.) Bite it off. Ah, don't swallow it. (She throws end away; he strikes light and offers it. Lights cigar, then sits in chair and watches her suspiciously. She begins to smoke uncomfortably.) How do you like *that* brand?

Betty (tremulously)—It is very nice. I must buy me a pound of them. (Looks longingly at water bottle, which is on table.) But the room is so warm. Won't you open the window? (Suddenly remembering.) I mean—the door. I feel quite upset. It is that white paint. I never could stand—er—paint—er—white paint—er—Tom, you might fetch me my cologne. You'll find it on the bureau in my dressing-room. (He goes to door and finds it locked, as Fondacre left it, after turning the key on the burglar and putting it in his pocket.)

Pollinger—The door is locked.

Betty (starting)—Locked? Oh, dear, what a nuisance!

Pollinger—Where is the key?

Betty (attempting to smoke and looking vacantly around)—I'll look for it. It must have fallen.

Pollinger—Then the door is not locked from the inside?

Betty (with a sickly laugh)—The inside? What should make you think so? Who would lock it from the inside?

Pollinger—There was a man in this room when I knocked. The coward is hiding in there. Well, do you choose to explain? (She doesn't reply. He takes his hat.) Then, good-bye, and may Heaven forgive you! (Goes towards door.)

Betty—This is my reward for trying to preserve

you from alarm. (Turns away crying.) First, I am frightened almost to death by a terrible burglar—

Pollinger (alarmed)—A burglar! Where? How? When?

Betty (still sobbing in her handkerchief)—While I was at dinner, he entered this window. When I came in he was amusing himself at my desk. I tried to lay hold of him, but he got what they call the drop on me. Then I trapped him into that room, and turned the key. Before I could summon aid, he had escaped through the bedroom window, and then I thought it wouldn't do to make a fuss, and oh—oh—(still crying) this is what I get for it.

Pollinger—My brave darling!

Betty—Don't speak to me. I hate you.

Pollinger—It is no more than I deserve. I am a suspicious brute. But, Betty, only forgive me this once, and I swear to you that never again, as long as I live will I—(suddenly). By the way, it must have been the burglar you were talking to when first I knocked at the door.

Betty—Yes. I was trying to reason with him—to convert him.

Pollinger—Ah—After he had escaped from the next room window.

Betty—Yes. You see, Tom, there were two of them.

Pollinger. Two. Doubly interesting. And what were they like?

Betty—Like? As if I could tell. I thought everybody knew that burglars wore masks.

Pollinger—And where is the key that *you* turned?

Betty (looking around)—The burglar must have taken it with him.

Pollinger—Then it is a valuable sort of key?

Betty—Oh, no. Just plain brass. It has number 5 on it.

Pollinger—Ah, that will be a clue for the detectives. When we find that key we shall have found the thief.

Betty—Oh, then you *do* believe there *was* a thief here?

Pollinger—Certainly I do. I am only doubtful (significantly) as to the kind of valuable he came to steal.

Betty (indignantly)—Do you mean to doubt my word?

Pollinger (in injured tone)—Betty, when did I ever doubt your word?

Betty—Then you'll never mention this horrid burglar again?

Pollinger—Oh, the "horrid" one? Then the other one wasn't horrid? (Angrily.) In fact, you rather liked his appearance. He was the one you tried to convert—the one you reasoned with.

Betty—Yes. (Angrily.) You see it is such a novelty to find a man who can be reasoned with.

Pollinger—You mean—?

Betty (in a rage)—I mean that I decline to be cross-questioned and catechized any more. It is humiliating—degrading. I'm not going to put up with it any longer. So good night! and good-bye! While you remain in this hotel, I shall take my meals in my own apartments. Good night! and good-bye!

(Exit Upper R., banging the door after her.)

Pollinger (looking after her)—Of all distressing sights, a jealous woman is the worst!

## UNPUBLISHED POETRY OF TENNYSON

Perhaps one of the most interesting features of the Life of Tennyson, by his son, Hallam Tennyson, just published by the Macmillan Company (two volumes, \$10) is the forty pages, more or less, of poetry published here for the first time. These fragments and discarded poems range from juvenile productions to those written late in life—poems composed at fourteen years of age, doggerel, occasional verse, rejected lines and stanzas from famous poems, and not a few gems of real artistic and literary value. Space here, however, will only admit of a few typical selections.

One of the most meritorious of the juvenile poems is *The Death Coach*, written at fourteen. The lines describing the start of the coach from the "old inn door" are perhaps the best:

\*Dimly the travellers looked thro' the glooms,  
Worn and wan was their gaze, I trow,  
As the shrivell'd forms of the shadowy grooms  
Yoked the skeleton horses to.

They lifted their eyes to the dead, pale skies,  
And above the barkless trees  
They saw the green verge of the pleasant earth,  
And heard the roar of her seas.

They see the light of their blest firesides,  
They hear each household voice:  
The whisper'd love of the fair young wives;  
And the laugh of the rose-lipp'd boys.

The summer plains with their shining leaves,  
The summer hills they see;  
The dark vine leaves round the rustling eaves,  
And the forests, fair and free.

*Anacaona*, written four or five years later, was an ambitious attempt to give atmosphere to a poem by the aid of melodious and high sounding words. The first stanza is as follows:

\*A dark Indian maiden,  
Warbling in the bloom'd liana,  
Stepping lightly flower-laden,  
By the crimson-eyed anana,  
Wantoning in orange groves  
Naked, and dark-limb'd, and gay,  
Bathing in the slumbrous coves  
In the cocoa-shadow'd coves,  
Of sunbright Xaraguay,  
Who was so happy as *Anacaona*,  
The beauty of Espagnola,  
The golden flower of Hayti?

*The Statesman* is a peculiarly philosophical poem for a young poet of twenty-four. It is stronger as a whole but we quote three stanzas:

\*Uncertain of ourselves we chase  
The clap of hands; we jar like boys:  
And in the hurry and the noise  
Great spirits grow akin to base.

Ill fares a people passion-wrought,  
A land of many days that cleaves  
In two great halves, when each one leaves  
The middle road of sober thought!

He, seeing far an end sublime,  
Contends, despising party-rage,  
To hold the spirit of the Age  
Against the Spirit of the Time.

Two versions of *Sweet and Low* were made and submitted to Mrs. Tennyson to choose which should be published. She chose the published one in preference to that which follows, because it seemed to her more song-like:

\*Bright is the moon on the deep,  
Bright are the cliffs in her beam,  
Sleep, my little one, sleep!  
Look! he smiles, and opens his hands,  
He sees his father in distant lands,  
And kisses him there in a dream,  
Sleep, sleep.

Father is over the deep,  
Father will come to thee soon,  
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the West,  
Under the silver moon,  
Sleep, sleep!

Among the score or more stanzas rejected from *In Memoriam* are the following four "To A. H. H.," originally No. CVIII.:

\*Young is the grief I entertain,  
And ever new the tale she tells,  
And ever young the face that dwells  
With reason cloister'd in the brain:

Yet grief deserves a nobler name:  
She spurs an imitative will;  
'Tis shame to fail so far, and still  
My failing shall be less my shame:

Considering what mine eyes have seen,  
And all the sweetness which thou wast  
In thy beginnings in the past,  
And all the strength thou wouldest have been:

A master mind with master minds,  
An orb repulsive of all hate,  
A will concentric with all fate,  
A life four-square to all the winds.

Another distinctly Tennysonian poem written probably in 1860, when the poet was in his prime is *The Philosopher*:

\*He was too good and kind and sweet,  
Ev'n when I knew him in his hour  
Of darkest doubt, and in his power,  
To fling his doubts into the street.

Truth-seeking he and not afraid,  
But questions that perplex us now—  
What time (he thought) have loom or plough  
To weigh them as they should be weighed?

We help the blatant voice abroad  
To preach the freedom of despair,  
And from the heart of all things fair  
To pluck the sanction of a God.

## CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

*"Movements" in Fiction.....A Lay Criticism.....N. Y. Evening Post*

Mr. James Lane Allen's paper in the October Atlantic on Two Principles in Recent American Fiction is, so far as we know, his first venture in criticism of the kind. He has hitherto confined himself to writing novels—very good ones, too—instead of essaying to tell the world how and why they are written—which is much more difficult. But Mr. Allen is undeterred by either the arduous nature of his task or the warning examples of failure in trying to calculate the orbit of the modern novel. Mr. Howells had it all beautifully determined a few years ago: the novel had passed through its three stages of classic, romantic, and realistic, just as certainly as the world, in Comte's scheme, had passed through the three stages of the theological, the metaphysical, and the scientific or positive. And in each case time's last offspring was the noblest; the novel could no more go back to the romantic school than could the world to mediæval superstition. Unfortunately, however, the novel did go back with a rush, which Mr. Howells has lived to lament, to its rope ladders and dungeons, its "Sdeaths!" and "Hists!" and "By my halidoms!" This, of course, proves nothing one way or the other as respects Mr. Howells's principles; it only shows how unruly a member the novel is, which no classifier or critic-prophet can tame.

But Mr. Allen blithely sets out to do it with an entirely new set of blandishments. It seems that some twenty-five or thirty years ago the Feminine Principle reached our fiction, and imported into it Refinement, Delicacy, and Grace, together with the "strictly deducible" qualities, Smallness, Rarity, and Tact. But of late the Masculine Principle, "a novelty," has "made its appearance among us," and is giving to American novels their Virility, Strength, and Massiveness, along with their strictly deducible Largeness, Obviousness, and Instinctive Action. The whole future of our fiction depends on how these two Principles get on. Will the Feminine hold its own, or will the Masculine prove too Large and Obvious for it? Or will the two—and Mr. Allen holds his breath as he contemplates this possibility—form "a perfect union" and put us at once on a level with "the Greeks?" Mr. Allen is in doubt himself how the battle will go, and necessarily leaves his readers in doubt. As the only piece of writing he mentions in his whole article is Kipling's latest poem, we are not given a very definite idea of the actual working of his Principles in American fiction.

Now we have not the slightest objection to Mr. Allen's Principles. They seem to us very pretty. The Masculine Principle is certainly a much more elegant name for the Haggard-Hope-Weyman novel than is Mr. Howells' designation of it as a kind of grown-up nursery tale. But what we have to say is that neither his Principles nor any other man's really account for the actual production of our actual novel. They are not proximate causes; they are fine-spun fancies. Indeed, Mr. Allen innocently admits that they do not apply at all to a "certain portion" of our fiction "which cannot be said to lie within any zone of tendency whatever." So what does he do with this portion? Why, he "disregards"

it—he looks the difficulty boldly in the face, as the Professor of Apologetics said, and passes it by. But is this the scientific way of explaining phenomena—to "disregard" a large part of the phenomena to be explained? For our part, we think Mr. Allen's neglected portion of our fiction might have furnished him several more Principles and strictly deducible characteristics. He might, for example, have found in it a Girlish and a Boyish Principle, with their strictly deducible Silliness, Ignorance, and Tiresomeness.

We are irresistibly reminded by Mr. Allen's Principles of the earliest speculations of the human mind about the origin of the world. The old Indian and pre-Aristotelian Greek philosophers had their Principles to account for everything—their Male and Female entities, their Wet and their Dry; their Fire and Water, and the other elements in various comminglings to explain the beginnings of the universe. We have outgrown all that in science, and we thought we had in criticism. Solemn spinnings out of one's own entrails have given way to actual investigation and experiment; to getting one's eye on the thing instead of rolling it inwards. What we know of the process of world-building is derived from study of chemical and physical forces actually at work: and what we are to know of the process of novel-writing must be got at in a similar fashion.

Does a novelist, then, sitting down to compose his immortal works, feel himself torn by the strife of the Feminine Principle with the Masculine Principle? Does he say to himself, here I must be Small, there Large, here display Tact, there leave all to Instinct? Hardly. We do not believe that Mr. Allen himself does. When he took his old magazine story and enlarged it into his successful novel, *The Choir Invisible*, we do not believe that the Feminine Principle or the Masculine Principle or the Greeks or Shakespeare had anything to do with it. It was all a question of writing a book which the public would like, which a publisher would take, and which would increase Mr. Allen's fame and profits. Neither of these ends would have been attained (as all most properly have been) simply by a dubious wrestle of the Feminine Principle with the Masculine Principle. If novelists must have a theory to write to, they would do much better to take a rough-and-ready one like Wilkie Collins' recipe: "Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry, make 'em wait."

Critics must not forget that novels came before "movements in fiction," or that writers have some other object than that of being neatly pigeonholed in histories of literature. A great many bread-and-butter, practically operative, causes of novels being what they are, must be taken into consideration before any abstract Principle whatever. The fickleness of the public taste, for example, is a much more powerfully shaping force in fiction than any theory of art. Here is the real origin of "schools" of fiction. Some one man, out of the thousands all the while trying to take the popular fancy, finally succeeds. Instantly there is a swarm of his imitators. Soon all can raise the flowers, for all have got the seed. There you have a "school," which goes on solemnly

discussing its own evolution and artistic principles, until suddenly the public grows ineffably weary and rushes off after some other successful innovator. Then there is another school and more artistic principles. This is, we regretfully admit, a plodding and prosaic view to take of a movement in fiction. It cannot be dignified by capital letters. It does not awe, or amuse, as Mr. Allen does. But we think it has the small advantage of being close to the facts.

*Ten Years of English Literature.... Edmund Bosse... North American Review*

It is quite plain, by every analogy of literary history, that we must not expect the progress of intellectual events to be regular. When, however, we attempt to concentrate our attention on the literary developments of these last ten years in England, a more unusual phenomenon, I think, meets our notice than would be caused by the mere fluctuation of talent. This, first and foremost, is evident: It has been a period of the removal of landmarks. The stream of literature catches itself here and there against little weirs or breakwaters, by which it makes shorter or longer pause before flinging itself onward in cascade. The most effective mode in which this delay is caused is certainly by the protracted life of men of great genius. Each ancient person of this kind forms a rock or inert mass, against which the stream of literature breaks and pauses. Death removes the honored obstacle, and the tide of taste precipitates itself over the space it occupied. We have only to examine history, and see what was the effect of the deaths of Ben Jonson, of Dryden, of Samuel Johnson. If this be so, and it can hardly be denied, the phenomenally congested state of English literature, and particularly of poetry, ten years ago, will be seen to have been a feature which outweighed all others.

At no previous moment in our literary history were there so many of these wonderful old men, these half-supernatural soothsayers, as in 1888. Tennyson was writing still, and his modes had not radically changed for sixty years. Browning, having completely conquered the public and the critics, was nearing his eightieth year. For those who loved elegance and lucidity in prose, what could be offered more acceptable than that of Newman, and Newman, on the borders of ninety, was still alive? At Oxford, Jowett formed a barrier of influence; in science, there were Tyndall and Huxley; in history, there were Kinglake and Froude. It was to be expected that, in the natural course of events, these eldest names would be removed by death. It was not less to be expected that they would be succeeded, and their prestige be supported, with a difference, by those of a slightly younger generation. Tennyson and Browning must be taken, of course; but Matthew Arnold and William Morris would remain. Jowett would go, but there would be Pater; Froude must, surely, be succeeded by Freeman, and Church by Lightfoot. So it was naturally to be expected, and thus the length and volume of the cascade would have been broken. But it was not so to be; and the unique feature of this last decade of literary history in England has been that it has not merely removed, in unusual and sinister proximity, the heads of the oldest generation, but that it

has taken with them those who should have survived to illuminate the blank they leave.

The removal of landmarks, then, is certainly the main phenomenon of these last ten years, and all other aspects of current literary history are affected by it. In one way it has doubtless had its practical benefit in clearing the ground. The fall of so many forest trees has let in plenty of light, and the youngest generations have directly benefited. Hence what we have seen in these last ten years is an enormous extension of literary activity, by no means symptomatic of creative and intellectual force. In other words, the trade of author has suddenly become exceedingly lucrative; so much so as to hide the fact that at no time since 1837 has literature, in the higher sense, been so quiescent as it is now. There is one exception, however, and this of peculiar interest. A whole group of various, but distinguished and enthusiastic poets, whose presence among us had been all but unperceived, came to the front, and renewed their own youth and ours.

But, in other departments, it can scarcely be questioned that a very grave feature of the decade of which we speak has been the cessation of activity in the higher branches of literature. The extreme volubility and number of the novelists—a few of them really great, many of them interesting and amusing, the vast majority wholly worthless, mere cumberings of the press—must not deceive us as to the intellectual character of any epoch. The story-teller is our companion in every age. But although, to the commercialism of the day, the novel seems an extremely important factor in current letters, it has really proved in the past to be the most ephemeral. It is true, none the less, that even this vast multiplication of novels within the decade now closing cannot be taken as a purely negative phenomenon. It shows a restless energy directed along lines not by any means purely unintellectual. If we compare the activity of English fiction with the deadness of the novel in Germany, or with the fashion in France for books of pure eccentricity, we have not anything to complain of. Excellent novels have been published in England since 1887, and of a singularly various order. Early in the ten years, Mr. Rudyard Kipling arose, meteoric, like a god out of India, and straightway the field of fiction was infinitely widened. We have novels of Canada and of the Transvaal, of Borneo and of Tahiti.

Fashion grows with what it feeds on, and unquestionably the extreme vogue of this particular kind of book, the prose story, has drawn into its vortex many talents which had no original tendency in that direction. For example, Stevenson, manifestly born to be an essayist and perhaps a philosopher, was dragged, as a magnet draws a needle, to the irresistible rock of story-telling, and *Treasure Island*, begun as a joke for a boys' newspaper, was made the pioneer of a series of tales to which the author's exquisite style gave the persistence of literature. In Mrs. Humphrey Ward a most accomplished literary critic has been lost to us; in Mr. George Moore a candid student of sociology; in Mr. Stanley Weyman an historian of the school of Robertson. Among the departments of literary energy which are now the most neglected is scientific philosophy of the sort so brilliantly illustrated by two

of the great men who have disappeared since 1888, by Tyndall and Huxley. The class of writer which they represented, the pioneer in physical discovery, who is also a splendid popular exponent, combining accurate research with the exercise of imagination and style, has ceased to exist in England. Mr. Wells might have risen in it to the highest consideration, but he prefers to tell little horrible stories about monsters. On all sides we may see, and we ought not to see without acute alarm, the finer talents being drawn from the arduous exercises to which nature intended to devote them to the facile fields of fiction. The result of all this is that, to an extent which ought to occasion all serious observers no little alarm, the great reading public is rapidly becoming unable to assimilate any ideas at all, and to appreciate impressions it requires to have them presented to it in the form of a story. It is almost certain that if *Modern Painters* and *The Grammar of Assent* or even *The History of Civilization* had been published within the last ten years, they would scarcely have attracted any attention at all, outside of a narrow circle.

This curious condition has been greatly encouraged, if it has not been mainly caused, by a change in English habits of life which will certainly interest and puzzle the historian of the future. If any feature of these last ten years has been more patent than another, it assuredly is the predominant prestige of the exterior parts of social existence. The human body has received an amount of attention such as no previous age, perhaps, not even the Hellenic, had given it. The elements of education have come to reduce themselves more and more into a sort of disciplined athleticism, in which the mind is not indeed entirely neglected, but is made to take a very inferior position to the limbs. It is an admirable thing that young men should be able to relax their sinews and enjoy as many innocent sports as possible. But, in the fullest seriousness, I suggest that it is not admirable or wholesome, but puerile and almost crazy, that the record of these games should swell into the proportions of national events, that news about county cricket and football should take precedence of the most weighty affairs of state, and that hundreds and thousands of persons should be encouraged by their educated leaders in the press to consider a champion billiard player a more exalted personage than a great statesman or a great scholar. I do not think that Englishmen of the more moderate way of thinking realize the violent degree to which the athletic ideal has pushed all others to the wall within the last few years. While, however, I feel bound to express a certain alarm, or disquietude, at the turn which taste has taken during these last ten years, I am far from supposing it to constitute a lasting danger. It is easy to have too much intellectual strenuousness. We are resting a little, after the stern Middle Victorian priggishness.

*Victorian Journalism*.....*Frederick Greenwood*.....*Blackwood's*

Whether the soundness and the influence of the newspaper press are increasing or diminishing is at all times a question of importance. If I am right, a very distinct period in the character and status of the newspaper press began soon after the middle

of the century, and lasted for rather less than a generation. Then began another period distinct enough to be recognized as different without assistance of the label, *The New Journalism*. On the whole, is it a higher as well as a larger development from its predecessor? "Higher," however, is not a word to insist upon; we should ask if the journalism of to-day is sounder for its own acknowledged purposes of usefulness than was the journalism of, say, twenty years ago. Representing that older day, I shall be expected to say that I do not think the newspaper press improved in its better qualities, and I do say so; but not without acknowledging that I may remain prejudiced after trying to take into account all that seems to detract unfairly from modern journalism in the bulk. . . .

One of the reforms achieved by the new journalism of forty years since was the complete supersession of a formal, artificial, and therefore hackneyed style, by a style more idiomatic and familiar. The classic lingo of the pamphleteer was already tiring out, and now gave way completely to the unpedantic, nervous, flexible good English of common life (by nature never without humor) which men of education used in their talk and in their letters. Whether for its own immediate purpose—the expression and enforcement of opinion—or whether for its effect in improving the common practice of our mother tongue, this was a change very much for the better. But though the journalistic English of that day aimed at being familiar, it had its own restraints, and would not have been approved without a certain dignity in freedom. Of course, I speak of the better sort of journalism, of which there was soon no lack. Later developments in this direction seem to me neither servicable nor delightful. The familiar is now carried much too far, and it is never a pretty thing in excess. At a leap I hasten to admit that some of the older journals, both daily and weekly, are either quite or almost as carefully written as ever they were, and there is nothing to say on this score against one or two of the newer ones. But of the general mass of journalism it would have to be said that it has dropped into a looseness of speech that does not improve anything, and must even diminish the writer's own sense of self-respect. With no charm of its own, it adds neither elegance nor emphasis to what it is employed upon. On the contrary, it lowers the importance of whatever it is employed upon—brings it down, at the same time giving public sanction to more slanginess than it ventures upon itself. To be sure, there is a set-off against this fault in frequent patches of earnest and laborious preciosity; but for all that, I must avow an opinion that here the newspaper press has fallen away. In another respect it has jumped back over the whole of those forty years—some say most properly. I do not know how that may be when consequences are fully sifted out. But my own idea is that the newspaper press was quite as informing, and rather more agreeable, when the reporting of a certain kind of news was less outspoken and particular. At one time—but a long time ago—it was blunt and rough apparently. Then the public taste revolted, and newspaper editors seem to have submitted to the rebellion gladly. But, from whatever

cause or causes, there was for many years almost as much decency of language in the reporters' columns as at the dinner-table. No such restraint, no such governance, is attempted now; and the precise date of its abandonment can be named, I think. It followed immediately upon our time of revelry in Bulgarian atrocities. It commenced then; and it has gone so far that (speaking by the card) if any family newspaper five-and-twenty years ago had printed for a week a kind of matter which is now commonly published in such sheets, that journal would have found itself on the road to ruin. Respect for art cannot be alleged in explanation of the frankness now permitted, nor obligation to make things properly understood. The offence is in the detail so often dragged naked into print. A murder cannot be committed, nor any poor mad wretch lie down before an advancing railway-train, without an inhuman painting of the papers with blood and brains. Now for some readers this detail comes to mind quite sufficiently and accurately, as part of the matter, without any assistance from the reporter's speaking-trumpet; while as for the rest, who is in haste to instruct minds that have yet to learn how abominable human nature can be? Considered up and down, this is the most remarkable change of many in the journalism of the last half-century. . . . For improvement and advancement we must look in other directions, and, for one thing by no means insignificant, it seems to me that increasing pains are taken to detect and weed out the advertisements by which various kinds of roguery ply their trade. Well within memory, journals quite above the lower class could be very careless in admitting such advertisements, or even indifferent to their character when it plainly peeped through. . . .

Review the newspaper press as a whole, and the most remarkable advance appears first in the number and excellence of the provincial journals, and next in the multitude and variety of interests which have been brought under its surveillance. Sixty years ago the total number of daily newspapers in the United Kingdom was no more than twelve; and the sale of the whole twelve (Times included) was probably less than any one of half a dozen daily papers now current. Of such journals there are to-day about two hundred—most if not all of them taking a larger scope than any of that period, and the best of them showing but very little difference between country and town. . . . Thus when we compare an older day with the new we find ourselves in presence of a greater (but more manifold) bulk of force, while yet the means of political power are in no small measure weakened and confounded. So it seems to me, at any rate. I still believe that one journal alone had more influence on Government in Lord Palmerston's day than the whole press has at this moment. And that brings me to the particular reason for thinking so which was mentioned above: it is that Governments are far more indifferent to the newspaper press than they used to be. They can be annoyed by the press; they can be embarrassed by the press; on a balance they can be helped or otherwise by its multidinous contention. But there was a fear of the press, and an anxiety to stand well with it, which are by no means what they were, though not yet utterly destroyed.

*Russian Representatives of the Naturalistic School, Prince Serge Wolkonsky\**

Tourgenieff, Dostoyevsky, and Count Tolstoi, all three, pursue the unveiling of the human soul, though each by a different way; the two latter differ from each other so much the more as both have carried their opinions to the last limits of exaggeration.

Tourgenieff, the refined "Westernist," arms himself with all the resources of an aristocratic education, and lighting his way with the lamp of European culture, plunges into the unexplored depths of the peasant life. He uncovers the beauties of the human soul under the picturesque roughness of its surroundings, and the identity of feeling in his and the peasant's heart, with the power of responsiveness and sympathy in both, appear like a warrant of a distant yet inevitable fusion of all elements of human life from the heights of civilization down to the depths of the popular soul.

Dostoyevsky, the somber epileptic, disenchanted with "civilization," disgusted with the upper classes and all that comes from Europe, preaches individual self-oblivion; he goes to the outcasts of society; among murderers, convicts, and disreputable women, he discovers jewels of moral beauty, and, in an act of mystic veneration, he kneels down before the collective soul of the Russian lower people, as the only true remnant of Christian humility, predestined by Providence to regenerate the world.

Just the contrary, Leo Tolstoi, reviling all civilization, undermining all authority, the self-made philosopher, shakes off all historical inheritance, every principle of collectivity in human life; throwing down national, political, and social barriers, he abandons man to his individual self-improvement; knowing no limits in his work of emancipation, he finally breaks family ties till emancipated mankind is left the privilege of extinction through compulsory abstinence or voluntary sterility.

Such appear the final points to which Russian thought is led through the works of the three great novelists. Their starting-point was one; all three aimed at unveiling the reality of life. Tourgenieff and Dostoyevsky might each have uttered these words of Tolstoi: "The hero of my novel, the one whom I love with all the force of my soul, whom I endeavor to reproduce in all his beauty, and who always was, and is, and will be beautiful—is Truth." Yet truth, though single as an object of reproduction, becomes multiple when refracted by talents of different character. If the three writers are different as novelists, they are still more different as thinkers.

Tourgenieff, less than the other two, is to be measured by the standard of thought. He is, if not exclusively, at any rate first of all an artist; the thinker in him is an annex to the painter, and generally the former does not entirely reveal himself; he expects to be found out, commented upon, and brought into light by others. . . .

Tourgenieff's method is one of the most striking examples of the power of art as such. He penetrates into the reader's soul exclusively by the channel of beauty, yet so pregnant of real life is this beauty,

\* From *Pictures of Russian History and Russian Literature*, by Prince Serge Wolkonsky. Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston, publishers; cloth, \$2.00.

that once reaching our consciousness it becomes a ferment of feeling and thought. . . .

We now pass on to Dostoyevsky. If, with Tourgenieff, the thinker disappeared under the artist, with Dostoyevsky the artist is almost screened by the thinker and the moralist. We will not penetrate into the painful world of his creations. Those who have read the Letters from the Dead House, or Crime and Punishment, have experienced and paid with the torment of their own soul, the terrifying fascination exercised by that crowd of lunatics, criminals, epileptics, suicides, and all the "Humiliated and Offended" outcasts of society, who throughout their doleful earthly agony proclaim the eternal beauty of the human soul. In spite of an awkward disproportion in the architectural structure of nearly all his works, in spite of the somewhat clumsy shape of his overcrowded novels, the power and the direction of his talent make him a unique figure in universal literature. All the tendencies of his work converge to one point—to deliver the human soul from the oblivion, to which it has been relegated by selfishness, prejudice, and indifference of men. His whole work seems an effort to discover the primitive purity of the human soul under the worst aspects of misery. Nothing frightens him; he himself augments the difficulties of his task; he piles together details of social, physical, or moral degradation in most repulsive combinations, and yet a drop of pure crystal always emerges from the slime and triumphs over darkness. Like those heroes of charity who bring their help to lepers, so he goes to "humiliated and offended" souls and brings them comfort in the Christian acknowledgment of their human dignity. Calamity, illness, brutality, poverty—he approaches everything with the same intrepidity. No obstacle is powerful enough to arrest this Livingston of darkest misery.

"We must not look on Dostoyevsky," says a critic, "as on an ordinary novelist, a talented and intelligent writer. There was something more in him, and just that something more constitutes his characteristic peculiarity and explains his influence on others." Dostoyevsky's influence was immense; contrary to Tourgenieff, who lived chiefly in his works, and whose figure to the end remained a riddle surrounded with mistrust, the author of Crime and Punishment became the most popular figure of his time; more popular perhaps than Leo Tolstoi in our days, for his popularity was free of that party spirit which characterizes the followers of the latter. . . .

With the idea of individual self-improvement, we touch the source of the two chief tendencies of Russian thought. You have seen that with Dostoyevsky individual self-improvement becomes the starting-point of a process which gradually leads to social, national, and universal improvement; and, indeed, with him the individual soul is but a co-operating part of the collective human soul; collectivity is the principle infused in the whole work of him who said that "every man is a sinner against every man." Individuality is but an instrument, the final aim is the great human family, and the only form for the final establishment of its happiness is one universal church, identified with social solidarity. Such were Dostoyevsky's ideas.

But now comes another literary giant; starting from the same point of individual self-improvement, he is led in quite the opposite direction. As collectivity is generally obtained at the cost of individual compromises, as its benefits are outweighed by its deficiencies, the principle of collectivity is condemned and declared wrong as paralyzing the normal improvement of the individual; ties of social, national, religious collectivity are relaxed; the individual is abandoned to himself, and self-improvement, as leading to an inevitable regeneration of the whole through the partial regeneration of the units, is imposed upon man as his only duty, and the final aim of his aspiration.

Recall what has been said and instantly you see the difference between the two theories. With Dostoyevsky individual self-improvement leads to unification, it leads to division with Leo Tolstoi.

Strange are the relations of the artist and the thinker in this wonderful writer. With Tourgenieff the thinker is latent, he is subjected to the artist; thought is the emanation, the result of beauty. In Dostoyevsky, they co-exist: the thinker predominates, yet he does not expel the artist; he takes much space, he is cumbrous, he makes it difficult for the artist, yet the latter forces his way through the material piled together by the former, and with a single scene of sublime psychological reality enforces pages of philosophy. In Tolstoi, the artist and the thinker also co-exist, but they are rivals; they never speak at the same time, they seldom endorse each other's words; as a matter of fact, they sometimes do not agree at all. And yet, it is always the artist who is right; the thinker raises his voice with an intrusive persistence, but the artist will not be outdone, and whenever he re-appears in all the indisputable authority of his genius, his serene vision goes further, straighter, and higher than any philosophical lucubrations of the thinker. . . .

Such is the artist—with the greatest uniting power ever displayed by a novelist. But the thinker appears, and seems to make it his aim to undo the work of the artist. It is the most striking feature of Tolstoi's intellect, this contrast between the uniting power of his literature and the disintegration preached by his philosophy. The disintegration begins with his own person. The thinker detaches himself from the individual and becomes the analyzer, the judge, and the prosecutor of the artist. The author of War and Peace is condemned by the author of My Religion. Art is declared a plaything unworthy of those who really care for the prosperity of their brethren. . . .

Count Tolstoi says that the lower people does not know Poushkin, and therefore he concludes Poushkin's are useless. But he knows Poushkin, and he cannot force himself to forget him; and so long as he remembers he must want others to know him, for the moment they know him, they will want him.

No, Count Tolstoi shall not impede the blossoming of the world; however powerful the thinker, he shall never make anyone believe that the author of War and Peace is useless because unknown to the ignorant; the philosopher shall not force out the artist, and shall not prevent him from becoming, even in spite of himself, one of the greatest educators of the future generation.

## AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: LLOYD MIFFLIN

By F. M. HOPKINS

Although it has been but a few months since Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, published Mr. Lloyd Mifflin's first book of poems, *At the Gates of Song*, the drift of criticism has pretty definitely settled, so far as critics can settle it, that this newcomer is, by actual achievement, one of our foremost American poets and that some of his sonnets (his published poetry is confined to this form) rank with the best in the English language. Mr. Mifflin's welcome has been a cordial one. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has emphasized the "high note" which his poetry strikes; Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the "sublimity of thought and diction and perfected art"; and Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard has paid tribute to his "glorious imagination" in which "he has no superior," says Mr. Stoddard, "among living American poets, if, indeed, an equal." Such words from such distinguished critics indicate that we have a poet among us deserving of attention. A glance at his personality before passing to his poems will be interesting.

Mr. Lloyd Mifflin was born in Columbia, Pennsylvania, about fifty years ago. He belongs to the old and famous Quaker family of Mifflins that came from Wiltshire, England, and settled on the banks of the Schuylkill, in 1678, some years prior to the coming of Penn. The name is an honored one in the history of Philadelphia and the State, as the family gave to Pennsylvania her first Governor, Thomas Mifflin, who had previously widely distinguished himself as an impassioned orator and as a general of the Revolution. Mr. Mifflin's father was a portrait and miniature painter, a friend of Inman, Healy, and Sully, and a writer of verse, a collection of which he published in 1836. Mr. Mifflin has spent his whole life in an atmosphere of poetry and art. At an early age his father instructed him in the rudiments of painting. With the intention of becoming an artist he was sent to Thomas Moran to pursue his studies under that accomplished master. From Boston he went to Europe with the late James Jackson Jarvis, studying several years abroad, part of the time with Herzog, of Germany, but principally in Italy with Mr. Jarvis. Mr. Mifflin exhibited pictures for some years after his return to America, but he was obliged to abandon art, studio work proving damaging to his health. From his studio he went to his father's country home, "Norwood," in quest of health which the open air soon brought him. It has been about twenty years since he relinquished his cherished profession, and his time since has been given largely to his studies in verse. Mr. Mifflin is a devoted lover of nature, and though essentially a "dreamer of dreams," he takes pride in a practical supervision of the farm work at his country home. He lives, as he himself sings,

"upon the purple hills—  
The Appalachian ridges round my home,"

and here enjoys that seclusion which his work requires, for he feels more and more with each passing

year that the Wordsworthian life is the best for the poet.

Mr. Mifflin's *At the Gates of Song* (finely printed and illustrated by Thomas Moran, \$1.50) contains one hundred and fifty sonnets chiefly in the Miltonic and Guittonian forms. These sonnets, varied in theme, sublime and homely, patriotic and religious, classical and didactic, pastoral and personal, are distinguished from most modern verse by their dignity and repose, rich diction and subtle melody, a pervading purity of thought and polished perfection. Taken as a whole they appeal to the intellect rather than the emotions, touching love rarely and then only on its spiritual side.

It has been the custom in this series to quote freely from the poet's works. This method, in this case, is particularly effective, for Mr. Mifflin's sonnets speak more strongly for his art than any elaborate analysis or the most sympathetic interpretation can do.

Seostris is a fair example of the more imaginative of these sonnets. Mr. Stoddard quotes it as the product of a "glorious imagination" and declares that it "has no parallel in nineteenth century English verse, unless it be Leigh Hunt's famous sonnet on the Nile." It is reprinted here, and the other selections which follow, by permission of both author and publisher:

Sole Lord of Lords and very King of Kings,  
He sits within the desert, carved in stone;  
Inscrutable, colossal, and alone,  
And ancier than memory of things.  
Graved on his front the sacred beetle clings;  
Disdain sits on his lips; and in a frown  
Scorn lives upon his forehead for a crown.  
The affrighted ostrich dare not dust her wings  
Anear this presence. The long caravan's  
Dazed camels stop, and mute the Bedouins stare.  
This symbol of past power more than man's  
Presages doom. Kings look—and kings despair:  
Their sceptres tremble in their jeweled hands  
And dark thrones totter in the baleful air!

For simplicity of language, subtle melody and movement, apt and effective figures the sonnet *Now Like a Red Leaf*, really a poem on the universal tragedy, is one of the finest in any language:

In youth how slowly passed the golden day!  
As if upon the stillness of some brook  
You threw a roseleaf and the roseleaf took  
Its own sweet time to loiter to the bay;  
The lark sang always; life was endless play;  
We lived on nectar from a poet's book,  
Drifting along by many a sunny nook,  
Little we cared—it would be ever May!—  
Now, like a red leaf on the autumnal stream,  
That cannot steer nor stop—that cannot sink—  
Swiftly I drift. As in some fateful dream  
There seems no time to pause—no time to think;  
The cataract roars—I see the white foam gleam  
Within the gorge—it draws me to the brink!

The skill, picturesqueness, and poetical setting

which the poet can give to a didactic thought is excellently shown in *Prodigals*:

As some crazed king upon a wild sea shore  
Takes from his chests his hoard of hidden gold,  
His crown, his sceptre, and his gems untold,  
With all the royal orders which he wore,  
And hurls them, one by one, into the roar  
And hunger of the sea; and then, when old,  
Comes to his senses, shivers in the cold,  
And mourns his kingdom's treasures evermore;  
So we, unwitting of the wealth of years,  
Here by life's ocean fling away our gems—  
Sceptres of youth, and manhood's diadems;  
Like fools we waste them with no future fears;  
Reason returns, and us too late condemns—  
The beggared monarchs of a realm of tears!

Lighter, more airy and fanciful is the exquisitely graceful sonnet *To an Old Venetian Wine Glass* (rose-colored at the brim):

Daughter of Venice, fairer than the moon!  
From thy dark casement leaning, half divine,  
And to the lutes of love that low repine.  
Across the midnight of the hushed lagoon  
Listening with languor in a dreamful swoon—  
On such a night as this thou didst entwine  
Thy lily fingers round this glass of wine,  
And clasped thy climbing lover—none too soon!  
Thy lover left, but ere he left thy room  
From this he drank, his warm lips at the brim;  
Thou kissed it as he vanished in the gloom;  
That kiss, because of thy true love for him—  
Long, long ago when thou wast in thy bloom—  
Hath left it ever rosy round the rim!

Only a true poet, whose life and love had been given to his art, could have written the passionate gem *At the Point of Death*:

Come nearer, my beloved, it is night;  
Bend down above my bed thy features mild,  
I who have neither wife nor tender child.  
Thou wert mine angel. Wilt thou take thy flight—  
Thou! with thine eyes of pity infinite—  
And leave me dying and unreconciled?  
It was the sweetness of thy lips beguiled  
Life of its pang and made the darkness bright.  
Oh! lean down nearer—nearer! Do not fly!  
Have we not loved each other well and long?  
Leave me not now, my heart!—my soul!—my song!—  
Beloved Poesy! to thee I cry. . . .  
Wrap thy dear arms around me—hold me strong!  
Oh! wake me with thy kisses when I die!

More subdued, but not less effective in its way, and containing thoughts so familiar to those who can say,

"Oh, youth that was, that will not come again,"

is the beautiful backward glance *Across the Years*:

The old rememberable barn—how gray  
It loomed above the orchard and the spring!  
The orchard where the robin used to sing  
Building his nest beneath the blossomed spray.  
Where are the rosebud maidens of that day?  
Some, like the birds, afar have taken wing;  
Some sleep below, but memories oft they bring  
Sweet as remembered odors of the hay.  
Ah, yet once more across the shadowy year  
She meets me in the gloaming. Down the lane  
We hearing the dropping of the pasture bars.  
It is the trysting hour, and kindly stars  
Bloom in the twilight trees—O Love! O Tears!  
O Youth that was—that will not come again!

Another sonnet *There Was a Time*, more dis-

tinctly personal, celebrates the return of the artist and scholar to the love of nature. This true communion with mother earth—with birds and flowers, landscape and sky, dawn and twilight—furnishes the theme for a large group of the sonnets and many of the most effective figures of the others. We quote the sonnet already mentioned:

There was a time when o'er my gentle books  
Upon the vellumed treasures and their lore,  
From morn to traced midnight would I pore.  
But now, for years, with far and dreamful looks  
I pass them by. Enough for me the brook's  
Sweet counsel and the torrent's roar.  
I still commune with nature, more and more,  
And less with man,—as in a sylvan nook's  
Cool grotto sits some hermit all alone.  
The ground hath lips; the stars still lead and shine  
That on the shepherds over Bethlehem shone;  
The fields are pages, and their leaves, divine:  
Few books he needs who listens at the shrine  
Of Nature, and translates aright her tone.

In these beautiful autumnal days the thought, melody, and pastoral charm of *Indian Summer* will have special force:

How still the groves! And has some silver flute  
Ceased suddenly? The Summer days are sped;  
The earth is quiet; and far overhead  
All the blue altitudes of air are mute;  
And those Aeolian harps are destitute  
Of music, for sweet Melody is dead,  
And Song to Silence in the wood is wed.  
No longer now we hear the thrush salute  
The laurels with soft-throated ecstasies.  
Where Summer hummed with buzzing sound we see  
The straw-built hives, mute with immurmurous bees.  
No sound is here; but clear and distantly,  
Down the dim aisles of fading memory,  
Drifts the deep plaint of countless threnodies.

Another pastoral sonnet, beautiful as a whole, but with some exquisitely beautiful single lines (which the writer italicizes) is *The Gloaming*:

The treetops tremble with the gentle air;  
*Cool as a sister's fingers on my brow*  
I feel the fondling of the zephyr now  
As if some delicate spirit touched my hair.  
The wings of twilight, opening darkly fair,  
Shed round their velvet glamour, and the glow,  
Pale on the western pyre, is burning low;  
*Hush! for the Day is kneeling down in prayer.*  
Her life is o'er and she is moving on  
Into the yawning caverns of the Vast;  
Into the hollows void of moon or sun,  
Down to the dim irrevocable Past.  
Yet shall she thread those doors, nor look aghast—  
*She walked in light until her race was run.*

What tenderness in the first italicized line! How marvelously effective the figure in the second! And what moral beauty in the underlying thought of the last!

Only a genuine artist and true poet could have written these sonnets. Not one of the one hundred and fifty in *At the Gates of Song* shows haste or careless workmanship. Occasionally a mannerism weakens the artistic effect, but, nevertheless, the same conscientious effort is always apparent. We believe it is entirely within bounds to say that no American poet has written as many fine sonnets as Mr. Mifflin, and that in the mastery of this form of verse he is unrivaled by any living poet using the English language.

## GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

*The True Story of "Little Breeches"* A writer in the Land of Sunshine relates as follows the incident which furnished inspiration for John Hay's famous poem, "Little Breeches":

But for an Iowan now gracefully growing gray in Los Angeles, there would have been no "Little Breeches"—for Hay's masterpiece rests upon a true story.

Ephraim H. Winans is now a well-known Angeleño. About the year 1863 he was an itinerant preacher in the Middle West; and in New Virginia, Ia., witnessed the dramatic incident which was destined to be the motive of one of the best dialect ballads in American literature. Several years later, Mr. Winans was in Warsaw, Ill., the home of Hay's father. He dined at the Hay house, and afterward the family (including John) accompanied him to the Presbyterian church where he preached on "Divine Providence; its possibilities under natural laws." His exegesis was, briefly, that Providence may work in answer to prayer, or of its own tender mercy, without miracle but wholly in accord with rational laws—chiefly through the spirit. And among other illustrations he told the story which has since (with some changes under poetic license) become the enduring "Little Breeches." In a visit this spring to Warsaw Mr. Winans secured the letter in which Hay acknowledges the source of his inspiration.

The episode which inspired Hay was as follows:

A dark rainy night in April, 1863 (or thereabouts; it cannot have been more than a year aside from that), a district Ministerial Association was in session in New Virginia, Ia. Rev. Henry B. Heacock (now located somewhere in Northern California) had just stepped to the stand and was giving out the hymn:

"Forever with the Lord!  
Amen! So let it be"—

when a man named Proudfoot burst into the church crying: "A horse! For God's sake a horse!" He had driven his wagon up to the church steps, and handed out his wife and parents; but just as he reached to take his little four-year-old boy from the back of the wagon the horses stampeded and were gone in the darkness.

The meeting was broken up, and the congregation (among them Mr. Winans) started out to follow the runaways. The night was impenetrably black; the rain and the Iowa mud made anything like tracking impossible. The searchers swept concentric circles, in the direction in which the horses were headed; and in that fenceless prairie, through mire and gloom, they floundered on. At last, possibly a half mile from town, they came upon the runaways. One horse was down in the head of a gully, the other up on the bank; the wagon, half overturned behind them. But the child was not there. Round about they searched for the presumably trampled lad, but no trace was to be found. Their improvised torches were burning out. A Mr. Reed remembered an unused cabin half a mile across the fields, and led a party thither to find dry material for new torches. A flock of about 50 sheep

had taken refuge in the cabin from the storm, and their bleating served to guide the searchers. But when they at last found the place they could not open the door. A man was boosted up, crawled into the gable and brought out the torchwood. When he crawled out he said: "I thought I heard a voice in there."

No one believed it; it must have been some note of the bleating sheep; but he insisted. At last they forced the reluctant door; and, lo, in the middle of the flock, sitting on a box, was the lost child! He did not in real life say,

"I want a chaw of terbacker,  
And that's what's the matter of me."

He simply said—"Here I am, papa," quite unabashed by his experience.

How had he come there in the night across the uncompassed fields, so far from the spilled wagon? God knows. Perhaps he heard the voice of the sheep in the storm, and followed it. And how did he pass the door which excited men could barely force? For that, Mr. Winans says: "I suppose the door may have been open when he came; and that the sheep, crowding back from where he sat, closed it; and that the rain swelled it so that it was difficult to open. At any rate, I look upon it as a Providence by natural means. We came forth with the child from the cabin singing the old long-meter doxology; and his mother and his grandparents weeping and praying away back in town heard us, and knew that all was well. And that is the true story that John Hay and his father heard in my sermon in Warsaw; the story which gave him 'Little Breeches.' He has turned the rain to snow and the Ministerial Association to a jug of molasses, and taken some minor license with the story; but it is the story of Proudfoot's little boy in Iowa in 1863."

*Some English Authors at Work* The New English Illustrated Magazine prints these, amongst several other interesting statements from English novelists, concerning their methods of work:

Sir Walter Besant: I find that the rate at which a novel advances in my hands, taking one day with another, is not more than about a thousand words a day. A long novel of, say, one hundred and eighty thousand words, takes me from eight to ten months. I do not find that it is the least use attempting to work at fiction for more than about three hours a day.

R. D. Blackmore:

The proper point about a book—  
Or be it praised or smitten—  
Is not to ask how long it took,  
But what it is when written.

Hall Caine: As a novelist, I have never been able to consider my work in relation to speed and time. As a journalist in the old days, I was compelled to do so, and can remember that at the death of Prince Leopold I wrote a memoir of many long columns between seven o'clock at night and the time of going to press with the morning paper. The Deemster occupied, I think, about nine months in the writing

of the text, but it had been nearly a year in hand before I began to write. Something like the same circumstances occurred in the case of *The Bondsman*. *The Scapegoat* was written either two or three times, word for word. The first half of *The Manxman* was written twice, and it is the second complete version of *The Christian* that I am now at work upon. If I do three or four days' writing in the week, and produce five or six thousand words with which I am content, I am satisfied, and more than satisfied.

Dr. Conan Doyle: As far as I am concerned, I think from fifteen hundred to two thousand words a very good day's work. I never take more than one contract at a time, and never promise to produce work at any rate which does not give me ample time for those "off-color" days which authors are, I think, more subject to than any one else.

H. G. Wells: On an average I burn half at least of what I write—the net product is not more than one thousand words a day. Six months or more, when I was scrambling for a footing among novelists, I must have turned out, Heaven forgive me! about seven thousand words each working day. *Moreau* and *The Wonderful Visit* came in that feverish time, and there were theatrical criticisms, and book reviews, and copious articles, and the beginning of a novel that was a bother even to burn. I hope some day to give two years to a book, and to be able to burn it at the end if I do not like it. No novelist can do his best work until he feels free to do that.

*Jules Verne*

London Tit-Bits says of Jules Verne:

No story-teller of modern times can lay claim to wider fame and popularity than can Jules Verne, the modest French writer, whose books have circulated by the million over the whole civilized world, and yet, strange as it may appear in these days of personal journalism, very little is known of the private life of the author of *Round the World in Eighty Days* and of *Five Weeks in a Balloon*. This is owing to a variety of circumstances. M. Verne is exceptionally modest. He is devoted to his work, but he has no desire to advertise himself in any way. He has never sought public recognition from his countrymen, and thus he will not go down to fame as having formed part of the French Academy, though probably his name will be famous long after those of the forty "Immortals" who have not welcomed him among themselves will have been forgotten.

M. Jules Verne, notwithstanding his eighty years, is still a vigorous-looking man. He is an interesting example of the value of the old dictum, "Early to bed and early to rise, make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." His day's work is finished by the time that most people are thinking of early breakfast, and during the last thirty years he has made it a point to go to bed with the sun. Probably one reason why Jules Verne's personality is so little known to the outside world lies in the fact that he has made his home at Amiens, one of the prettiest and sleepiest old towns of provincial France. Although situated in the town itself, the house inhabited by M. and Mme. Verne is very countrified in appearance, and a beautiful garden lies beyond the paved court which

is so often a feature of old French mansions. M. and Mme. Verne—who, by the way, celebrated their golden wedding some five years ago—received their visitors in a charming sitting-room opening out of a conservatory hall. Every apartment in the house is exquisitely neat, and the visitor finds it hard to believe that he is in the presence of one of the hardest literary workers on the Continent. The secret is partly solved when M. Verne leads the way upstairs to his own den and library, but even here genius is not manifested by untidiness. The library, as its name implies, is lined with books, and on a very large table in the middle of the apartment lie countless scientific and travel magazines, printed in every language and concerned with every development of modern thought and exploration. As so often happens abroad, M. Verne's bedroom is also his study. The door leading into this tiny apartment opens out of the library. Against the bow-window stands a plain leaf table, on which are placed a pad of blotting-paper, a fountain-pen, and an ink-pot. The plain camp bedstead is at right angles, and on the mantelpiece of the tiny room stand two statuettes—one of Molière and one of Shakespeare. It is from here that all Jules Verne's marvellous works of imagination have been sent forth to the world. Every morning sees him up and dressed, sitting at his desk table, writing and re-writing until each sentence suits his fastidious taste. His methods of work are simplicity itself, given, of course, the qualities which go to make a successful story-writer. Long before Jules Verne ever thought of turning his talents in the direction in which he has been so successful, he was fond of taking notes and of making cuttings out of books, magazines, and scientific reports. Whenever he had a spare hour or two he classified his collections according to subject, and these have proved invaluable to him. As fresh plots and ideas occurred to him—and he now had some thirty skeleton novels put away—he jotted down, much as does Sardou, the dramatist, his initial idea; and as time went on, whenever he found anything which could be of value in working out the plot, he added it to the envelope inscribed with the title of the story. As a conscientious worker M. Verne can have few rivals. He begins by elaborating the heads of each chapter of a new book; then he writes a rough draft of the whole and sends it to the printers; and not till the appearance of his first set of proofs does his real hard work begin. He is never satisfied with less than a dozen revisions; and, to the despair of his publisher, it often happens that the last proof of all bears hardly any traces of the original manuscript.

M. Verne was born in Brittany, the Scotland of France, and he possesses many of the leading characteristics of the hardy Breton race. Although he came of a literary family, and notwithstanding the fact that he decided to become an author when he was only thirteen years of age, M. Verne as a youth and young man had but one ambition, and that was to succeed as a playwright. For a time it seemed as if there, indeed, lay his true vocation, for his first success was attained in a short comedy written in collaboration with Dumas fils. In those days he would have been very much surprised had he been told that true dramatic fame was not to come to

him till many years after, and then with a play (*Michael Strogoff*) whose real claim to recognition came from the fact that it was adapted from one of his own novels. As so often happens to remarkable men, marriage proved the turning point in Jules Verne's career. Till that happy event he had been diffident, shy, and, if anything, over-modest. In his wife, a Norman lady, who, though younger than her husband, was already a widow with two little girls when he made her acquaintance, Jules Verne found, in the best sense of the word, his lifelong friend and helpmeet. She had unbounded faith in his capacity, and, but for her encouragement, he would never have summoned the courage to send the MS. of his first novel, *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, to a publisher. It is also pleasant to note that Mme. Verne has remained her husband's only literary adviser through the fifty odd years that they have now been married. He discusses with her each of his plots and situations, and the final revise is never sent to the printers until it has met with her complete approval.

At the time that M. Verne wrote the first of his scientific stories he had never traveled, but he had always been very keenly interested in exploration, and he chose Africa as the scene of his book, because he felt that less was known about the Dark Continent than any other spot on the earth's surface. Greatly to the author's surprise, *Five Weeks in a Balloon* scored an immediate success, and Jules Verne was besieged with applications from publishers, but—and it is highly characteristic of the man—he remained faithful to the publisher who had first believed in him: and the fact that *Hetzel & Co.* is now one of the greatest publishing houses in France is due not a little to the subject of our sketch. The firm has lately published M. Verne's eightieth novel; and among Mme. Verne's most treasured possessions is a most curious collection of translations of her husband's works, which include the familiar British and American editions and those printed in Japanese and Arabic characters; for there is not a quarter of the globe where these delightful romances have not found thousands of readers.

A chat with M. Verne soon convinces his visitor that he has a man before him possessed of extraordinary imagination. He does not go to life for plots, although often a paragraph in a newspaper will suggest to him a brilliant and original idea. *Round the World in Eighty Days*, for example, flashed across his mind when reading in a café the advertisement of a tourist agency. Still, once his story is published, M. Verne does not trouble his head any more about it. He has never re-read a chapter of any of his published works.

Since the days when fame first brought fortune, M. and Mme. Verne have traveled well and wisely. They are both very fond of yachting, and among their pleasantest recollections is a tour round the British Isles. M. Verne had always had a great desire to visit Scotland on account of his favorite author, who is Sir Walter Scott, in spite of the fact that he cannot read the *Wizard of the North* in the original. Again, as is natural, he is never tired of reading Defoe. As most of his readers will recollect, M. Verne, unlike most French writers, always frankly avows his admiration for British pluck and

character. On many occasions his heroes have belonged to the English-speaking world, and at no period of his career has he lacked sympathy and appreciation from British readers; indeed, even now, scarce a day passes but he receives letters written in English from some distant quarter of the world.

In one matter many writers might take a lesson from their French comrade. Jules Verne is always ahead of, and never behindhand with, his work. A serious illness would not find him unprovided with copy; on the contrary, he always has "bread on the shelf"—in other words, four to five MSS. completely ready and tied up for the printer; but he has never allowed himself a larger rate of production than he thought the public would bear. He publishes two completed novels each year, and in each case before publication they are serialized in France, Great Britain, America, Germany, and Russia.

The man who has imagined so many wild and strange adventures has led a singularly uneventful life, although some years ago his many unknown friends and readers were startled by the announcement that his favorite nephew in a fit of madness had drawn a revolver and fired at the veteran novelist, laming him for life. The young man, who is now in an asylum, declared that he had been obliged to do this act to draw attention to his much loved uncle's claims to a seat in the French Academy. Since this event, which occurred some ten years ago, M. Verne has given up traveling, and he and his wife spend the quietest of lives at Amiens, rarely visiting Paris save to see their married son and his children.

It should be added that M. Verne does not share his countrymen's love of tobacco. He has not tasted alcohol for years, and he never allows a day to go by without taking a long walk accompanied by his old dog, Follet. He takes an active share in the municipal government of Amiens, and he has never been known to allude to his work.

*Mrs. Burnett as a Patron of Art* In a recent issue of The Illustrated American, Delia T. Davis relates the following beautiful incident in the life of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett:

Nearly ten years ago, Mr. Uhl, the artist, while painting the portraits of Mrs. Burnett's sons, chanced one day to speak of the unwisdom of scores of young men in leaving homes and occupations where they are at least sure of a comfortable living to enter upon the thorny paths of art. He then mentioned quite casually one case in particular which he rather had upon his mind and proceeded to sketch an outline of the young man's history.

The boy had been left an orphan at eleven years of age and was bound out to his uncle to work on a farm in Ohio for five years, at the expiration of which time he was to receive his wages at the rate of ten dollars per annum. During these years of hard, unremitting labor, varied only by four months' schooling in the winter time, a desire to study painting had taken complete possession of the boy's mind—though he had never seen a genuine work of art in his life, and was profoundly ignorant of processes—and it required only the accidental overhearing of

a half hour's talk upon art subjects from Mr. Uhl, who was visiting in the neighborhood, to inflame his youthful ardor to the point of then and there deciding not only that it must be "paint or die" with him, but that the man talking must be his teacher.

No sooner then did he receive his fifty dollars—the total result of five years' toil—than he completed his arrangements for coming to Washington, where he arrived alone and without a friend, his entire worldly possessions being represented by a few country-made clothes in a hair trunk and three or four dollars in his pocket. Though late in the evening, the young man went immediately from the station to the studio of Mr. Uhl, where he was most kindly received; and a few moments' conversation having convinced the artist of the boy's earnestness of purpose, he not only offered to teach him for nothing, but gave him the privilege of sleeping in the studio until such time as he could make other arrangements. Then came the hopeless struggle of finding employment that would serve merely to sustain life during his period of study. From house to house went the inexperienced lad, asking in the most naive manner for "some work that would enable him to study art." In the majority of cases people seemed to regard him as little less than mad, and out of them all there was not one to "lend the hand." Finally seeing only starvation staring him in the face, he accepted a situation as a day-laborer—to crush stones for pavements. His pay was to be \$1.25 a day, and he was the only white man among the workmen. He was indulging in the hope of being able to work with pencil and brush after his day's labor was over.

This was the young man's outlook at the time of Mr. Uhl's conversation with Mrs. Burnett. To her the story seemed cruel and tragic.

"It is too heartrending to think of," said she. "When a creature so longs for a thing that he is willing to struggle like that—to bear so much—somebody ought to hold out a hand. It would be too hideous if in all the big world there was not one who would do it. I am going to hold out mine." She left the room and when she returned brought with her a check for \$100.

"This will help him to live for a little while as he spends so little," she said. "Please give it to him."

Mr. Uhl, quite overcome at the unexpected issue of his chance remarks, could only say as he took the slip of paper:

"I really do not know what the boy will do. He is only a crude country boy, and will not even know how to thank you."

"Do not let him thank me," replied Mrs. Burnett. "If he is shy, it would only make him feel awkward. Do not let him feel that he must even write to me. Simply say to him that I am sailing for Europe in a few days, and this is to give him the chance to work at the thing he cares for so much."

It was three years before Mrs. Burnett was in Washington again, and they were years too full of suffering to leave her time to think of anything but the tragedies she passed through; for it was during this time that she lay for many months ill with concussion of the brain, from which she only recovered to undergo the long agony of the illness and death of her eldest son. Shortly after her return she was

one day passing along the street, when, meeting a chance acquaintance, she was persuaded to go to see the yearly exhibition of Washington artists. A few moments after she entered the room her attention was attracted by a portrait which struck her as having unusual qualities.

"That seems to me very strong," she said to the artist in charge of the exhibition. "It looks as if it must be a realistic likeness. Who did it?"

"Ah," exclaimed the cicerone, "I am so glad you like it. It was painted by your protégé, Mrs. Burnett."

"My protégé?" said Mrs. Burnett. "My protégé? Whom do you mean?"

"Why!" said the artist, "the young man you saved from despair three years ago. Don't you remember young Waltman?"

"Waltman?" Mrs. Burnett repeated.

"The young man whose story Mr. Uhl told you. He has made such progress that we all believe he has a career before him." He added a number of interesting details.

"Is this picture for sale?" she asked.

"No," was the answer. "It is an order."

"Has Mr. Waltman anything else on exhibition?"

He had another, and the artist took Mrs. Burnett across the room to look at it. It was a wonderfully spirited turbaned head.

"How much does he ask for it?" Mrs. Burnett inquired.

"A hundred and fifty dollars."

"Put 'sold' upon it," said Mrs. Burnett, "and when he comes here tell him his friend has come back and bought his picture. I will send a check when I reach home."

Mr. Waltman in the meantime had heard of Mrs. Burnett's return to America, and at the moment was writing his first letter of grateful acknowledgment to her. As some sort of expression of his gratitude he begged her to accept from him the very picture which she had just bought. Indeed, this letter and the note containing the check crossed in the mail. Mrs. Burnett, while appreciating the feeling, preferred that the young artist should keep the money to add to his small bank account. The picture is now almost the first object to strike the eye upon entering the hall of Mrs. Burnett's Washington home.

In speaking of this chapter in his life a few days since, Mr. Waltman said that on the night that Mr. Uhl called him to tell him of his good fortune, he thought that it was his intention to turn him out into the street, as he knew that one of the women students had complained of a boy sleeping in the studio. He went on to say that he was too dazed to take in the truth at first, and that he lay awake all night trying to understand it.

"And I do not understand it any better to-day," said he. "I knew nothing of Mrs. Burnett, nor she of me. Why did she do it? I only know that that \$100 was worth more to me then than \$50,000 in gold would be to-day. I lived upon it a whole year, and it put me on my feet."

That Mr. Waltmann is very thoroughly on his feet no art critic will deny. Another season will find the successful young artist in England, where he has already the promise of several orders from people of rank and distinction.

*Zola's Superstitions* The following translation from *La Vie Scientifique* gives an interesting side-light on the character of the famous leader of the French naturalistic school:

There are many persons who have a superstition regarding figures, and who believe in their influence, good or bad, upon the events, important or unimportant, of their existence. The eminent writer, M. Emile Zola, is numbered among such. Quite recently, while he was going down Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, at Paris, he was knocked down by a hack, which passed over his legs, without fortunately, doing any other damage than bruising him. M. Zola has a superstitious horror of the number 17. This number is to him unlucky. After he arose, he looked at the number of the hack, added up the figures in a flash, and found the total to be 17. The great writer had, for a long time, held the belief that the number 17 had a malign influence upon him, and that aggravated the case. Dr. Tolouse has recently devoted a volume to a study of M. Zola, in which the character, temperament, and the very sources of the illustrious writer's talents are analyzed with all the resources of psychology and physiology. On pages 251 and 252 of this book the author says: "Thus, certain figures have a bad influence upon M. Zola. If the number of a hack, when added up, forms this figure, he will not engage the vehicle, or, if he is obliged to do so, will fear that some misfortune may happen to him. For example, that he may not succeed in the business that he has started out to do. Such superstitious idea may supervene apropos of any of his arithmomaniacal impulses. For a long time the multiples of 3 appeared favorable to him; but now it is the multiples of 7 that reassure him. Thus, in the night, it often happens that he will open his eyes seven times in order to prove to himself that he is not going to die. On the contrary, the number 17, which recalls to him a sorrowful date, seems to him to be unlucky, and chance has ordained that he should recognize a coincidence of certain unfortunate occurrences with that date. Similar superstitious ideas exhibit themselves outside of all arithmomania. Thus, he will perform certain acts with the idea that, if he does not do so, some annoyance will happen to him. So he will touch the gas burners that he meets with in the streets, surmount an obstacle with the right foot, walk upon the pavement in a certain way, etc. For a long time he feared that he would not succeed in the proceeding that he was going to undertake unless he started out of the house with his left foot foremost."

*F. Frankfort Moore* The London Literary World prints this interesting sketch of F. Frankfort Moore, from whose latest novel, *The Jessamy Bride*, a selected reading was given in our August number:

It is so well known that many of the successful novelists of the present day have begun as newspaper men, that it will be no great surprise to learn that Mr. F. Frankfort Moore spent twelve years in a newspaper office before he had the courage, as he puts it, "to burn his boats," and depend entirely on novel-writing. It is always interesting to learn how a man who has made his mark in fiction

spent his early years, and Mr. Moore's experiences as a young man were varied and interesting. It may be well to mention that he is an Irishman; you are just sensible of that when you hear him speak, but only just. Limerick can claim to be his birthplace, he was born there rather more than forty years ago. His stay was short, as his parents almost immediately moved to Belfast. At the age when other young men go to college, young Moore went to South Africa, but his stay there was not long, and he returned by way of India when he was eighteen, having learnt things invaluable to him since in the calling he has chosen. The youthful traveler began at once to publish a book of poems, and followed these up by one or two stories. He then drifted into journalism, beginning with dramatic criticism for a Belfast paper, and ending as assistant editor and leader writer. For twelve long years, as we have said, he stuck to newspaper work, but, with an industry and perseverance rare among newspaper men, wrote more than a score of books all the time, mostly adventure books for boys, which found a ready sale.

His inimitable Journalist's Note-book is an outcome of this experience. Even after the rapid success of *I Forbid the Banns*, his first full-dress novel, he did not abandon journalism at once. The greater success of *A Gray Eye or So*, however, left him no option. His Belfast friends warned him of the impossibility of making a living by writing novels; but, in the teeth of their advice, he came to London and settled down at Kew-gardens, shortly afterwards coming to an old Kensington house, where his fine collections of old French furniture, of Chippendale, and of still more ancient carved oak are appropriately located. This was less than two years ago, and Mr. Moore has occupied that interval in writing serial stories. *One Fair Daughter*, *The Secret of the Court*, *They Call It Love*, *Two in the Bush*, and *The Sale of a Soul*, followed each other in rapid succession; and more recently *Phyllis of Philistia*, *Dr. Koomadhi of Ashantee*, *In our Hours of Ease*, *The Impudent Comedian*, and *The Jessamy Bride*. He has also written and sold a play called *Kitty Clive*, which he afterwards turned into a story that readers of *The Pall Mall Magazine* may remember under the title of *At the King's Head*. This reversal of the usual order of things came about somewhat curiously. An actress had commissioned Mr. Moore, and paid him in advance, for a one-act piece, but from some caprice or other returned it on his hands. He then converted the play into a story; within a week of its publication he had certainly twenty offers to dramatize it, two being from clergymen in the Midlands. Mr. Arthur Bourchier bought the play, and it has been played at *The Royalty* for over two hundred nights. Mr. Moore says that he had been thinking of the plot for twelve years, and wrote out the piece in exactly six hours. Besides being a successful novelist and playwright—he has written over thirty books, and *Kitty Clive* was the tenth produced play—Mr. Moore is one of the best after-dinner speakers in Bohemia. Brimful of wit and humor, with a rich voice and easy manner, he has delighted his fellow-authors on several occasions in Whitehall Court and at the Vagabond Club meetings. As a man, his keynote is geniality.

## LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

Hugh Wynne: *Free Quaker. Sometime Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of His Excellency General Washington.* By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Co. 2 vols. \$2.00.

*Dr. Mitchell's New Historical Novel* There is every indication that Dr. Mitchell's new novel will be one of the most popular of the year. The critics are all speaking well of it and the public is buying it with enthusiasm. In a review in *The Bookman*, Mr. James McArthur declares that "Hugh Wynne has the distinction of belonging with the few great historical novels of American life produced by American writers. It is a novel of the Revolution, with its interest concentrated in Philadelphia. Taking the Quaker city as its base of operations, it combines the peculiar and conflicting social forces of the time, and follows the ramifications of the martial struggle in the North and in the South with a fidelity to history that has a singular charm for the reader, and a positive value for the student familiar with the historic characters and their setting. The coign of vantage thus afforded the author in distributing the interest over the movements of the army, and in preserving a just perspective to the procession of history during the uprising of the nation, is evident, when one reflects upon the concatenation of events that forms the history of this period, which events are skilfully threaded in the story. We have had stories that have given us a partial picture of this period, centred in New England, in New York and Virginia, but in no other do we remember having had passed in review so complete and comprehensive a panorama of this stirring crisis in American history. To have accomplished this is in itself a great feat. Coming fresh to the reading of Hugh Wynne after a recent perusal of Fiske's *American Revolution*, it surprised and delighted us to see with what ease and mastery the prominent characteristics of the war were brought before the mind's eye. Needless to say, that all that transpired during that time is by no means chronicled in these pages—that were to give us history and not romance—but the salient features and critical points are fastened on and depicted in the foreground of the picture, while in the background the less important features are lightly sketched in, so that the effect is one of harmony and unity of design. The conception of the whole picture is unique and satisfying, the point of view is novel and excites fresh interest in a familiar subject, the scenes are drawn with vividness of detail and picturesqueness of treatment that prove the possession in the artist of the historical imagination in a rare degree. No finer and more highly executed presentation of the War of the Revolution has ever been focussed in fiction."

*The Letters of Victor Hugo to his Family, to Sainte-Beuve and others.* Edited by Paul Meurice. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 2 vols., 8vo, \$3.00 each.

*Victor Hugo's Familiar Letters* The second and concluding volume of Victor Hugo's personal correspondence, which has been looked for with interest, has just been published. Professor Brander Matthews reviews these letters in a very carefully written article in *The Book Buyer*. "There

are two ways," says Professor Matthews, "in which this correspondence can be considered. We can weigh these letters as letters, pure and simple; and in this case we should not need to delay long over them, for Hugo is not a model letter writer. Or we can accept them as documents for the elucidation of the biography of one of the most prominent authors of the nineteenth century; and in this case we shall find in them many things to make us linger. We soon discover that Hugo's letters are not rivals of Madame de Sévigné's or of Byron's or of Thackeray's, or even of Mérimée's—and Mérimée was reserved in his correspondence as in his conversation. But we get glimpses here of the real Hugo, in his pleasantest aspects, as a son and as a father; and sometimes we are allowed to surprise his real feelings. Readers who have been taught to look at Hugo through the magnifying spectacles of Mr. Swinburne will be introduced in these pages to a more human being than the impeccable demigod of the British poet's adoration; and, on the other hand, readers who have been tempted to accept the very unfavorable view of Hugo set forth bitterly by M. Biré in his successive volumes will be provided with the means of proving that this violent iconoclast has not always been quite fair. Every student of the French romantic revolt must be grateful to M. Biré for his indefatigable industry in prying out the exact facts of Hugo's early life, about which the poet used to romance almost as freely as Poe was wont to do about his own youthful adventures; but the vehement invective of M. Biré suggests an absence of scientific calmness on his part, and the existence of a personal grudge.

"Probably it will not be possible to write an impartial biography of Hugo for several years to come. M. Mabilleau's interesting little volume is altogether too slight to be accepted as adequate; and it leaves many topics untouched. Had these letters been properly prefaced and annotated they might have served as a temporary substitute for a more complete biography. But they are sent forth with scarce a word of comment or explanation. As they stand now, the letters to Sainte-Beuve are almost inexplicable, and almost justify the prurient curiosity of the Parisian journalists who have sought to read between the lines; and yet they are not without interest to the students of French literature who may remember certain curious pages in *Sainte-Beuve et ses Inconnues*, by a former secretary of his—A. J. Pons. The principle of selection it is also difficult to praise, as it has permitted the inclusion of many trifling missives."

*Captains Courageous. A Story of the Grand Banks.* By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. Octavo, pp. 323, \$1.50.

*Mr. Kipling's Captains Courageous* "Captains Courageous reads even better in book form than it did as a serial," says the *New York Tribune*, "for in that shape it can impress itself upon the reader with a unity never attainable in the monthly instalments of a periodical. And Mr. Kipling's latest novel is marked by a striking unity. One recalls—only to smile at it—that old apprehension on the part of a

certain portion of the public, first expressed when *The Light That Failed* made its original appearance. People were persuaded then that Mr. Kipling could not write a long story, and when he altered the climax in a later edition of the story in question they thought their conclusion was ratified. *Captains Courageous* is a sufficient reply to these critics. It is true that it could not fairly be described as a novel; that Mr. Kipling can write a great novel remains to be seen. He has himself said that to make a beginning as a novelist one must be forty at least. But in *Captains Courageous* he gets far outside the limits of a short story and gives us a study of character developing under the play of circumstance through a considerable length of time. Harvey Cheyne stayed on the Banks only about four months, but in that period he passed through as many experiences as can be crowded into the life on board a small fishing schooner, whose few men are accustomed to struggle incessantly with storm and fog for a comparatively meagre livelihood. Most writers of the day would have left the impression that the *We're Here* of Gloucester had been flung into half a dozen dramatic episodes merely to keep an atmosphere of adventure around the lad who is swept off the deck of an Atlantic liner and rescued by one of the schooner's crew. But Mr. Kipling uses here the same art which he has exercised in the handling of his Indian material. He has told some of the most mysterious and creepy and dramatic tales of the East, and has rendered them perfectly convincing through refusing to make any fuss over his mystery or his drama. *Captains Courageous* has the sea in it and the sea's power, its mystery, its charm; but the narrative flows on with a simplicity like that of life itself. There are no adventures "made to order" in this book. Once, only once, there seems a possibility that Mr. Kipling is going to take the step that means error—it is when he connects the prayers of the hazy-minded Penn with the rescue of Jason Olley's boy—but the suspicion of artifice here is swept away as soon as it rouses itself, for the author does not dwell upon the scene; he takes it as he takes the leaping cod and the all-pervading fog. Before one has a chance to notice the melodramatic hint in the scene referred to, one is back in the whirl and freshness and magic of the voyage. Mr. Kipling prefixes to this book a fragment of Longfellow, touching the irresistible call of the sea. Without any such explicit confession it would have been obvious to the reader that in these pages the author had let himself go with enthusiasm. The evolution of Harvey Cheyne from an unlicked cub into a man is interesting; the picture of American fisher-life is fascinatingly true and captivating; Kipling's humor shines through the book and in a dozen other directions it makes a strong appeal. But the passion of the sea is in the story, and it is this that gives it an incomparable charm."

*Patrins*. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Copeland & Day, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.

*Miss Guiney's Collection of Essays* says, *Patrins*, has attracted a great deal of attention as one might expect it would, for a more fresh and original collection of essays

has not appeared in a long time. In an article in *The Outlook* on Some American Essayists, Mr. Hamilton Mabie says of Miss Guiney and her book:

"Miss Guiney has the rare gift of seeing things which are not obvious, and giving her thought expression in a style which is not hackneyed. She is acute, fresh, and incisive in a rare degree. She is, in fact, one of the most individual writers in the country. She has a deep feeling for literature, and, what is more rare, a distinct literary quality when she writes about it. Her introduction to *Mérimée's Carmen*, which appeared last fall, was in its way a model of condensed and picturesque characterization. Her verse has the same distinctness of touch, the same individuality of sentiment and feeling. It is very charming work, full of quality, which she gives us in an attractively printed volume of essays which bears the title *Patrins*; a patrin being the trail of leaves and twigs which the gypsy leaves behind him to indicate the path he has taken. This group of short papers is of a kind to arrest attention and give delight, so vigorous, pointed, and unhackneyed are the brief chapters. Miss Guiney has a delightful touch of whimsicality; and there is a breath of the best kind of Bohemianism in her. She follows literature because it is an art of delight as well as a means of instruction, and she protests against the attempt to turn the muse into a schoolmaster. She touches many subjects deftly and quickly, and her touch makes a clear impression on the mind of her readers. This collection of essays is for those who love literature for its own sake—for those who like the flavor of an individual style, and who enjoy a standpoint which has not been taken by everybody who has written since time began."

*Johnsonian Miscellanies*. Arranged and Edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D. C. L., LL.D., Honorary Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford. Harper & Brothers. In two volumes. Octavo, pp. xv., 488; vii., 517.

*George Birkbeck Hill's Johnsonian Miscellanies* languishes in the summer-time, but the past season was an almost unprecedently dull one. The Harpers, however, brought out one work of genuine interest and merit, one which will be a delight to every scholar of English literature who may read it. Mr. Hill long ago earned the reputation of being one of the most faithful of editors, and this collection of miscellanies, with their scholarly and erudite notes, will add new laurels to his well-deserved fame. From *The Tribune* we take the following very appreciative review:

"It is in their portraiture of Johnson that all Dr. Hill's volumes count. It is not unnatural to accept them first as mines of anecdote, and no one is to be blamed for delving in them for sheer amusement. When you can revel in a book by opening it at random it is pardonable if you forget the final purpose of its general drift. But we believe that posterity will thank Dr. Hill chiefly for the secure emergence from his pages of a noble character, whose human traits we can grasp firmly and permanently. The wit passes, the moral force remains, and Johnson would not be half the man that he is if literature reckoned with him only as with a sayer of amusing things. No matter how much virtue those dicta may have carried there was more of the

spirit of human fellowship in Johnson's silent self, in his strength, his fidelity, his inflexible honesty and courage. There is a delightful agreement between the numerous writers upon whom Dr. Hill has drawn for his fragments of personalia. Many of his contemporaries thought the Doctor rude, but not one of them throws discredit upon the essential things of his character. Sometimes, too, they supplement one another in a way very serviceable to the modern reader. There is, for example, the subject of Johnson's boorishness. Stories of it are endless. Joseph Cradock, one of Dr. Hill's minor witnesses, records that 'one of Dr. Johnson's rudest speeches was to a pompous gentleman coming out of Litchfield Cathedral, who said, "Dr. Johnson, we have had a most excellent discourse to-day!" "That may be," said Johnson; "but it is impossible that you should know it."

"The truth is, that Johnson's manner sprang almost invariably from an honest conviction regarding the person who stood before him. He was supernaturally quick at reading countenances; he could divine the wise man or the fool with scarce an effort, and if he spoke savagely to the latter he was certainly urbane to the other. Sincerity is rarely amiable in the opinion of those who adversely feel its weight, and Johnson was one of the most sincere figures in English history. And to balance Mr. Cradock's anecdote we have Hannah More's notes on her beloved friend. When she first met him, at Sir Joshua's house, she expected to find him—as the painter had warned her—in one of his moods of silence and sadness, but he was sprightly and gracious the whole evening long. Again and again the lady shows that when he felt the occasion was worthy of it, he could be the very pink of courtesy and good manners. Miss More left one irresistible vignette of the doctor. 'Who do you think,' she wrote to one of her sisters, 'is my principal cicerone at Oxford? Only Dr. Johnson! And we do so gallant it about! You cannot imagine with what delight he showed me every part of his own college (Pembroke). . . . Dr. Adams, the master of Pembroke, had contrived a very pretty piece of gallantry. We spent the day and evening at his house. After dinner Johnson begged to conduct me to see the college; he would let no one show it me but himself. 'This was my room; this Shenstone's.' Then, after pointing out all the rooms of the poets who had been of his college: 'In short,' said he, 'we were a nest of singing birds.' 'Here we walked, there we played at cricket.' He ran over with pleasure the history of the juvenile days he passed there.' The world has been too willing to forget the Johnson of scenes like this. It should be remembered more frequently that for every rebuke he gave to a bore he rendered some kindness to a friend. 'I received seventy-five pounds,' he records in his diary, 'on July 16, 1765,' and the entry continues, 'Lent Mr. Davis twenty-five.' His charity kept pace unceasingly with his gains, and, in addition to the practical service he rendered to his companions, he set them, for all his bearishness, a noble example of spiritual cleanliness, of innate delicacy. 'He never suffered any one to swear before him,' says Hawkins. 'When —, a libertine, but a man of some note,

was talking before him and interlarding his stories with oaths, Johnson said, "Sir, all this swearing will do nothing for our story. I beg you will not swear." The narrator went on swearing. Johnson said, "I must again entreat you not to swear." He swore again. Johnson quitted the room.' A happy parallel in the recent biography of Jowett, one of Johnson's idolaters, comes to mind here.

"Dr. Hill observes that Johnson's willingness to have his *Prayers and Meditations* published almost passes belief, yet he is constrained to add that 'his character gains much more than it loses by this full publication,' and he prints the devotional pieces in their entirety. They make impressive reading. One can see through these grave pages the image of a man destined to indolence from his birth, and then triumphing over its snares through constant prayer and effort. It does not matter that trivialities crept into those prayers. The point to recollect is that Johnson's conception of Christian duty involved a close surveillance of trivial things, and if he jots down a memorandum concerning his tea-cup on the same page that bears a fervent petition to Providence for help and comfort, it simply means that he was going about his religious life with as much seriousness, as much attention to details, as marked his literary labors. In April, 1753, he records the beginning of the second volume of his dictionary, and proceeds thus: 'O, God, who hast hitherto supported me, enable me to proceed in this labor, and in the whole task of my present state; that when I shall render up at the last day an account of the talent committed to me, I may receive pardon, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.'

"What gives this prayer and others like it a remarkable vitality is Johnson's profound sincerity. So far from their value being lessened by their frequent triviality, they are strengthened and enriched, because through the almost naïve explicitness of the prayers we get that much closer to Johnson's daily habit. That is so clearly and so persuasively drawn in Dr. Hill's pages that we have no hesitation in laying greater stress upon it than upon the more diverting stories set forth. These volumes abound in anecdote, but, we repeat, they are chiefly valuable because they bring their hero's character home to us on its most human, most manly, most sympathetic, and most lasting side. One or two passages, however, dealing with the more fleeting elements in the portraiture of Johnson, must be cited here. 'In respect to person,' says one of his brief biographers, 'he was rather of the heroic stature, being above the middle size; but, though strong, broad and muscular, his parts were slovenly put together. When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion, independent of his feet.' Boswell quotes this and says: 'His peculiar march is described in a very just and picturesque manner.'

"Miss Hawkins tells in her recollections how she and her brothers shouted with glee when a tailor showed them a purple cloth as Johnson's usual choice. They had never suspected him of wearing a new coat. Yet 'the tailor assured us he was a good customer,' and this anecdote is typical of a good many others. They begin by painting John-

son in ludicrous colors. They end by an admission of the truth, which always made for dignity and character. Kearsley, from whom we have already quoted, says that 'Dr. Johnson's face was composed of large coarse features, which, from a studious turn when composed, looked sluggish,' but he hastens to add that they were yet 'awful and contemplative,' and says that 'his face was capable of great expression, both in respect to intelligence and mildness.' Thus each contemporary delineates the sturdy old man, limning all that was forbidding in his aspect, but bringing in always a qualifying touch that somehow lights up the whole canvas. He was a great and a good man, a genius, and, in his peculiar erratic way, a gentleman."

*Eye Spy. Afield with Flowers and Animate Things.* By William Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated by the author. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 8vo, cloth, \$2.50.

*William Hamilton Gibson's Posthumous Book* William Hamilton Gibson's, so long promised by the Harpers, is published at last. Its title is Eye Spy, and it is a collection of pleasant instructive papers upon the homely, every-day things in the animate and inanimate Nature which Gibson loved, and knew so well: Tumble-bugs, Horse-hair snakes, Wrigglers, Paper-wasps, Snake-spits, Fox-fires, Cuckoos, Cowbirds, and the like; and each and every one of them is treated with a respect which is evidently based upon familiarity. In a review in Harper's Magazine, Mr. Lawrence Hutton says:

"Mr. Barnet Phillips, in his pleasant introduction, styled, *A Naturalist's Boyhood*, shows us how the author began his game of Eye Spy—hide-and-seek—with Nature in his early youth; and he quotes Gibson himself as saying that he was curious about flowers and insects from his earliest days, always uniting them in his own mind. 'I was very young and playing in the woods,' he said to Mr. Phillips once. 'I tossed over the fallen leaves, when I came across a chrysalis. There was nothing remarkable in that, for I knew what it was. But, wonderful to relate, providentially I deem it, as I held the object in my hand a butterfly slowly emerged, then fluttered in my fingers. . . . I do not know whether I was or was not a youngster with an imagination, but suddenly the spiritual view of a new, or of another life, struck me. I saw in this jewel born from an unadorned casket some inkling of immortality. Yes, that butterfly breaking from its chrysalis in my hand shaped my future career.'

"Prior to Darwin's time," wrote Gibson in *Eye Spy*, in a chapter upon *A few Native Orchids and their Insect Sponsors*, 'Prior to Darwin's time the flower was a voice in the wilderness, heard only in faintest whispers, and by the few. But since his day they have bloomed with fresher color and more convincing perfume. Science brought us their message. Demoralizing as it certainly was to humanity's past ideals, philosophic, theologic, and poetic, it bore the spirit of absolute conviction, and must be heard. What a contrast this winged botany of to-day is to that of a hundred years ago! . . . The flower of to-day! What an inspiration to our reverential study! What a new revelation is borne

upon its perfume! Its forms, its hues; what invitations to our devotion!'

"For many years Gibson was one of the few who heard this voice, and heeded it, and through his pages, in *Pastoral Days*, in *Happy Hunting-Grounds*, in *Highways and Byways*, by *Starlight and Sunshine*, have flowers bloomed for thousands of readers with perfume more convincing and with colors more fresh. How far he was original in his discoveries, and how far he was correct in his statements and in his deductions the present reviewer cannot, as a layman, pretend to say. But that he was a keen and an accurate observer seems to be an established fact; and no layman can fail to recognize the graceful force of his style as a writer, or the delicate, attractive character of his work as an artist and as an illustrator, not only in this volume but in all the volumes which preceded it. Few men have handled the brush and the pen together with more effect and with more success; and laymen and experts must unite in thanking the butterfly which shaped his career, while they mourn the fact that brush and pen together have fallen forever from his hands."

*Navaho Legends. Collected and Translated by Washington Matthews.* Published for the American Folk Lore Society, Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$6.00.

*Dr. Matthews' Navaho Legends* Dr. Washington Matthews, ex-president of the American Folk

Lore Society, has collected and translated a very interesting volume, making the fifth in the society's series, of legends of the Navaho Indians. "The three stories given are of rare value to the ethnologist," says *The Literary World*, "while the average reader will enjoy the fun in the coyote god's escapades of magic and deviltry, as narrated in the Origin Legend. This legend is divided into four parts: The Story of the Emergence; Early Events in the Fifth World; The War Gods; and The Growth of the Navaho Nation. It abounds in passages which suggest the value of comparative mythology, as does also the Natinesthani, He who Teaches Himself (a delightful tale of self-education), and the Great Shell of Kintyél Legend, a myth of the assumption, so to speak, of a sacred shell into the upper sky on the body of an ascending Navaho. The author's full introduction concerning these Indians, especially his account of their "dog paintings" on a bed of sand with colored pigments, adds much to the interest of the book. But it is the notes, wherein are stowed away the results of his exact research, which constitute by far its most valuable part, as they are explanatory or historical, presenting more detailed information of the Navahoes than has yet been given, for the author lived among them. Bibliographic notes by Frederick Webb Hodges are appended, also an index, and eleven melodies, recorded on the phonograph by Matthews, and noted from the cylinders by John C. Fillmore, who writes ancient Navaho music under the two heads of rhythm and harmonic melody. The Navaho songs freely change from one elementary meter to another; 'in quality of tone they are shouts and howls; in pitch relations unmistakably harmonic,' for harmonic perception is the formative principle in folk melody.' The forty-two figure

illustrations and seven plates of this expensive volume are finely executed, and its index and map complete the most scholarly work so far issued by the society."

A Son of the Old Dominion. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Lamson, Wolffe & Co., \$1.50.

*Mrs. Burton Harrison's New Historical Novel* novel is securing a good deal of praise and is having a host of readers. The story goes back to Revolutionary War times and the plot weaves in the old theme of a lost heir, who is finally discovered, only to renounce his English estates in favor of American freedom. The scenes are laid at the outbreak of the war in Virginia, and picture the attack of the Indians under Logan, and the battle at Point Pleasant. The events set forth, though chronicled in documents and memoirs, have never been so fully brought into a Virginian novel and are now treated with a rapidity and vigor that are stirring. "The chief merit of the book," says *The Literary World*, "lies in the human interest it creates by dint of its complicated plot and pleasant love-making, for the local coloring is strictly subordinated to the story; since, first, this novel is a portrayal of universal human motives—love, fear, jealousy, honor, hatred; secondly, it is an historical novel. Yet Mrs. Harrison makes a serious mistake by now and then lapsing into the observer's point of view, as when she describes the meeting in the Hall of Burgesses, convened at news from the committee of correspondence. 'From the visitors' gallery we may take this opportunity to glance at the men,' begins a paragraph; again she says, 'We leave, now,' etc. She also indulges in constant use of adjectives, which do indeed give a certain smoothness to style, but that otherwise detract from its dignity. Her descriptions of a tea-drinking which was patriotically stopped and of Virginian manners and hospitality are delightful. The historical part of the book is done with care, and the material is freshly and wisely selected. Even when Washington is introduced as one of her characters Mrs. Harrison treats him with vivacity, as if she were not afraid of him."

—It is a great gain to have one thing thoroughly well done. This is the case, says *Book News*, with *A Bibliography of Gilbert White of Selborne*, by Edward A. Martin, F. G. S. (The Amsterdam Publishing Company, New York, \$1.25.) Into a volume of two hundred and seventy-four pages the author has brought a brief but complete life of Gilbert White, an account of the making of his famous book, a full bibliography, and chapters which give much delightful detail upon Selborne and its famous curate. Some singularly interesting illustrations accompany the text. The book should stand on the shelf beside its immortal prototype, *The Natural History of Selborne*.

—Senator Lodge's latest volume of essays, *Certain Accepted Heroes and Other Essays in Literature and Politics* (Harper & Brothers, New York, \$1.50), the sixth volume in the *Contemporary Essayists* series, contains nine essays on literary and biographical subjects, written at different times and now collected in a book. In the principal one,

which gives its name to the book, Mr. Lodge discusses with point and reason the influence upon the youth and manhood of to-day, of the heroes of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*, as well as those of the Middle Ages, such as the *Niebelungen* and Icelandic myth-heroes. Other essays are entitled *The Last Plantagenet*, *Shakespeare's Americanisms*, *Chatterton*, Dr. Holmes, *A Liberal Education*, *The Home of the Cabots*, *English Elections* and *Our Foreign Policy*. In this last, which some will think perilously near the jingo standard, Mr. Lodge writes a strongly American and patriotic paper. All the essays are marked by the scholarly tastes of Mr. Lodge and in what he has to say there is much that is informing, sound and fitted to serve readers of many grades.

—Mr. Oscar Fay Adams' admirable *Dictionary of American Authors* (Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, \$3.00), just published, is described by the author as an outgrowth of his *Handbook of American Authors*, first published in 1884. The handsome octavo is really so much better than its predecessor that it seems like a new book. The paragraphs of biography are brief, but comprehensive, and follow an admirable system. The list is flattering in its length to our national pride. We may not have a literature, but at any rate we have had authors enough to fill a book of more than four hundred pages with just the enumeration of their names and the names of their works. "An amusing homily," says *The Tribune*, "might be written on some of the obscurer names in this dictionary. Time hath faded their fame with a vengeance."

—"One or two numbers in Mr. Bliss Carman's *Ballads of Lost Haven* (Lamson, Wolffe & Company, Boston, \$1.00) are about the best things he has written," says *The Sun*. "Nearly all are marked by skill and careful workmanship, and in some cases he has succeeded in producing fine effects of atmosphere and light and sound, and pictures of great stretches of open sea and desolate, wind-swept wastes of sand and marsh." *The Shadow Boatman* is one of the best of the ballads and these lines from *The Gravedigger*, which is reproduced on another page of *Current Literature*, have rare vigor and swing:

Oh, the shambling sea is a sexton old,  
And well his work is done.  
With an equal grave for lord and knave  
He buries them every one.  
Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,  
He makes for the nearest shore;  
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,  
Will send him a thousand more;  
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,  
And shoulder them in to shore—  
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,  
Shoulder them in to shore.

—*An Open Eyed Conspiracy* (Harper & Brothers, New York, \$1.00) is Mr. Howells at his best," says *Book News*. "No more social problems, no more wearisome desire to set the world right, no prosing, a dear delicious American love-story at Saratoga; those admirable Americans, March and his wife as comment and chorus, humor and atmosphere blended, and all done with that penetrating skill known only to Mr. Howells."

## IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

*A Thanksgiving Wooing*.....*Minna Irving*.....*New England Magazine*      *Outbound*....*Bliss Carman*....*Ballads of Lost Haven* (*Lanson, Wolfe & Co.*)

The frost was on the cottage pane,  
The skies were gray and chill;  
But with a trembling hand she smoothed  
Her kerchief's dainty frill.  
For then she saw the youthful squire  
Dismounting in the snow,  
In velvet coat and buckled shoes,  
Thanksgiving long ago.

While with her wrinkled sire he talked  
Of weather and of wheat,  
His ear was ever strained to catch  
The music of her feet.  
Her dimpled arms were deep in flour,  
Her rounded cheek aglow;—  
Her father slept;—he stole a kiss,  
Thanksgiving long ago.

His stately mother and her guests  
Were waiting at the Hall  
Before the feast in silver served;  
But he forgot them all,  
And at the farmer's humble board,  
With curly head bent low,  
He called a courtly blessing down,  
Thanksgiving long ago.

Clear rose the moon above the woods  
And twilight veiled the farm;  
But still he lingered at the gate,  
The bridle on his arm.  
“Oh, bake and brew for me alone,  
Be mine for weal or woe;—  
I love you, dear,” he softly said,  
Thanksgiving long ago.

In yonder carven frame she stands,  
In pearls and blue brocade;  
And still tradition fondly keeps  
The pumpkin pies she made,  
And tells again the story sweet,  
When granaries overflow,—  
Of how the squire a-wooing went,  
Thanksgiving long ago.

*Youth and Age*.....*Susan Coolidge*.....*Congregationalist*

If youth could know what age knows without teaching,  
Hope's instability and Love's dear folly,  
The difference between practising and preaching,  
The quiet charm that lurks in melancholy;  
The after-bitterness of tasted pleasure;  
That temperance of feeling and of words  
Is health of mind, and the calm fruits of leisure  
Have sweeter taste than feverish zeal affords;  
That reason has a joy beyond unreason,  
That nothing satisfies the soul like truth,  
That kindness conquers in and out of season—  
If youth could know—why, youth would not be youth.

If age could feel the uncalculating urge,.....  
The pulse of life that beats in youthful veins,  
And with its swift, resistless ebb and surge  
Make light of difficulties, sport of pains;  
Could once, just once, retrace the path and find it,  
That lovely, foolish zeal, so crude, so young,  
Which bids defiance to all laws to bind it,  
And flashes in quick eye and limb and tongue,  
Which, counting dross for gold, is rich in dreaming,  
And, reckoning moons as suns, is never cold,  
And, having naught, has everything in seeming—  
If age could do all this—age were not old!

A lonely sail in the vast sea-room,  
I have put out for the port of gloom.

The voyage is far on the trackless tide,  
The watch is long and the seas are wide.

The headlands blue in the sinking day  
Kiss me a hand on the outward way.

The fading gulls as they dip and veer,  
Lift me a voice that is good to hear.

The great winds come, and the heaving sea,  
The restless mother, is calling me.

The cry of her heart is lone and wild,  
Searching the night for her wandered child.

Beautiful, weariless mother of mine,  
In the drift of doom I am here, I am thine.

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear,  
From bourn to bourn of the dusk I steer,

Swept on in the wake of the stars, in the stream  
Of a roving tide from dream to dream.

*Yesterday*.....*Madeline S. Bridges*.....*Leslie's Weekly*

What is yesterday?  
Yesterday is to-day grown tired and still  
With feet at rest and heart made mute and chill;  
Tearless, unsmiling, unremembering,  
And unregretting; . . . . . gone as far away  
As the first night and morn. . . . . A waif and stray  
Lost in eternity, is yesterday!

*The Bravest Battle That Ever Was Fought*, *Joaquin Miller*, *The Presbyterian*

The bravest battle that ever was fought;  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will find it not;  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,  
With sword or nobler pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,  
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently bore her part—  
Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;  
No banner to gleam and wave;  
But O! these battles they last so long—  
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,  
She fights in her walled-up town—  
Fights on and on in the endless wars,  
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

O, ye with banners and battle shot,  
And soldiers to shout and praise,  
I tell you the kingliest victories fought  
Were fought in these silent ways.

O, spotless woman in world of shame!  
With splendid and silent scorn,  
Go back to God as white as you came,  
The kingliest warrior born.

*Charity.....Michael Lynch.....In the Promised Land (Charles O'Farrell)*

Remember when by thee a crust is thrown  
With grudging charity unto the poor,  
Blind Homer once was called an idle drone,  
And Christ, the Master, begged from door to door.

*In Love's Tender Keeping.....Frank L. Stanton.....Ladies' Home Journal*

Hold me a little away from the world,  
Dear arms! with your tenderest clinging;  
The bird with its breast to the blue singeth sweet,  
But the stars never answer its singing.  
The cold lights but lure us to lead us astray;  
The thorn's in the red of the rose of May—  
Lead me to love, dear, and teach me to pray.

Hold me a little away from the world,  
Dear arms! with your firm clasp and tender; [nights—  
For the lights on the heights stream through desolate  
A tempest of tears in the splendor.

'Tis the gleam and the dream that would lead us astray,  
The keen thorns have crimsoned the roses of May—  
Lead me to love, dear, and teach me to pray.

*St. John the Aged.....Louisville Christian Observer*

I'm growing very old. This weary head,  
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,  
In days long past that seem almost a dream,  
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.  
These limbs that followed him—my Master—oft  
From Galilee to Judah; yea, that stood  
Beneath the cross and trembled with his groans,  
Refuse to bear me even through the streets  
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips  
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.  
My ears are dull; they scarcely hear the sobs  
Of my dear children gathered around my couch.  
God lays his hand upon me—yea, his hand,  
And not his rod—the gentle hand that I  
Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine,  
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.

I'm old, so old I cannot recollect  
The faces of my friends; and I forget  
The words and deeds that make up daily life;  
But that dear face, and every word he spoke,  
Grow more distinct as others fade away,  
So that I live with him and holy dead  
More than with living.  
Some seventy years ago I was a fisher by the sacred sea.  
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide  
Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light  
Crept up the distant hills and in its wake  
Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!  
And then he came and called me. Then I gazed  
For the first time on that sweet face. Those eyes,  
From out of which, as from a window, shone  
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,  
And lighted it forever. Then his words  
Broke on the silence of my heart and made  
The whole world musical. Incarnate love  
Took hold of me and claimed me for its own.  
I followed in the twilight, holding fast  
His mantle.

O! what holy walks we had  
Through harvest fields and desolate, dreary wastes!  
And oftentimes he leaned upon my arm,  
Weary and wayworn—I was young and strong,  
And so upbore him. Lord, now I am weak,  
And old and feeble! Let me rest on thee!  
So, put thine arm around me. Closer still!  
How strong thou art! The twilight draws apace;  
Come, let us leave these noisy streets, and take  
The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile  
Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands  
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal—  
Come, James, the Master waits; and Peter, see,  
Has gone on steps before.

What say you, friends?

That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone  
Back to His Kingdom? Ay! 'tis so, 'tis so.  
I know it all; and yet just now, I seemed  
To stand once more upon my native hills  
And touch my Master. O, how oft I'd seen  
The touching of his garments bring back strength  
To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.  
Up! bear me once more to my church, once more  
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love;  
For, by the sweetness of my Master's love,  
Just now, I trust to break the veil, which time  
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,  
And watch his footsteps.

So raise up my head.

How dark it is! I cannot seem to see  
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea  
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush,  
My little children! God so loved the world  
He gave his Son. So love ye one another—  
Love God and man. Amen—Now bear me back.  
My legacy to an angry world is this.  
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?  
What, call the folk my name? The Holy John?  
Nay, with me rather, Jesus Christ's beloved,  
And lover of my children.

Lay me down

Once more upon my couch, and open wide  
The eastern window. See there comes a light  
Like that which broke upon my soul at even,  
When, in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came  
And touched me on the shoulder. See, it grows  
As when we mounted toward the pearly gates.  
I know the way! I took it once before.  
And hark! It is the song the ransomed sang  
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!  
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul  
Can join it now. But who are these who crowd  
The shining way? Say! joy! it is the eleven,  
With Peter first! How eagerly he looks!  
How light the smiles are beaming on James' face—  
I am the last. Once more we are complete.  
To gather round the Paschal feast. My place  
Is next my Master. O, my Lord, my Lord!  
How bright thou art! and yet the very same  
I loved in Galilee. 'Tis worth the hundred years  
To feel this bliss! So lift me up, dear Lord,  
Unto thy bosom. There shall I abide.

*Love Comfortless.....Katharine Tynan Hinkson.....Littell's*

The child is in the night and rain  
On whom no tenderest wind might blow,  
And out alone in hurricane.

Ah, no,  
The child is safe in Paradise!

The snow is on his gentle head,  
His little feet are in the snow,  
O, very cold is his small bed!

Ah, no,  
Lift up your heart, lift up your eyes!

Over the fields and out of sight,  
Beside the lonely river's flow,  
Lieth the child this bitter night.

Ah, no,  
The child sleeps under Mary's eyes!

What wandering lamb cries sore distressed  
Whilst I with fire and comfort go?  
O, let me warm him in my breast!

Ah, no,  
'Tis warm in God's lit nurseries!

## CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

*The Austrian Emperor.....A. De Burgh.....Cassell's Family Magazine*

Francis Joseph I., Emperor and King, is a man of great intellect and strength of mind, a lover of all that is most beautiful in nature and art, a soldier of the utmost intrepidity, as he has on more than one occasion proved by his personal bravery in the field of battle; a diplomatist and statesman of deep thought and foresight, a votary to sport of every kind, a sovereign with a heart that beats as truly for the lowliest of his subjects as for the highest, a kind master, a sincere friend. Many are the anecdotes in illustration of these qualities, but space allows me to mention only a few for the truth of which I can vouch. One day the Emperor encountered two poachers on his own domain. As soon as they recognized their sovereign, they threw themselves on their knees to entreat his pardon. They were both old soldiers and fathers of large families who had suffered greatly through the agricultural depression, and in their need they had yielded to the temptation to procure sustenance by poaching. Francis Joseph allowed them to depart, only taking their names and addresses. In terror and fear they awaited their arrest and sentence, but after a few days they were notified of their appointment as gamekeepers to the Emperor, the latter having ascertained the truth of their statements, and found that they had bravely served him through the sanguinary war of 1866. One stormy and rainy day when the Emperor was driving to Schönbrunn, he came upon a fire-engine unable to proceed on its way to a conflagration through the wheels having sunk so deeply into the mire that the horses had not strength enough to extricate it. He at once stopped his carriage, ordered his horses to be taken out and harnessed to the engine and used to assist in bringing it to the site of the fire, whilst for himself he hired a hackney conveyance and drove to his destination. That he refused for years to sign warrants for judicial executions is well known, and his deeds of benevolence are innumerable. During the outbreak of cholera he visited personally the hospitals and spoke words of encouragement to the sufferers. He hastened to the flooded town of Szegedin in Hungary and assisted with his own hands in the rescue of those in danger. His purse is ever open for the alleviation of suffering and pain. It was not seldom during the wars that he ordered his own stores of delicacies and wines to be given to the wounded of all ranks and partook himself of the simple fare of his soldiers. He moves freely and unostentatiously amongst his people, very rarely and only on State occasions escorted by guards, never surrounded or followed by secret police. Only last year I heard one of the ambassadors, who had spent many years at the Austrian Court, say he felt certain the Emperor was the only person he knew who had no enemy. This truly expresses the position of this monarch. Very extraordinary is his knowledge of languages. He speaks fluently every one of the many used in his realm, besides French and English; the Empress, like her husband, a great linguist, adds to these ancient and modern Greek. At one of the great military reviews near Vienna,

when the troops numbered over 30,000, I heard the Emperor addressing five different regiments in their respective tongues, viz., German, Hungarian, Bohemian, Wallachian, and Italian.

*Max Müller, the Greatest Living Philologist.....Chicago Lamp*

Undoubtedly the greatest Oriental scholar living to-day, and among the greatest who ever lived, is Dr. Max Müller, who at seventy years of age still busies himself with the work to which he has devoted his long and laborious life, opening to the world the treasure-house of ancient Brahmanical literature, translating from the ancient Sanscrit, the oldest of the sacred books of India, and preparing for publication those voluminous lectures, essays and histories which, though profoundly learned, he knows how to make so delightful. He still nominally holds the chair of comparative philology of Oxford University, though he resigned its actual duties in 1875, and has since then devoted himself with renewed vigor to ransacking dusty Eastern libraries that were formerly unpenetrable, and deciphering outlandish ancient manuscripts and inscriptions that were formerly unknown. The value of Professor Müller's life-work cannot be even approximately estimated by the ordinary man, and the enormous amount of labor it has involved is beyond calculation—almost beyond belief. Almost everybody knows something about him, but very few know much. He has grown so great that men have lost sight of his beginnings, and when, as quite frequently happens, the press announces that some new decoration or degree has been conferred upon him, or that he has been elected a fellow of some additional learned society, a knowledge of his past is always taken for granted, though there are not many who can pretend to have it.

It was recently said of Professor Müller that if he should pin upon his coat all the decorations and medals he has received he would stagger beneath their weight. Merely to enumerate not the names but the initials of his degrees and dignities as suffixes to his name would fill forty or fifty lines of an ordinary newspaper with a confusing mass of capital letters, and send readers hunting through the back of the dictionary, where they would not find half of the abbreviations. Friedrich Max Müller is his full name. He was born at Dessau, Germany, December 6, 1823. His father was a famous poet, his grandfather an eminent diplomat and his great-grandfather the founder of an educational system. Max just escaped being a musical prodigy in childhood and took his degree at Leipsic in 1843, after which he applied himself to comparative philology, mastering Sanscrit, Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. He continued his studies at Berlin and Paris, and in 1847 went to England to bring out his famous "edito princeps" of the Rig-Veda, some parts of which are supposed to antedate the Christian era 2,400 years. Though he knew no English when he went to England, in three years' time he was professor of modern languages at Oxford and subsequently sub-librarian of the Bodleian. In 1868 the chair of comparative philology was founded for him, and he soon made

it one of the most important in the University. He married an English woman and has continued to reside at Oxford, occupying the charming residence in Norham Gardens that was built for Professor Goldwin Smith and occupied by him until he left England for Canada.

*General James Longstreet.....Hamlin Garland.....Pittsburg Leader*

General Longstreet lives in Gainesville, a little town near Atlanta, Ga., a town so distinctively of the mountain south that to enter it as I did on Saturday afternoon, after sixteen hours in a Pullman car, is to enter another world. . . .

I looked for a large, old-fashioned southern place, with pillars and wide hall. Instead, the house was an ordinary story and a half farm house, such as a northern carpenter might build. A board nailed to a tree offered wine for sale at a very low price, and I saw an extensive vineyard across the road. A lean, farmer-like person told me that General Longstreet was in his vineyard, and there I came upon him, scissors in hand, busily pruning his vines. He is a big old man, stooping a little now, and slow of gait. He wears long white whiskers cut away from the chin. His hair is white as wool, but his skin is ruddy as though sleep and good digestion were still his to command. We talked for a time about his garden and vineyard. "I get out every afternoon," he said, "and work about. I find the sun and air does me good." One of his arms is a little disabled, and he is quite deaf in one ear. He could not hear very well in the open air and at his suggestion we returned to the house. . . .

The house was small and plainly furnished. . . . As we sat together and talked of the war and of the great Union commander, his old comrade at West Point, I became aware that I was in the presence of a very remarkable personality, not merely a great soldier, according to the estimate of Grant and others competent to judge, but also a thinker of unusual originality, and a brave, high-minded citizen. He was great enough and magnanimous enough to utter the finest eulogium of General Grant ever spoken by a southerner and one excelled in its real comprehension of the man and soldier by few from any lips whatever. I refer to the address at Boston. He talked of Grant with affection and with clear-sighted knowledge of his whole career. "He was a highly honorable man as well as a great man. A man singularly free from vulgarity and profanity. His life was uniformly good and true and kind from the time he went to West Point until he died"—was his judgment. Grant on his part admired Longstreet and loved him for his own sake as well as for his close relation to his life. General Longstreet was a kinsman of the Dents and was present at Grant's marriage—was, indeed, "best man." They were together at West Point, at Jefferson barracks in '44, in Louisiana in '45, and they met once in St. Louis after Grant had resigned from the army. They met next at Appomattox. After the first formalities were over, Grant stepped up to Longstreet and hooking his arm in his and calling him by his old West Point nickname, said in a voice filled with emotion: "Pete, let's see if we can't return to the happy old days by playing a game of 'brag.'" "Great God!" exclaimed Longstreet, be-

neath his breath, "why will men fight who ought to be brothers?" What could a big, liberal-minded, honorable man like Longstreet do but join hands with his magnanimous conqueror and life-long friend and say: "Sam, I'll do my part to reconstruct our torn and dismembered nation." This he has done. He left the war behind and set his face to the future. He fought and fought hard, but when the fighting was done he was done fighting. He steadily upheld every measure which in his judgment would restore the Union and peace and harmony soonest, no matter what his critics might say.

It does not appear in General Longstreet's talk that he holds any bitterness toward his detractors. He talked like a philosopher, a gentleman and a lover of the whole America. He made a most powerful impression upon me. First of all it was a shock to find so great a figure living in such cramped conditions. It made me understand that I was in the land of the conquered. His home was burned some years ago during his absence, and all his books, papers and pictures were destroyed. . . . He has no pension, as the victorious generals have, though he carries a wound in his throat which makes speaking difficult. I could not think of a man of his rank in the northern army left so utterly one side. This man, who set the first flag on the redoubt back of the bishop's palace at Monterey, fifty years ago; who saw Grant win his promotion at Molino del Rey; who was present at his marriage, who entered the southern army just in the fullness of his powers and who won his way by leaps and bounds to a foremost place in the battleline of '65, and to a position second to none in patriotism when the war was over—is now pruning vines on pleasant afternoons in a little vineyard on a Georgia hillside. His life, like Grant's, is epic in its contrasts. I wonder if the past does not all seem a dream to him?

As he took my hand to say "good night" it was almost dark, and he loomed above me with a hulking stoop in his massive frame, and his eyes peered down at me, sad and penetrating, but his broad face was inscrutably placid. My questions had put him far back in the past, that was evident. As I trod my cautious way back along the winding street toward the village, I said to myself, "I have seen the ghost of the Confederacy. I have touched hands with its greatest living representative."

*The Late Father Kneipp and His Barefoot Cure.....Scientific American*

Father Sebastian Kneipp, the genial old priest whose water cure, or grass cure, made him famous, died at Wörishofen, Bavaria, on June 17, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. Father Kneipp was a unique figure in the history of the healing art. His fame came from his original method of treating diseased persons by means, chiefly, of cold water applied in a variety of ways. He practiced the cure for over a lifetime, although it came into general vogue only in the last five years. He was born in 1821, and after leaving school worked as a weaver until the age of twenty-seven, when he began to study medicine and theology, having long desired to become a priest. He was in ill health, and in a delirium of fever he rushed from his room and thrust his feet through the ice in a pond, and instead of becoming

worse found he was much better for the shock, and so began systematic experiments along this line.

He was admitted to holy orders and went to the village of Wörishofen in Bavaria, where he earned the love of his neighbors and the mountain folk, whom he had cured of disease by the cold-water treatment. His fame was for a long time local, but in time it spread all over the world, and people came to him for treatment in large numbers. The doctors looked askance at the spectacle of a priest making use of the methods only ascribed to a charlatan, but he really was no charlatan. At last notable persons began to come to him for treatment. Emperor Francis Joseph took a course of it on two occasions. The Archduke Joseph, of Austria, also underwent the cure, and it was an amusing sight to see some of the notables of Europe walking barefoot in the dewy grass in frock coats and white cravats. This barefoot walking became the best known system introduced by Father Kneipp. His belief was that most illness was the result of the luxury of modern living, and his aim was to improve the circulation and tone up the system. He made use of local bathing and applications together with steam baths which were sometimes medicated with herbs. To stimulate and restore the circulation, he ordered the barefoot walking and cold douches. He always made it a point to see his patients himself, and he made no charges for his services. Contributions from relieved patients he used for parish work. For a long time there were not accommodations for the visitors in the village; but this has been remedied. In recognition of his work, the Pope bestowed on Father Kneipp an honorary office, which carried with it the title of Monsignor. In 1894 he was called to Rome to treat the Pontiff, and it was announced after some time that, by his treatment, the Pope's health had been restored. Kneipp societies have been established in most countries of the world. The method of treatment has made some headway in the United States. Kneipp's writings are *Meine Wasserkur*, *So sollt ihr leben*, *Mein Testament*, *Codizill zu meinem Testament*, *Volks-Gesundheitslehre*, and a volume of addresses entitled *Oeffentliche Vorträge*.

*Household of the Sultan.....The Third Ward.....London Times*

The Yildiz [the palace of the Sultan at Constantinople] has three wards. The first ward is given up to officers. The second is where the Sultan lives, and on a lower level, but commanding a fine view of Pera, the Bosphorus, the sea of Marmora, and Mount Olympus. The third is a good deal lower, and divided from the second by a high wall of great depth, on the other side. About 1,800 women, with their black and white unsexed guardians live in the third ward. The Commander-in-Chief of this division is the Sultan's foster mother. She is a very old woman, and reigns in his mother's stead. She has the same privileges, but not the same honors. For instance, the troops do not salute her as though she were the Shadow. It is for her to order such measures as may keep the Imperial family within reasonable bounds. The Sultan has only seven children—two less than our Queen. Abdul Medjid left only eight, and one died. In former times it was thought the right thing for the Sultan to massacre

his brothers and marry off his sisters. Mahmoud the Reformer cleared away seventy. It is a mistake to think the Sultan has wives. Being above the law, he cannot be a party to a civil contract, which marriage is held to be in the Koran. Neither is or can a female favorite be a Sultana. That title is exclusively given to Sultan's mothers and daughters. A favorite who has a child ranks as a Cadine. She has endless privileges, but is always subordinate to the Validé and the Lady Treasurer. However, they take care not to ruffle her so long as the Sultan visits her kiosk. The childless favorites, or Isbals, are often married off. Should they after marrying have children, the dowry and the jewels the Sultan gives them go to their offspring; should they not, they revert to the Sultan.

The Sultan's mother, as long as she lives, is a power, not in the harem merely, but in the State. The wives of Ambassadors are anxious to be given opportunities to win her good will. No Cadine, Isbal, or other light of the harem would dare to sit in her presence or to look her straight in the eyes. She often lends herself to political intrigues. The Kizlar Agassy, or Chief Eunuch, is her humble servant. But when the Sultan dies she is sent to the Old Seraglio, and locked up in a kiosk there as a precaution against her intriguing with the Palace servants. There are some shelved Cadines and Isbals now there, but no Validé.

*The French Exposition's Commissioner-General.....The Nineteen Hundred*

An Alsatian by birth, in the early sixties M. Alfred Picard passed through the Polytechnic School and the National School of Engineers. After fulfilling an important mission in the East, he settled down as an engineer at Metz. During the Franco-Prussian war he first served in the army of the Loire; then commanded a battalion of engineers at Verdun, in which city he rendered great services to the population and to the army. Later on, as an engineer at Nancy, he accomplished much important work throughout the east of France. He built reservoirs, canals, railroads. Invited to come to Paris to the Central Department of Public Works, he was successively appointed Director of Roads, of Navigation, and of Mines. In 1881, he became a State Councilor. Since 1885, he occupies the high post of President of the section of Public Works, Agriculture, Commerce and Industry, in the State Council. M. Picard is a Grand Officer of the Order of the Legion of Honor. To his pen is due the official history of the Paris Exposition of 1889. This work, in ten volumes, is a most remarkable book, a historical encyclopedia of arts and industry. Among his other works, a treatise on railways in four volumes, a treatise on water roads, and a history of French railroads in six volumes may be mentioned.

To the care of this man of superior attainments, who toils for the glory of his country and for the benefit of humanity, the French Government has intrusted the supreme direction of the greatest demonstration of peace the world will have ever witnessed.

This short biography is the most eloquent compliment it is possible to pay the eminent engineer in whose hands the destiny of the Universal Exposition of 1900 has been placed.

## IN COWBOY DAYS \*

BY E. HOUGH

### THE COWBOY.

Let us not ask whence the cowboy came, for that is a question immaterial and impossible of answer. Be sure, he came from among those who had strong within them that savagery and love of freedom which springs so swiftly into life among strong natures when offered a brief exemption from the slavery of civilization. The range claimed and held its own. The days of the range were the last ones of American free life. They preceded the time of commercial life, that stage of civilization when all men must settle down to wear, patiently or impatiently, the yoke that is imposed by the artificial compact of society. . . .

In appearance Jim is a man of medium height, with good shoulders, none too square, but broad enough. He is thin in flank, lean and muscular, with the firm flesh of the man not only in perfect physical health but in perfect physical training. Life in the saddle, with long hours of exercise and a diet of plain food, has left not an ounce of fat to prevent the free play of the firm muscles one above the other. His skin is darkened and toughened by the wind and sun and alkali. His hair is not worn long, as persons of a certain class would have us believe was the correct thing for scout or Westerner in the "old times." Jim's hair is hid under his big hat, but very likely hangs in a rough mop down from under his hat and upon his forehead, like the forelock of a pony. . . .

It is hard to see Jim's eyes, because the bright sun causes him to hold them well covered with the lids, with a half squint to them. His mustache may have been tawny or brown or nearly black at first, but now it is sunburned and bleached to a yellow, faded hue. Upon his feet Jim makes a very poor figure. He is slouchy, awkward, and shambling in his gait, for his feet, in the vernacular of the range, do not "track," but cross each other weakly. His legs are bowed, with the curve which constant horse-back riding in early youth always gives. His toes turn in distinctly as he walks. He does not stand erect, but stoops. But in the saddle he sits erect, and every action shows strength, every movement the grace of muscles doing their work with unconscious ease and sureness. The world can produce no horseman more masterly. With the "rope" he can catch the running steer by whichever foot you shall name. He can "roll a gun" with either hand, or with both hands at once. He has a perfect knowledge of the nature of the steer, and knows the trail to the last detail. He has all the hardihood and courage which come of long familiarity with trouble, hardship, and peril; for what is called courage is very much a matter of association and habit.

With his employer Jim is as honest and faithful as any man that ever breathed. In his conversation he is picturesque and upon occasion volcanic of speech. . . .

Without him there could never have been any cattle industry. He was its central figure and its reliance, at the same time that he was its creature and its product. . . .

### THE HORSE.

The earliest written records of mankind show that man was first a warrior and next a cattle man. . . . In the ancient days of the cattle industry the same problems must have presented themselves which were offered to the earliest cattle men upon this continent. These cows, which constituted the wealth of the individual, were four-legged creatures, which would run far away from man, the two-legged creature. Man as Nature made him cut a sorry figure as a cowboy. But Nature had given to man another creature as strong as a cow, more fleet, and more courageous. This creature man took into his plans, and upon the back of the horse he at once became the physical superior of the cow. With the horse he is master of his herds. Without it he must ever have remained the hunter, and could never have been the cattle man. He could never have organized his means of increasing his own wealth or of commanding it. Most intimately blended, then, is the horse of the cowman with every movement of his calling.

It needs moisture to furnish fat to a people, and a fat person must always be drinking water. The Spanish pony had no more water than would keep it alive, and soon came to learn how to do without it in great measure. For generation after generation it lost flesh and gained angles, lost beauty and gained "wind" and stomach and bottom and speed, until at the time of the first American cowboy's meeting with it it was a small, hardy, wiry, untamed brute, as wild as a hawk, as fleet as a deer, as strong as an ox. It had not the first line of beauty. Its outline of neck was gone forever, merged into a hopeless ewe neck which looked weak, though it was not. Its head was devoid of beauty of outline, often Roman nosed, but still showing fineness and quality in the front and the muzzle. Its head was very poorly let on. Its ribs seemed a bit flat and its hips weak. Its back was roached up forward of the "coupling" in a pathetic way, as though the arch were in sympathy with a stomach perpetually tucked up from hunger or from cold. Its eye was not good to look upon, and its fore legs not always what one would ask of his favorite saddler. But suppose the stripping of Nature had been followed out until the bony framework of this plains horse had been laid quite bare, and the skeleton alone left in evidence, this skeleton would be worth a study. The quality of the bone of this forearm would be found dense and ivorylike, not spongy as the bone of a big dray horse. The hoofs and feet would be found durable and sound. The cat-hammed hips would be seen to supplement that despised roach in the back, and we should have offered that grayhound configuration which is seen in all the speedy animals where the arch of the back is marked and the hind legs set under and forward easily in run-

\* Selected readings from *The Story of the Cowboy*, by E. Hough. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., publishers; 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

ning. Such an animal "reaches from behind" well in running, and turns quickly. Moreover, these flat-bladed shoulders would be seen to be set on obliquely, which again one asks of his speedy dog or racing horse, if he knows the anatomy of speed. The shoulders play easily and freely, and the hind legs reach well forward, and the chest, though deep enough to give the lungs and heart plenty of room, is not so deep as to interfere with a full extension of the animal and a free and pliant play of the limbs. In short, the pony of the range as first seen by the American cowboy was not a bad sort of running machine. It had, moreover, the lungs built upon generations of rare pure air, the heart of long years of freedom, and the stomach of centuries of dry feed. It stood less than fourteen hands high, and weighed not more than six hundred pounds, but it could run all day and then kick off the hat of its rider at night. In form it was not what we call a thoroughbred, but in disposition it was as truly a thoroughbred as ever stood on two or four feet.

#### THE DRIVE.

Early in the history of the cowboy, as that history is popularly known, there came from the crowded ranges of the South the urgent cry for a market and the demand for additional territory out of the empire of free grass. It was in the stars that the cattle must go North. To get them North was a problem in transportation to which there could not then be summoned the aid of the railroads. The cattle must walk these hundreds of miles. . . .

The riders go out over the range and round up the cattle by tens and hundreds, holding them most of the time in the big corrals until the herd is made up and until the "road branding" is done. Then, after they are counted and sorted, the bill of sale gives the buyer his right and title and his permission to take these cattle off the range. Perhaps the great herd will number four, five, or even ten thousand and head when it pulls out north bound over the trail. . . .

When the great herd of "coasters" moves out on its northern journey its outset is attended with confusion. The cattle are unruly and attempt to break back to their native feeding grounds. The drive outfit is riding day and night, and even then its numbers and its efforts may not be sufficient. A second outfit perhaps assists the first, pushing the cattle as rapidly as possible over the first hundred miles of the trail, tiring them so that they will be willing to lie down and rest when nightfall comes. . . .

When fairly started the cattle will travel ten to fifteen miles a day easily and without much urging, and in the second month of the drive will have so well learned what is required of them as to march with something like military regularity, following certain recognized leaders of tacit election. The order of march is in a loosely strung-out body, the herd in motion covering a strip of country perhaps only a few hundred yards in width, but a mile or two miles in length from front to rear of the herd. The stronger animals, or those least footsore, march in advance, the weaker falling to the rear. When it is seen that an animal cannot stand the march, it is cut out from the herd and abandoned. There are no close figures in the cattle drive. . . .

Why the cowboy should be called a "cow-puncher" is one of the mysteries. The whip of the States drover is unknown to him. He guides the cattle simply by the presence of himself and horse, riding at them when he wishes them to turn, heading them back when he wishes them to stop. . . .

By nightfall the cattle are usually weary enough to be willing to stop, and need little instruction when they arrive on the bedding ground which has been selected by some forerunner. Water they have probably had more than once during the day. In the evening they graze a little, and shortly after dusk begin to lie down, so that by eight or nine o'clock they may all be "bedded down" by the cow-puncher's art into a fairly compact body capable of being watched. . . . Two to four men are put out at the same time, and these are out for two to four hours, all of these details depending on the condition of the cattle and the state of the weather. . . .

The cattle when bedded down were timid and suspicious to a degree, and the sudden appearance of any strange object might set them off in a run. They might take fright at the dim form of one of the herders coming up in the night, though if they knew it was the herder they would not be frightened but reassured, through that vague and ill-understood feeling of dependence these half-wild creatures certainly had for their human masters. The night herder in riding about the bedding ground always kept up a low humming or singing, to let the cattle know of his presence, and the cowboy who could not or would not sing was inadequate in his profession. The "hymns" were sometimes of sacred air and profane words, and sometimes of compounds of both, but it was certain that some sort of this music was in course of rendition throughout the night. When one watch went in to sleep and another set of men came on duty the new men in riding up to the cattle always prefaced their approach with this odd psalmody of the plains. . . .

Timidity relies on courage always. That thing does not walk the plains which shall terrify this bold soul, born and bred upon the range. The night has no secrets for him, nor the day any terrors. He is not afraid, and the cattle know it. He is the guard and protector, and they know it, even though they may fear him. So on and around he rides slowly, humming his little song, now a sweet one, let us hope, often not a good one, we may fear, and all the time he keeps his eyes open for anything and everything going on about him. Under the moon or the stars or the black sky, he fulfills the requirements of his wild calling, patiently and faithfully, shirking nothing and fearing nothing, doing his duty not more because he is paid to do it than because he would not feel himself a man up to the standards of his calling if he failed to do his duty in every detail. . . .

There were no bridges on the trail of the old drives, and all streams had to be crossed by wading or swimming, as the case might be. Often it happened that the cattle would not take to the water, and sometimes it was hours or days before a herd could be got across a swollen river. The most difficult thing in such an emergency was to get the leaders of the herd started into the water. Once that was done, the rest would follow without further trouble.

. . . Sometimes in the water, as upon the land, a sudden panic would seize the herd, and they would fall to "milling" in the water, swimming round and round helplessly, to drown in scores if no remedy were found. Without a moment of thought or hesitation the cowboy spurred his swimming horse into the thick of the tossing heads, and by shouts and blows did all he could to break the "mill" and get the cattle headed properly. Often unhorsed and threatened with death among the plunging animals in the water, he was forced to swim out as best he could, sometimes scrambling upon the backs of swimming cattle, sometimes catching a floating tail and impressing it into service for a temporary tow. The rope of the cowboy came into full play in these exciting and perilous episodes. With it he pulled cattle out of the water or the quicksands or the mud, whether they wanted to come or not, the fierce little ponies seeming to know as well as their riders what was needed, and exerting a power which, thanks to the heavy and well-clinched saddle, was something remarkable to witness. . . . Sometimes, at such a river as the Platte, on the north drive to the Territories, there would be a dozen herds piled up on the river shore in a distressing confusion, from which the heart of a States drover could see no possible extrication; yet patience and courage of the cowpuncher sort certainly brought each herd out in order, with only such loss as the river inflicted. . . .

It was a curious, colossal, tremendous movement, this migration of the cowmen and their herds, undoubtedly the greatest pastoral movement in the history of the world. It came with a rush and a surge, and in ten years it had subsided. That decade was an epoch in the West. . . . It was an iron country, and upon it came men of iron. Dauntless, indomitable, each time they took a herd North they saw enough of life to fill in vivid pages far more than a single book. They met the ruffians and robbers of the Missouri border, and overcame them. They met the Indians who sought to extort toll from them, and fought and beat them. Worse than all these, they met the desert and the flood, and overcame them also. Worse yet than those, they met the repelling forces of an entire climatic change, the silent enemies of other latitudes. These, too, they overcame. The kings of the range divided the kingdom of free grass.

It was natural enough that these wild fighting men who now made the great part of the population of the West, coming as they did from all quarters of the land, living in camps or in the saddle, living in a land wherein there had not yet been lit the first fire of a real home, and where the hand of a real woman was not yet known, should make commotion when they came to the end of the trail. It is no wonder there were wild times on the border in the days of the drive. Never were times wilder anywhere else on earth than they were in the ragged, vicious little cow town of the railroad markets and the upper ranges.

#### THE ROUND-UP.

Each district conducts its own round-up, this under the working supervision of some experienced man who goes by the name of the round-up captain or round-up boss, and who is elected by vote of the cowmen of his district. . . . The whole force of

a small modern round-up may not exceed thirty men. . . . Each man will have eight or ten horses for his own use, for he has now before him the hardest riding of the year. . . .

Sometime toward the middle of May, let us say, all these different outfits leave their home ranches and head for the rendezvous of the round-up.

The total country to be covered by the round-up is perhaps a strip forty by one hundred miles in extent. The direction in which the round-up will work will depend upon the habits and the ranging of the cattle at the time, there being no hard and fast rules possible. At times there may perhaps be five thousand or more head of cattle in one body, though the numbers are more likely to run not over fifteen hundred or two thousand at a time. . . .

As the cowpuncher rides out into his great gray harvest field he sees no great wealth of horned herds about him or before him. It is a big country, and the many-thousands of cattle make but a small showing upon it. Did they seem numerous as in an Eastern pasture, the range must surely be a depastured and impoverished one. Here and there, scattered about, out beyond where the horse herds have been feeding, there may be a few little groups of cattle. . . . All these, one by one, by twos and threes, and finally in fifties and hundreds, the keen-eyed and hard-riding cowpuncher starts out and away from their feeding ground and drives on ahead of him toward the meeting place. The string of other animals running ahead, perhaps half a mile to one side, where some other cowpuncher is driving, is sure to be noted by the cattle near to him. He gives a shout and starts toward them, and, true to their gregarious habits, they start on the run for their companions on ahead, this being just what it is wished they should do. This herding habit of the range cattle is the basis of many of the operations of handling them. . . .

Thus, later in the day, the gatherings of the individuals and of the separate parties meet in a vast, commingling multitude of cattle. The place is in some valley or upon some plain offering room for handling the herd. . . .

A calf does not always know its own mother, but no mother mistakes her own offspring. This is the second basis of the cunning handling of the wild herds. The cowman has the cattle of the range all together now, and knows they will tend to hang together for a time and not separate. He knows also that the calves will run with their mothers, so that the brand of the mother will prove the ownership of the calf. . . .

It having been agreed, then, what sort of cattle are to be cut out, the work of separation begins, perhaps two or three different "cuts" being in progress at the same time, each of these "cuts" being held at a distance from the main herd. As it is difficult to overcome the disposition of an animal to break back and join its fellows in the main herd when it is singled out and driven, it is customary to start the "cut" with some sober-minded old cattle which are willing to stand where they are placed, and so serve as a nucleus for the growing band. . . .

Before the rider stretches a sea of interwoven horns, waving and whirling as the densely packed ranks of cattle close in or sway apart. It is no pros-

pect for a weakling, but into it goes the cowpuncher on his determined little horse, heeding not the plunging and crushing and thrusting of the excited cattle. Down under the heels of the herd, half hid in the whirl of dust, he spies a little curly calf running, dodging, and twisting, always at the heels of its mother. The cowpuncher darts in and after, following the two through the thick of surging and plunging beasts. The sharp-eyed pony sees almost as soon as his rider which cow is wanted, and he needs small guidance from that time on. He follows hard at her heels, edging her constantly toward the flank of the herd, at times nipping her hide as a reminder of his own superiority. In spite of herself the cow gradually turns out toward the edge, and at last is rushed clear of the crush, the calf following close behind her. . . .

Finally the last calf is cut out and branded. The herd is "worked." It may scatter now as it wills.

After the calf round-up comes the beef round-up, and this, too, may be called the cowman's harvest, or his final harvest. The beef round-up may begin in July or August, and perhaps it may be conducted by the joint efforts of two districts instead of one. The joint outfit acts under much the same system of gathering up the cattle as has been described for the calf round-up. All the cattle of the range are gathered in great herds, and the latter are handled as during the calf round-up, though the operation is somewhat simpler. Only the mature or fatted animals are cut out from the herd, the rest being left to scatter as they like. The separated number goes under the name of the "beef cut," and this "cut" is held apart and driven on ahead from place to place as the round-up progresses, the beef herd thus growing from day to day until all the range has been worked. The herd is then driven in by easy stages to the shipping point on the railroad.

#### A SCENE FROM COWBOY LIFE.

The life of the cowboy in the early days of the West was a series of pictures of unusual and striking themes. The panorama of the plains dealt with no small things for subjects, not the turn of a gown nor the poise of a fan, nor the cast of a gesture, but with things of gravity and import. The wars of man with brute, of brute with Nature, of man with brute and Nature both, such were the topics of that vivid canvas. It was a time of large actions, large pictures.

One can see it now, the great cold landscape of the cattle range in winter. . . . Not a rift of light falls anywhere, not a touch of sun to soften the hard, metallic composition. All the greens were gone long ago. The ragged and clutching hand of a sagebush reaches up in despair from the uncompromising desert, but it, too, is gray—gray with the withered spirit of the iron earth and icy air. The sky is even in its colors, except that now and then there scuds across it a strange and ominous thing, a wisp of flying white, misplaced and unregulated. For the air is altogether still. . . . Now and again a long shivering moan goes across the plain, borne from no one knows what origin. The image of dread is stalking forth this day. All animate nature feels it. Whither are going these great gray wolves, slouching along, their tails low, their heads

over their shoulders, looking backward at this unseen pursuing thing? They do not trouble the cattle now, nor do the cattle fear them as they pass through. What, then, is it that the cattle dread, so that they sniff and snort and toss their heads, looking wildly toward the north as did this pony now? Written on this inscrutable dull sky there must be some awful sight invisible to human eyes. These wild creatures of the plains see it. They feel the dread. They know their weakness to meet this coming thing. They moan, the note of despair in their voices. They start now and then and run swiftly for a short distance, then turn and come back, pitching their heads high and bellowing. They lower their heads and shake them, and mutter hoarsely, with their muzzles near the ground, emitting their breath in sharp puffs. . . .

Back there, upon the horizon where the cattle have looked so long, there arises a tiny cloud of white, soft, fleecy, innocent as the garb of a babe. Alas! it is the shroud of the range. It is the vestment of death for thousands of these creatures here!

It comes, this little cloud, rising and growing and spreading as though it were some vast curtain drawn quickly up and forward. Before it run long, ragged hissings in the air, and on the edge of these hissings fly away these scuds of the sky, little venomous spirits of fury, as they may now plainly be seen to be. . . . There is a whirring, rasping crash as the blades of the wind meet and sweep on, and then a wall of icy white smites the shivering beasts as they stand huddled and waiting for that which they know is doom!

On the narrowed horizon, leaning forward as they ride and coming to the herd as fast as their horses can bear them, are two figures, the men on the line camp nearest to this spot. If they can head the cattle into the broken country beyond perhaps they can find shelter enough to stop the drift. If they start straight down before the wind, nothing can stop them till they reach the first fences many miles below. It will be the emptying of the range! Once under the hills before the drift begins, and perhaps there will be shelter enough to enable the cattle to live through the storm. They must be young men. Old hands would know that when the blizzard has set in there is no power on earth that can stop the drifting of the cattle.

And now the storm bursts with a blinding, smothering wave of white, fine snow, driven to atoms by the flat wind that hurls it on. This "poudre" of the north cuts like a set of knives revolving on the skin. No man, no creature can face it. The sting of the thousands of whips smite unceasingly, all this under the exhaust of the storm, which steals away the breath so that one must turn down wind to live. The air has grown icy cold at once. All around the world is now blotted out. The eye strikes a continuous dancing, glittering whirl of particles of ice, which confuse and bewilder with their incessant glinting flight. All sense of direction is lost at once. There is but one direction, and that is with the wind. The ground itself is almost gone. The mountains, the hills, the ridges, the "coulees" have all disappeared. . . .

At first the cattle turn their backs to the wind, and so stand huddled and motionless, the little

calves pressing deep into the mass of the shivering creatures and bleating piteously. In a few moments the whole herd is covered with a blanket of white. The two men who are now up with the herd strive to break apart this blanket of white, riding along the edges with bent heads, seeking to open out the cattle so that they can get them moving. It is useless! They are separated in the storm. A shout is answered by a shout, but though the one ride toward the other as best he may he can not find him now, for ever the voice calling seems to shift and evade as though the spirits used it mockingly. Crack! crack! comes the note of the six-shooter, but how small, how far away it is! Again and again, and again also the answer! These two men have not lost their heart. They will yet find each other. They will turn the herd, they two alone, here on the wide, white plain, in this mystery of moving white! But where was the last shot? It sounded half a mile away. It might have been a hundred yards. . . .

The cowboy has wheeled his horse, but he knows not now which way he heads. The hills may be this way or that. A strange, numb, confused mental condition comes to him. He crouches down in the saddle, his head drooping, as he raises his arm yet again and fires another shot, almost his last. He dreams he hears an answer, and he calls again hoarsely. The scream of the wind and the rumbling of the voices of the cattle drown out all other sounds. He is in with the herd. His partner is in with it too. But neither he nor they both will ever turn or direct this herd. This he knows with sinking heart. They are all lost together, out here on the pitiless plains.

The herd moves! It reckons not human guidance now, for the storm alone is its final guide and master. The storms orders it to move, and it obeys. With low moans and groanings of suffering and of fear there ensues a waving movement of the long blanket of white which has enshrouded the close-packed mass of cattle. They stagger and stop, doubting and dreading. They go on again and stop, and again they sway and swing forward, the horns rattling close upon each other, the heads drooping, the gait one of misery and despair. The drift has begun!

Lost in the drift are the two boys, and they know they may as well follow as stop. Indeed, they dare not stop, for to stop is to die. Down from their horses they go and battle on foot among the dull-eyed cattle. Over their hearts creeps always that heavy, wondering, helpless feeling. They freeze, but soon cease to know they freeze. Their stiff legs stumble, and they wonder why. Their mouths are shut fast by the ice. The eyes of the cattle are frozen over entirely by the ice that gathers on their eyelids. Icicles hang upon their jaws. They moan and sigh, now and then a deep rumbling bellow coming from the herd. The cows low sadly. The little calves bawl piteously. But on and on goes the drift, all keeping together for a time.

This horrible icy air can not long be endured by any living being, and soon the herd begins to string out into a long line, the weaker ones falling to the rear. . . . A little calf falls down, sinking first to its knees, and then dropping stiffly, its head still down the wind. Its mother stays with it, pushing at it with her own frozen muzzle. It cannot get

to its feet. The mother looks after the indistinct forms slowly disappearing in the driving mist of white, but goes no farther on. In the spring they will find the mother and the calf together. . . . In places the followers of the drift may find gullies or deep ravines packed with carcasses of animals which here met their death. When the wind had swept the "coulees" full of snow the treacherous white surface looked all alike to the dull eyes of the drifting cattle. They walked into the yielding snow and fell one above the other in a horrible confusion, those above trampling to death those beneath until all was mingled in a smother and crush of passing life. Again there may be noted a spot where, under the lee of some cut bank or bluff, the cattle paused for shelter from the storm. Here the snow piled up about them, drifting high around into an icy barricade, until they had left but a tiny feeding ground, swept bare by the eddying winds. Here, hemmed in and soon without food, they stood and starved by inches, perhaps living for days or weeks before the end came. Here, had rescue been attempted, they would have charged furiously, with such strength as they had left, any human being daring to come near, for the greater the strait of the range animal the greater the unreasoning rage with which it resists all effort at its succour.

All day and all night and into the next day, perhaps, the cattle drift, their numbers less and less with each passing hour, leaving behind a trail of shapeless heaps, thick and thicker as the long hours drag by, the numbers of the survivors growing still fewer and fewer, weaker and more weak. Out of the whole herd which started there are but a few hundreds or thousands which come to the fences of the railroad, seventy miles from where the drift began. Here it ends—ends in a row of heaped-up carcasses along the wires that held the remnants of the herd from further travel; ends as you may see as you gaze from the car window in the spring as you are whirled across the great plains—ends in a blanket of hide a hundred miles in length. The skinning parties which follow the drift when the weather has grown warmer use the wire fences as their drying racks.

And of the men who were caught in the storm? One they found in a "coulee" back toward the beginning of the drift, where he crawled under a little ledge and thought he could weather out the storm. He had no fire nor fuel nor light of any kind, and neither had he any food. He cared nothing for these things. He felt cheerful, and he fell asleep, dreaming. The other man went much farther before he lay down. Then, resourceful to the last, he shot and killed a steer in a little hollow where the wind was least. They found him crouched up close to the body of the animal, his arm between its fore legs and partly about its neck, his face hid in the hair of the creature's chest. But the blood of both had turned to ice before they fell.

In the spring the sky is blue and repentant, and the wind sings softly in the prairie grasses. But one cannot forget that awful picture of the blue-gray time, and ever he hears the death songs of the legions of the air which urged on the herds in their solemn march into annihilation. Such is one picture of the range.

## SOME CENTENARY ANECDOTES OF JANE AUSTEN

It is just a hundred years since Jane Austen's first novel was finished and vainly offered to a publisher. The anniversary is to be made the occasion for a new, complete edition of her works to be published in England. She was twenty-one years old, and called the book First Impressions, a title later changed to the immortal Pride and Prejudice. On its completion, according to Mr. Oscar Fay Adams' Life of Jane Austen (Lee and Shepard, Boston), her father was desirous of having it published immediately and wrote to a leading London publisher as follows:

"Sir.—I have in my possession a manuscript novel, comprising 3 vols., about the length of Miss Burney's *Evelina*. As I am well aware of what consequence it is that a work of this sort should make its first appearance under a respectable name, I apply to you. I shall be much obliged, therefore, if you will inform me whether you choose to be concerned in it, what will be the expense of publishing it at the author's risk, and what you will venture to advance for the property of it, if on perusal it is approved of. Should you give any encouragement, I will send you the work.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

GEORGE AUSTEN.

"Steventon, near Overton, Hants, Nov. 1, 1797." But the publisher declined even to read the manuscript with a view to publishing it even at the author's expense, and the book remained in limbo for sixteen years. *Sense and Sensibility* was finished a year after *Pride and Prejudice*, but was the first of her books to be published after it had remained fourteen years in the author's possession!

When her novels began to appear, they made no particular sensation, though they had their ardent admirers. Among them one is surprised to find George IV., about the last person on earth to be credited with such a gift of understanding. Mr. Adams describes this curious affair as follows:

"Her brother's physician had been one of the medical attendants of the Prince Regent; and knowing that his patient's sister was the author of *Sense and Sensibility* and the two novels by the same hand which had succeeded it, he informed her, no doubt to her great surprise, that the books in question were greatly admired by the Prince, who read them often, and kept a set in each of his royal residences. He further observed that he had told the Prince that the author of the tales which had so much delighted him was then in London, and that His Royal Highness requested his librarian at Carlton House, Mr. S. J. Clarke, to call upon her. This unexpected information pleased her, no doubt; but it does not appear that the notice of the Prince Regent, whom she styles in her letters the 'P. R.' was unduly valued by her, nor that she was especially overcome by the royal condescension when Mr. Clarke called upon her next day and invited her to Carlton House, adding that the Prince Regent had desired him to admit her to the library and other apartments, and show her every attention.

"Naturally enough the invitation was accepted;

and while the courteous librarian was doing the honors—for the admiration of the future George IV. for her books was not so great as to inspire him with a desire to behold their author—he informed her that the Regent had graciously directed him to say that if she intended writing another novel, she was at liberty to dedicate it to His Royal Highness.

"The First Gentleman of Europe," says Mr. Adams, "has very few claims upon the regard of posterity; but it must always be set down to his credit that at a time when the average standard of literary taste was so radically opposed to that which finds its gratification in work like Miss Austen's, he was sufficiently acute to perceive and admire her peculiar and distinctive excellence; and it must be admitted that from his point of view he paid to her one of the highest compliments he knew how to bestow. The dedication for which he thus gave permission was accordingly prefixed to *Emma*, then nearly through the press, and led to a correspondence between Jane Austen and the courteous librarian."

The librarian even went so far as to ask her "to delineate in some future work the habits of life, and character, and enthusiasm of a clergyman who should pass his time between the metropolis and the country, who would be something like Beattie's Minstrel:

'Silent when glad, affectionate tho' shy,  
And in his looks was most demurely sad;  
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why!'

He solemnly concludes:

"Neither Goldsmith, nor La Fontaine in his *Tableau de Famille*, have in my mind quite delineated an English clergyman, at least of the present day, fond of and entirely engaged in literature, no man's enemy but his own. Pray, dear Madam, think of these things"

This kindly but rather stilted epistle, with its impossible suggestion, Mr. Adams comments, must have given great amusement to Jane and her brother; but she answered its appeal with a grave courtesy, taking pains to show why she could not follow out the writer's plan, in a way that would have indicated to any person of moderately keen perceptions that her talent was not to be thus diverted from its natural channel.

"I must make use of this opportunity to thank you, dear sir, for the very high praise you bestow on my other novels. I am too vain to wish to convince you that you have praised them beyond their merits. My greatest anxiety at present is that this fourth work should not disgrace what was good in the others. But on this point I will do myself the justice to declare that whatever may be my wishes for its success, I am strongly haunted with the idea that to those readers who have preferred *Pride and Prejudice* it will appear inferior in wit, and to those who have preferred *Mansfield Park* inferior in good sense. Such as it is, however, I hope you will do me the favor of accepting a copy. Mr. Murray will have directions for sending one.

"I am quite honored by your thinking me capable

of drawing such a clergyman as you gave the sketch of in your note of November 16. But I assure you I am *not*. The comic part of the character I might be equal to, but not the good, the enthusiastic, the literary. Such a man's conversation must at times be on subjects of science and philosophy, of which I know nothing, or at least be occasionally abundant in quotations and allusions which a woman, who like me, knows only her own mother-tongue, and has read little in that, would be totally without the power of giving. A classical education, or at any rate a very extensive acquaintance with English literature, ancient and modern, appears to me quite indispensable for the person who would do any justice to your clergyman; and I think I may boast myself to be, with all possible vanity, the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress."

"Mr. Clarke, however," says Mr. Austen-Leigh, "was not to be discouraged from proposing another subject. He had recently been appointed chaplain and private English secretary to Prince Leopold, who was then about to be united to the Princess Charlotte; and when he again wrote to express the gracious thanks of the Prince Regent for the copy of *Emma* which had been presented, he suggests that an historical romance illustrative of the august House of Cobourg would just now be very interesting, and might very properly be dedicated to Prince Leopold. This was much as if Sir William Ross had been set to paint a great battle-piece; and it is amusing to see with what grave civility she declined a proposal which must have struck her as ludicrous, in the following letter:

"My dear Sir—I am honored by the Prince's thanks, and am very much obliged to yourself for the kind manner in which you mention the work. I have also to acknowledge a former letter forwarded to me from Hans Place. I assure you I felt very grateful for the friendly tenor of it, and hope my silence will have been considered, as it was truly meant, to proceed only from an unwillingness to tax your time with idle thanks. Under every interesting circumstance which your own talents and literary labors have placed you in, or the favor of the Regent bestowed, you have my best wishes. Your recent appointments I hope are a step to something still better. In my opinion, the service of a court can hardly be too well paid, for immense must be the sacrifice of time and feeling required by it.

"You are very kind in your hints as to the sort of composition which might recommend me at present; and I am fully sensible that an historical romance, founded on the House of Saxe-Cobourg, might be much more to the purpose of profit or popularity than such pictures of domestic life in country villages as I deal in. But I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life; and if it were indispensable for me to keep it up and never relax into laughing at myself or at other people, I am sure I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter. No, I must keep to my own style and go on in my own way; and though I may never suc-

ceed again in that, I am convinced that I should totally fail in any other."

This letter seems to have ended the suggestions of the librarian.

Jane Austen was remarkably indifferent to being recognized as an author and her nephew writes:

"She was careful that her occupation should not be suspected by servants or visitors or any persons beyond her own family. She wrote upon small sheets of paper which could easily be put away, or covered with a piece of blotting-paper. There was between the front door and the offices a swing door which creaked when it was opened; but she objected to having this little inconvenience remedied because it gave her notice when any one was coming."

Of the modesty and obscurity of her personal life—a life "begun in a retired country rectory and ended not quite forty-two years later in a small provincial city a few miles distant and beside the walls of its venerable cathedral"—Mr. Adams says:

"The novelists of that time mingled freely in the literary life of the period; and whatever advantages may have arisen from associating with one another they may be presumed to have reaped. But of literary companionship or associations Jane Austen knew little or nothing. She wrote in the seclusion of a country home—a seclusion much more remote eighty or ninety years ago than now; and echoes only, and these not strong ones, reached her there of the world's applause. That same applause had resounded much more loudly in the ears of Mrs. Radcliffe or Madame d'Arblay; but long before their ears were stopped with dust, the pleasing noise had almost died away. Curiosity only leads us now to turn the pages of their books; some feeling much more permanent sends us to Miss Austen's. It was their lot as well as that of several of their contemporaries in the same field to outlive the popularity they so quickly acquired; it was that of Jane Austen to die while the sun of her fame was not half risen. The sweets of success she but barely tasted. Yet for these same sweets I do not think she at any time very greatly cared. Sincere appreciation of her writing pleased her as honest praise must please any conscientious literary worker; but it was not indispensable to her, and no amount of admiration of her genius could have destroyed the fine poise of her nature.

"But if Miss Austen missed many of the rewards received by women of that day who labored in the same fields of literature, she at the same time escaped many of the trials which are the portion of those whose fame is quickly won. The malice of detractors, the jealousies of the unsuccessful, the hundred stings which may be felt in a literary life—from these she was securely shielded by her comparative seclusion and the slow though sure growth of her fame. She surely stands in no need of our regretful sympathy, this woman of talent cut off from earthly existence in the early dawning of an ever-brightening renown. Life had already brought her large measure of happiness and affection; she had been able to exercise the gift that was hers with little hindrance; and she had met with approval of her work in quarters where approbation was helpful and stimulating. She did not feel that her abilities were unappreciated or overlooked."

## APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

*The Synchronograph.....A Valuable Invention.....London Engineering*

The speed of telegraphy has been gradually increasing for many years, and to-day the Wheatstone transmitter enables 500 to 600 words a minute to be sent over a line. This result is eclipsed by the synchronograph, the invention of Messers. Albert Cushing Crehore and George Owen Squier, whose names are so well known in connection with their ingenious polarizing photo-chronograph. Their method, as explained in a paper read before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, consists in sending an alternating current over the line, and cutting out certain of the waves or half-waves. Now currents having frequencies of 100 complete waves per second are quite common in electric lighting, and very much higher frequencies are perfectly practicable. With a frequency of 300 there are 36,000 half-waves per minute, and hence the possibility of a very high rate of signalling. To make and break such a current with a key is evidently an impossibility, as it would lead to violent sparking and would also deform the waves so much as to destroy the character of the signals. Twice in each alternation, however, the current is nil, and at those times the circuit may be broken with safety. To this end the inventors use ribbons or paper punched with slots. The ribbon is fed over a metal roller, and a wire brush presses on its upper surface. When a slot occurs in the paper, the brush touches the roller, and the circuit is complete. Where the paper is intact, it divides the brush from the roller, and the circuit is broken. Obviously if the length of the slots and the rate of feed of the ribbon be properly chosen, the makes and breaks may be made to occur at the moment of no current. A variation of a minute fraction of a second would entirely upset the adjustment. There are two forms of receiving instrument, one of which depends upon the polarization of a ray of light on being passed through a solution of bisulphide of carbon surrounded by a coil of wire traversed by a current. The record in this case is made on a photographic plate, and is, of course, not suited for ordinary telegraphic purposes. The other receiver is of the electro-chemical type. Upon a ribbon of prepared paper there press two needles, the circuit being from the line to the first needle, through the paper to a metal roller beneath, along the roller, and through the paper to the second needle, and thence to earth. At the needle at which the current leaves the paper a mark is formed, hence, with the two needles two lines are drawn, each formed of alternate dashes and blanks, when the paper ribbon is drawn under the needles at a suitable speed. The record appears as two parallel lines, having the maximum intensities in one line opposite the spaces in the other. If a sending tape be used in which a semicycle has been adopted as the unit for its preparation, it is found that some of the marks are omitted in one line and some in the other. If a complete cycle be used as the unit, the whole message can be read in one line, while in the other there is a record for each complete unit. By a modification of this arrangement two complete messages can be sent over a single

wire, and received side by side. Further, it is possible to work simultaneously from each end of the line, and thus send four messages at once. The invention has been tested over a line of 13 miles of wire, having a resistance of 320 ohms, and gave very satisfactory results. It remains to be seen how it will work over several hundred miles, and whether the signals will maintain their individuality in spite of the self-induction of the wire and the varying resistance of the circuit.

*Ivory Production: A Second Paper.....H. Westendarp.....Billiard Mirror*

The total consumption of ivory for the different branches of manufacture amounted on an average in 1879-1883, to about 1,843,600 pounds per year, and in 1889-1893, on an average to about 1,423,400 pounds per year.

We learn from statistics that a decrease of imports and a consequent rise of prices for the raw ivory generally decreases the demand for such goods, for which better material, cheaper than ivory, can be substituted. On the other hand, for those articles which indispensably require the natural elasticity of ivory, as, for instance, billiard balls and piano keys, high prices are paid without the demand suffering.

The total yearly consumption of ivory billiard balls, when trade is generally good, we estimate to be about 110,000 to 115,000 balls, of which America and Africa absorb half, the remainder being used by England, Germany and the other countries. Bad times reduce the number of balls required to about 80,000 to 85,000 per year. As those elephants' teeth which are most adaptable for billiard balls are getting scarcer and scarcer, great difficulty is experienced in meeting the present demand, and prices accordingly rapidly advance, being at present more than \$4.00 per pound for good quality.

The best ball teeth are those of full-grown female elephants of the higher regions of Equatorial Africa. These teeth usually weigh from 12 to 18 pounds each, but are never heavier than 30 pounds. They differ in shape from those of male elephants. Teeth of male elephants up to a certain age, may yield some balls as good and round as those from females, but bull elephant teeth are often flat and diseased in the center.

America, Russia, England and Italy buy the best billiard balls, while France and Germany, for the sake of cheapness, take many inferior balls such as are obtained from the points of other teeth and from hard West African teeth. Although balls manufactured of this kind of ivory have mostly slight defects, as for instance small shakes, a long center, or a small plug inserted therein, they still possess that superior natural elasticity which is a special feature of real ivory and which cannot be expected to exist in any artificially compressed material.

By careful microscopic examination, it has been found that ivory consists of millions of infinitely small cells or tubes filled with a glue-like substance. To the dense and regular disposition of these cells, calling to mind the construction of honeycomb, ivory owes that truly wonderful elasticity which is

not equalled by any other substance. It is easier to produce material of greater elasticity than ivory by means of India rubber, or of less by compressing certain mixtures of organic matter; but a material that possesses the true elasticity required for billiard balls has not yet been found on this globe, and it is our firm conviction that it can never be produced artificially. The afore-mentioned tubes are grouped in such a manner as to present to the eye a series of curved lines, bending from the center to the periphery, thus producing that beautiful grain peculiar to elephant ivory alone. The outside of the teeth consists of a layer of cementum, called bark, which encloses the tooth like the bark of a tree. Coarse grained ivory is of greater specific weight than ivory with scarcely visible grain. Accomplished billiard players always demand ivory balls of very symmetrical, fine grain and, well balanced, meaning each ball of a set to be of exactly the same weight and size. To ensure such perfect uniformity of grain and weight, the balls for one set should all be taken from one ball tooth of fine grain. This is, however, very difficult, ball teeth not being always fine-grained but generally rather short and tapering and, on an average, not yielding more than three to five balls of various sizes. This accounts for the high prices that have to be asked for the choicest kind of ivory billiard balls. The very coarse and much more glue-consuming ivory from the West Coast of Africa has the greatest specific weight.

Ivory billiard balls, freshly turned, have to be treated very carefully, as a sudden change of temperature may cause them to crack. To prevent this they require to be placed for at least three months in a warm room, in order to shrink gradually and dry true, before they are finished and polished. In spite of this careful seasoning a billiard ball will always be liable to crack if suddenly brought from a warm into cold temperature, or the reverse, because the sudden contraction or expansion of the small cells of which ivory is composed, causes its surface to burst open. This is most likely to happen if billiard balls which have got thoroughly cold are at once used in a warm room instead of being warmed gradually. The greatest care should also be taken, when airing the room, not to expose ivory balls to cold draughts. To guarantee the durability of ivory billiard balls is therefore, for obvious reasons, not possible. Ivory balls for export should be packed in tightly closed tins, and should be carefully kept in them when not used. If these precautions are taken they will keep a long time quite true and without cracks. The tiny cracks which even the best ivory balls sometimes show soon after having been put to use do not interfere with the usefulness of the balls.

The durability of ivory is proved by the fact that billiard balls, which for the sake of curiosity, had been made of very well preserved mammoth ivory undoubtedly many thousand years old, were played with for several months by experienced players in Paris without it being noticed that the balls were not made of fresh ivory. Mammoth ivory is, as a rule, not as tough as fresh ivory. Its cells appear to be dryer, but very well preserved pieces still retain sufficient elasticity to be used for many purposes.

In addition to the already existing difficulties of

procuring good ball ivory, the respective governments of Africa have lately been advised to prohibit in their dominions the sale of all elephants' teeth under 20 pounds weight, in order to prevent the rapid extermination of elephants; other measures for the preservation of these animals, introduced by the authorities of the Congo State, having failed. The adoption of such measures would for the future render it practically impossible to obtain ball teeth, except those seized by the governments from defrauding dealers. Then, perhaps, a better time will come for the manufacturers of imitation billiard balls, and they will not be obliged to pay any more, as at present, large sums of money to well-known champions as an inducement to play with their balls. We are afraid that in about twenty or thirty years a really prime ivory ball will be a rare article, and that with the disappearance of ivory the game of billiards will lose much of its interest.

Although not quite so indispensable as for billiard balls the use of ivory for piano keys is of great importance. All good players say unanimously that there is no substance that can equal ivory in smoothness and delicacy of touch. Piano keys without ivory do not admit the faultless execution of those rapid scales and figures that virtuosi of to-day excel in. Ivory piano keys, if properly attended to, will last longer than those of any other material, and taking into consideration the many excellent qualities of ivory, every purchaser of a good piano should insist upon having ivory keys, the price of the keys making only a slight difference in the price of a good piano. The sale of ivory keys, in spite of the repeated rise of prices, has steadily increased, and we look upon this branch of the ivory trade as the one that is likely to last the longest time.

The demand for knife-handles and combs, however, for which about twenty years ago by far the largest quantity of ivory was required, has gone down considerably and will only prevail as long as ivory is plentiful and prices are cheap.

Recently it has again been proposed to attempt the taming of the African elephant. We believe this can be successfully done under proper treatment, but no instance is known of the natives ever having tried their hands at it. The chief advantage, that, in my opinion, would result from the taming of African elephants would be to prevent the extinction of these noble animals. Such an experiment would probably not become a financial success, as even in India it is found that elephant labor has no longer the great value it had formerly.

*A Submarine Railway..... London Tit-Bits*

An electric railway on the rocky bed of the sea from Brighton to Rottingdean, a distance of three miles, has been opened. The line is entirely covered by sea at high water; with a spring tide by as much as 15 feet of water. A yacht-like car, capable of holding 150 passengers, is propelled by electric power collected on the "trolley" system from an overhead wire. The car is supported by four tubular steel legs, each leg resting on a small four-wheeled truck running on parallel rails bearing the car at a height of 24 feet above the line. The cost has been about £10,000 a mile.

## STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

*How Perry Secured the Treaty with Japan..R. Van Bergen..Story of Japan \**

[Though the book from which this reading is taken is written for young people, the account of Perry's diplomacy and firmness and his success where others of this and other nations had failed, is worth re-telling. Where Perry had been promised twelve ships, he was given only six and two of them were unseaworthy.]

The foreign captains who had up to this time visited Yedo Bay had taken orders from the first officer showing the two swords of the samurai, and the Yedo government had begun to look with contempt upon foreigners who would submissively obey the orders of one of its lower officials. But on this occasion no respect was paid to any individual before his rank was known. Even the vice-governor was refused admittance! And not until he stated, without regard to truth, that the laws of Japan forbade the governor from going aboard a foreign ship, was he permitted to put his foot on deck.

He wanted to see the commander at once! Ah, yes, but the commander was too great a person to be seen by so insignificant a man as Mr. Vice-Governor. "Tell him, then, to go back to Nagasaki." "Oh! but the commander is too great a man to be told such a thing. Mr. Vice-Governor could be sure that this Great Man would not listen to such talk. And, by the bye, Mr. Vice-Governor, you had better send those guard boats away from these ships or the Great Man might get angry, and then" . . . The gravity of the speaker impressed the native visitor. This line of conduct he could understand. It was in this manner that a powerful Japanese officer would have acted. His report brought the governor himself the next day in all the pomp of lacquered helmet, two swords, silks, etc., despite the vice-governor's colored statement of the day before.

Down on their knees, with heads bent to touch the bottom of their boats, were the attendants of this mighty person, as he ascended the gangway of the "fire ship." But even he was not allowed a personal interview with the mysterious commander. "Go back to Nagasaki? He had not come for that purpose. He had a letter to the emperor in Yedo, and to Yedo he would go." "Would he wait four days so that the emperor could be appealed to, and an answer be received?" "No, he would consent to wait three days, but not a moment longer."

The Japanese governor went ashore, convinced that these were the most intractable foreigners he had ever met, and that this mysterious Great Man must be very great indeed, to have things all his own way!

The next day there was another visit. But the governor was told that no strangers would be allowed on board, not even the emperor himself. It was Sunday, and Commodore Perry was not the man to break the Sabbath for slight causes. . . .

Then the governor received orders to communicate to the Great Man that the "emperor" would commission two princes to receive the letter on shore. They thought these two squires were good

enough princes to deal with barbarians. But Perry was not to be outdone. He did not know that these were sham princes, but he gave the governor to understand that it was not meet for an officer of his sublime rank to go so far from the anchorage in a boat, and so he moved his steamers within convenient range of the place appointed. And now the time came when oriental pomp was to be rivaled by occidental gold lace.

Through the three hundred sailors and marines, drawn up as on parade, marched the commodore with his staff. And here again he had taken the only means to awe his unwilling hosts. They gazed upon the two powerful sailors carrying the Stars and Stripes, upon the two boys bearing that mysterious red casket [a gold-hinged rosewood box containing a letter to the emperor], and upon the two stalwart negroes, acting as guard. The Americans entered the temporary building erected for the purpose, and, after the casket was opened and the letter displayed, it was handed to one of the sham princes, who was introduced as "The First Councilor of the Empire." Then a formal reply was delivered by the interpreter, to this effect: "We have received the letter of the President of the United States of North America. . . . Your mysterious Great Man made us believe that he would be insulted if we did not receive the letter at this place. Very well, we have done so. The answer we will give you later, and now you may go home.

"All right," said Commodore Perry, cheerfully. "And when shall I call for an answer? Don't be too anxious to see me soon! Shall we say April or May next year?" And he returned on board, leaving the "princes" convinced that they had not yet seen the last of him. . . .

On Monday, the 13th of February, the fleet moved up Yedo Bay, the steamers towing the sailing vessels, until they came within about seven miles from where Yokohama now stands. This was only about twenty-five miles from Yedo, and so unpleasantly close that the regent's government decided: "Well, if these persistent people must have a treaty, we cannot help ourselves; only we must grant as little as possible." And now the play of the mysterious Great Man was to be acted once more.

"Where would the Great Man prefer the negotiations to take place?" they asked, mentioning two places at a great distance from the capital. The reply, after consulting with the invisible commodore, was:

"Never mind about those places. The spot opposite us will do as well as any other."

This answer did not suit. The Japanese tried flattery, coaxing, little presents, all to no avail. Finally they were told that the Great Man would very much like to have matters arranged by February 21; that, in fact, he would take no refusal. And so the Japanese sighed: "Well, it can't be helped! But where *will* you have it?" "Oh!" replied the commodore, still invisible, "I think that Yedo will be the best place." But that would not

do at all. Perry sent some of his men ashore at Uraga to confer about a meeting place, and waited until February 24; then he advanced another eight miles, anchoring a little beyond Yokohama. Afraid that he would go still nearer to the capital, the government yielded, and the negotiations were held at Yokohama, which is only a short distance from Yedo.

This time the commodore landed with five hundred well-armed men, and, after long and tedious discussions, a treaty was made on March 31, 1854. By the terms of the treaty American ships could enter the harbors of Hakodate in Hokkaido, and Shimoda in Hondo, for coal, water and provisions, and their sailors would be kindly treated. There was also an article promising trading facilities, as well as several other privileges. And now came the exchange of presents. Perry presented a telegraph, with one mile of wire, a little locomotive and car, rifles, guns, clocks, sewing machines, maps, charts, etc., and the Japanese gave lacquer, bronze, porcelain, ivory, silk, all of which you may see in the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington. Perry then returned home, having succeeded where so many had failed.

*The Expense of Funerals.....Harper's Weekly*

It is the most natural thing in the world to desire to do honor to the dead. Some Eastern peoples regard the dead with more consideration than the living, and in a certain sense worship their ancestors. Western people under the Christian dispensation regard the body of a deceased person merely as clay—clay worthy of honor, to be sure, but clay from which nearly all meaning has departed. But there appears to be the strongest kind of desire to honor this dead clay, and this desire has been strengthened by custom, by poetry, and by religion. Funeral customs have become so firmly established that among poor people the expense of what is considered proper burial adds another pang to death. . . . In the neighborhood of New York city it is considered a poor funeral, even of a common laborer, that costs less than one hundred dollars. To the great majority of our readers one hundred dollars does not seem a great sum. But a laborer at \$1.50 a day, if he find employment every day in the year except Sundays, can only make in that time \$469.50. If one-fourth of a year's earnings go for the funeral expenses of a member of a laborer's family, it will readily be seen that the amount to live upon has been most seriously reduced. But the great cost does not bear hardly and seriously upon laboring men alone. Mechanics, artisans, clerks, and small tradesmen—indeed, all who live upon limited incomes—suffer serious hardship in defraying the costly expenses of what custom has decided that a respectable funeral should be. The laborer is not the poorest among the industrious wage-earners, even though the aggregate of his wages be less than that of other classes. The laborer has a certain style of living—or lack of style, if you choose—while the others feel the necessity of housing, feeding, and dressing themselves better. This results in the clerk with a family and \$1,500 a year salary in a town like New York being about as poor as poverty itself. As it is in the

matter of living, so it is in dying—the dead body must be buried in a style suitable to the condition of the person while alive; and therefore the laborer with \$400 a year can even better afford to pay \$100 for the funeral expenses of a member of his family than the clerk with \$1,500 a year can pay \$250 when death comes into his household.

Singularly enough, the funeral expenses do not increase in the same proportion that incomes do. The funeral expenses of a man worth half a million dollars, unless his family were unusually fond of ostentatious and vulgar display, would not be likely to exceed a thousand dollars. This rate of increase, it will be seen, is not at all in proportion to the increase in wealth from the day laborer to the prosperous merchant or banker. But there have been instances in New York city when funeral expenses have mounted high into the thousands. The poor man rarely owns a cemetery lot; indeed, in the older and more crowded cities he rarely owns a grave. Cemetery lots and graves in cemeteries vary in price just as city property varies in value. . . . The poor man who neither buys a lot nor a grave does not have the satisfaction of owning in fee even ever so small a section of God's Acre. He only pays to have a grave opened, and for the privilege of depositing the dead within the space devoted just as much to other remains—the remains of strangers more likely than not—as to his own. If there is anything sacred in the poetical idea of a man placed in his grave having gone to his long last rest, the sacredness seems to be somewhat disturbed by the idea that the grave is already tenanted before his body arrives, and is likely to have others after his repose begins. The practical idea, no doubt, presupposes that the reposeful dead will be placed in virgin earth and remain undisturbed forever. But this condition does not obtain to any great extent even in many country villages. The writer knows of one graveyard, in a village not more than thirty miles from New York, which, during a hundred and fifty years, has been buried over some three or four times. In old city graveyards a grave is not considered to be full until it has in it six bodies. . . .

Within the past thirteen years twenty-four crematories have been erected in the United States, so that dead bodies might be burned up with reverence and decency. For exceptional deserving cases a whole cremation funeral may be arranged at a total cost of twenty dollars, but the regular charge for cremating a body will run from twenty-five dollars to thirty dollars. Of course this charge must not be considered an offset to the ordinary funeral charge, but rather against that of the cemetery and grave-diggers. But when sensible people know that a coffin is to be immediately burned up, and discard the idea that it is to serve as the perpetual bed for the loved and lost, some of them will conclude that the five-dollar coffin will answer quite as well as that which costs fifty or five hundred dollars. The idea of incinerating the dead is spreading in America, but not very rapidly. Statistics recently published from *The Urn*, the organ of the Cremation Society, state that 1,990 bodies have been burned at Fresh Pond—about 6,000 in the United States. . . . The average deaths in New York are about ninety daily; the incinerations do not number more than 330 in

a year, so it will be seen that cremation has not yet become very popular.

*Sensations of a Drowning Man... Arnold White... Cassell's Family Magazine*

"Drowning is a pleasant death" is a remark constantly made by those who never gulped down salt water into the delicate tissues of their lungs. . . . As a lad I was bathing in rough weather on the beach of a watering-place in Northern France. Swept out to sea, I struggled, sank, became insensible, and was saved by the courage and skill of a gallant Frenchman, who wrote his name that day in my mother's New Testament as a memorial of the rescue. This was all. The circumstances were ordinary. A thousand such may occur every year. Psychologically, however, there are points of interest which arise principally from the fact that I remember all that happened during a period of time which may have been four or five minutes, but which appeared to be as many hours.

Almost immediately I entered the water, the much-resounding roar of the waves struck me as desolating and sorrowful—full of foreboding and terror. Ashamed of this fancy, I instinctively but foolishly fought my way seawards, and was promptly out of my depth; not because I intended to run any risk, for I could not swim, but because the strong current had scooped out a hollow in the sandy bottom, which had six feet of water on the top of it. Tumbled over by the waves, the concentrated agony of the moment when the water closed over my head for the first time cannot be described. It was the bitterest point of the struggle. Cruel and omnipotent force, without warning or reason, surrounded me, and my frantic and determined efforts to escape only increased the pent-up passion to cease holding my breath and to inhale once more. I felt instinctively, as I writhed in the cold, black water, that if once I succumbed to the temptation to expel my breath, which almost burst the ribs in my angry efforts to retain it, the end would come; that I should be compelled to breathe inwards while covered with the pressing salt water. At this time I must have given way, and the dreaded stream of air-bubbles rose to the surface. A few weeks before I had watched the drowning of a cat in the clear water of a running stream. The animal was tethered to a stone, and had fought with upturned face for liberty. When the bubbles rose in a silver fountain from the corners of its mouth, it stood at the bottom swaying in the gentle current, turned over, and, after one final struggle, gave up the ghost. This scene came vividly before me. I thought of this wretched cat, and was half amused to think that my case was the case of the cat. There was no fear; the actual circumstances filled my attention, and the piteous longing to escape and the inability of my efforts suddenly became subordinated to the feeling of intolerable pain. Eyes, chest, limbs, were all one solid pain. Just then I touched the sandy bottom with my fingers and knee, and hastily snatched a handful of sand and water to thrust in my mouth to end this struggle for air. All I wanted was to end the pain. No thought of death, except as an interesting and immaterial factor in the situation, came over me. It is true that I remembered that I should be missed

when dinner-time came and I was found missing; and thinking of the home-people, I thought of a blue tie I had left on a chest of drawers in my bedroom, which I had intended to put on. Then, suddenly, I found my eyes above water for a second, and I saw two blurred figures near. On this I sank again, and was conscious of relaxing effort and sinking out of a conscious state to one in which one dreamed without knowing what the dreams were. From this I awoke in great pain in the center of a crowd on the beach, whither my rescuer had borne me.

*Legend of St. Aphilon's Dome... F. Forbes-Robertson... Westminster Budget*

A poor student sat at his table, and, whilst eating a frugal repast of bread without cheese, he penned the following epistle:

"REV. FATHER—A good woman who resides on the ground floor of this house has recently, through an accident, cut an artery in her arm, and is quite unable to work. Having heard of your kindness in the helping of the deserving poor, I beg to intercede for her, unable myself to offer more than half my menu, which is not of an elaborate kind.

"I am, Rev. Father, yours obediently,  
"MARCUS MANNING."

Now, the Rev. Fathers of the Order of St. Aphilon were a congregation of saintly men who lived together under a rule wise and edifying in its purpose; but in the days that this young student composed his epistle they had forgotten a little of the simple teaching of their founder, and begun to emulate the fashionable fastidiousness of the world outside their gates, and pander to Mammon with a clerical dignity that covered the sin from too criticising eyes, so that St. Aphilon, their founder, would be likely to grieve, were he among them again, at the silver buckles they wore on their shoes, the dainty snuff-boxes they carried in carefully-gloved hands, and the four-posted bedsteads which had been introduced into the house on the pretext that he, St. Aphilon, had seen a vision whilst reposing on such.

Several days elapsed before the parish priest's representative called in answer to the student's letter on the maimed woman Mistress Meg, and conducted his beautiful person, his snuff-box and silver-buckled shoes, down the stairs to the cellarlike room in which she lived. He remained on the threshold—the place seemed dark and dirty to him, and, waving a plump, white hand, remarked, "Ah, my good woman, I heard you were ill." The tone was a reprimand. "You are not, then, ill." Mistress Meg raised her bandaged arm and let it fall, as he continued, "You are attending the services, I hope, at the Dome—that is right. I shall be preaching to-morrow at eight o'clock. I thought you were ill, you know. A cut artery? Ah! deplorable accident! It is well bound up, I see," and thus without ever waiting to hear a syllable from the unhappy woman, he turned on his heel and picked his way up the stairs to daylight again, where he breathed with complacent satisfaction at having fulfilled the duty of visiting and comforting the sick and lowly. As he was about to hurry down the narrow street he observed a priest of his order,

whom he did not know, enter the doorway he had just vacated, and, deciding he must be one of the Fathers from the country, he thought no more of the matter.

A week later a great storm swept over the city, and the dome of St. Aphilon's Church, an immense new erection, hardly completed, was hurled from its walls to the ground, and the rain pattered in on the marble pavement, swamping the officiating priests as they foolishly hurried from the sanctuary, not observing that it alone was protected from the storm—the roof untouched. As the hurricane cleared, the moon sailed from out the angry clouds, and one by one the stars spotted the firmament. For the nonce their great church had the eternal heavens as a covering, and some declared that prayer on that night came easier to those praying, and seemed to rise as the incense from the sacrifice that found favor in His sight.

The Fathers were in a desperate state, for how, indeed, were they to raise the money to again build up the great dome? "The poor!" suggested a saucious prelate. "We must make a pence collection among the poor."

Whereupon a good soul among them, one Tomaso, here protested with a sniff of indignation, as he partook of his snuff from a pewter box. "Preposterous!" said he, "the thing is an impossibility! We must have a flat roof. The poor, indeed! And they have not enough wherewith to purchase food. A prodigious miracle, truly, to get money where no money is!"

"You seem to have little faith in the miraculous," suavely remarked another. "Modern critics would do well, before asserting the incompatibility of miracle with natural law, to beg charity of the poor—from those who have nothing vast sums may be collected."

"It's a devilish miracle, then," exclaimed Father Tomaso, and therewith betook himself from the assembly. However the notion was seized upon as a stupendous plan and at once adopted. Within a very short space of time thousands of pounds were undeniably obtained.

Thus the Dome began again to rise upon its base within the great scaffolding, whilst the collection for its reconstruction continued; but, unfortunately once or twice it happened that during the night a quantity of the valuable lead, and other properties that are used for the construction of such, disappeared, and none knew the reason thereof. One morning, as his well-dressed Reverence was hurrying on the usual quest for money, he espied the doorway he had entered not long since to visit a maimed old woman, and noticing that the threshold and descending stairs looked cleaner than of yore, he guessed at better circumstances below, and hastened in to claim the widow's mite. He found the little kitchen was newly furnished, and bright and fresh even to his fastidious senses, with flowers on the table and a copper kettle boiling on the fire. "I am delighted at your good fortune, Mistress Meg," said he, sinking into a not uncomfortable armchair; and forthwith a friendly chat, carried on principally in a monologue, ensued. The good woman, however, had something on her mind, and after much demurring she at last exclaimed, "The

Rev. Father is very kind to me. What can I say—"

"What Rev. Father?"

"Of the Dome."

"Who? His name?"

"I do not know his name. He has done all this for me, yet it is strange I have never seen him at church, excepting—"

"Excepting?" queried her visitor impatiently.

"On the outside, at night! . . . Taking the lead off the Dome."

"My good woman, you are mad."

"Nay, it is true, and it's sorely on my conscience that it's no one but Satan himself befriending me. He brought me a little whisky."

The priest listened no more. He leaped from his seat and hurried home to break the significant news. A robber in the clothes of a priest had undoubtedly pilfered the Dome, and to appease his conscience succoured the old woman. Whisky, indeed!

The fathers received the story with incredulous indignation. The cloth thus disgraced! They must watch. . . . One of their own lay-brothers might be guilty—the thing must not be made public! . . . By the saints, it was preposterous! The miscreant should be taken hot-handed. Who would volunteer? Father Tomaso offered to watch on the Dome, and matters for the moment calmed down. During the same night other thefts were committed; yet the reverend father failed to take his man.

"More of us must go," declared the Superior. "Three of us will go—we will take our bedsteads. The one on watch shall wake the others." So the four-posted bedsteads were duly hoisted, and the three divines tucked in their respective eiderdowns.

Toward midnight they awoke at the sound of hammering, and, possessed suddenly by fear, waited awhile before peeping over the bedclothes to the place from whence the sound came. When they did, however, a strange sight rose before their eyes, and each would have thought he was dreaming, but that the others were likewise enthralled, staring at the spectacle before them. There indeed labored a priest of the Order, but a halo radiated about his head, and as he turned they recognized the countenance of the blessed St. Aphilon, their founder and patron saint. He was tearing down the sheets of newly-laid copper, and placing them on a barrow. Near him stood, in wondrous robes of azure, like the heavens of the early morning, Mary, "Regina Pauperum."

The Rev. Father Tomaso was sleeping peacefully on his plank bed, when he was awakened by the four watchers, pale and disconcerted.

"Pray get up!" said they; "we must sit in council; things have seriously gone awry."

"Our beds have been blown away!" murmured one; "we had better proceed to business at once."

"Four-posters are top-heavy," kindly remarked Father Tomaso. "Magnanimous," thought they, glancing at his plank, and a short time afterwards, remembering the virtue, elected him Superior, when the Order again practised the beneficent precepts of their founder and exorcised the worldly devil who had settled in their midst.

## THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

*Japan's Commercial Metropolis, Lafcadio Hearn, Gleanings in Buddha Fields*

[Another collection of Japanese studies, *Gleanings in Buddha Fields*, by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, has just appeared bearing the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, of Boston. Of the multitude of recent writers on Japan, Mr. Hearn is by far the most popular, and well deserves to be. In acute observation, sympathetic treatment, graceful style, and particularly in insight into the spirit of new Japan, Mr. Hearn is unrivaled. Of the eleven essays in this new book not one is without vital interest. Perhaps one of the most interesting, although by no means the most important, is a descriptive sketch of Osaka, the commercial metropolis of Japan. It seems strange that a city of the size and commercial importance of Osaka should be so little known to the Western world. We reprint a portion of this sketch slightly condensed in some paragraphs.]

Osaka is more than two thousand five hundred years old, and therefore one of the ancient cities of Japan—though its present name, a contraction of Oye no Saka, meaning the High Land of the Great River, is believed to date back only to the fifteenth century, before which time it was called Naniwa. Centuries before Europe knew of the existence of Japan, Osaka was the great financial and commercial center of the Empire; and is that still. Through all the feudal era, the merchants of Osaka were the bankers and creditors of the Japanese princes: they exchanged the revenues of rice for silver and gold; they kept in their miles of fireproof warehouses the national stores of cereals, of cotton, and of silk; and they furnished to great captains the sinews of war. The Osaka of 1896, covering a vast area, has a population of 670,000. As to extent and population, it is now only the second city of the Empire; but it remains, as Count Okuma remarked in a recent speech, financially, industrially, and commercially superior to Tokyo. Sakai, and Hyogo, and Kobe are really but its outer ports; and the last named is visibly outgrowing Yokohama. It is confidently predicted, both by foreigners and Japanese, that Kobe will become the chief port of foreign trade, because Osaka is able to attract to herself the best business talent of the country. At present the foreign import and export trade of Osaka represents about \$120,000,000 a year; and its island and coasting trade is immense. Almost everything which anybody wants is made in Osaka; and there are few comfortable Japanese houses in any part of the Empire to the furnishing of which Osaka industry has not contributed something. This was probably the case before Tokyo existed. There survives an ancient song of which the burden runs, "Every day to Osaka comes a thousand ships." Junks only, in the time when the song was written; steamers also to-day, and deep-sea travelers of all rigs. Along the wharves you can ride for miles by a seemingly endless array of masts and funnels, though the great Trans-Pacific liners and European mail-steamers draw too much water to enter the harbor, and receive their Osaka freight at Kobe. But the energetic city which has its own steamship companies, now proposes to improve its port, at a cost of \$16,000,000. An Osaka with a population of 2,000,000, and a foreign trade of at least \$300,000,000 a year,

is not a dream impossible to realize in the next half century.

### OSAKA'S MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS.

Every great city in the world is believed to give a special character to its inhabitants; and in Japan the man of Osaka is said to be recognizable almost at sight. I think it can be said that the character of the man of the capital is less marked than the man of Osaka—as in America the man of Chicago is more quickly recognized than the New Yorker or Bostonian. He has a certain quickness of perception, ready energy, and general air of being "well-up-to-date," or even a little in advance of it, which represent the result of industrial and commercial intercompetition. At all events, the Osaka merchant or manufacturer has a much longer inheritance of business experience than his rival of the political capital. Perhaps this may partly account for the acknowledged superiority of Osaka commercial travelers; a modernized class, offering some remarkable types. While journeying by mail or steamer you may happen to make the casual acquaintance of a gentleman whose nationality you cannot safely decide even after some conversation. He is dressed with the most correct taste in the latest and best mode; he can talk to you equally well in French, German, or English; he is perfectly courteous, but able to adapt himself to the most diverse characters; he knows Europe; and he can give you extraordinary information about parts of the Far East which you have visited, and also about other parts of which you do not even know the names. As for Japan, he is familiar with the special products of every district, their comparative merits, their history. His face is pleasing—nose straight or slightly aquiline—mouth veiled by a heavy black mustache: the eyelids alone give you some right to suppose that you are conversing with an Oriental. Such is one type of the Osaka commercial traveler of 1896—a being as far superior to the average Japanese petty official as a prince to a lackey.

### JAPANESE DRESS IN OSAKA.

From the reputation of Osaka as a center of production and distribution, one would imagine it the most modernized, the least characteristically Japanese, of all Japanese cities. But Osaka is the reverse. Fewer Western costumes are seen in Osaka than any large city in Japan. No crowds are more attractively robed, and no streets more picturesque, than those of the great mart. Osaka is supposed to set many fashions; and the present ones show an agreeable tendency to variety of tint. When I came to Japan the dominant colors of male costume were dark—especially dark blue; any crowd of men usually presenting a mass of this shade. To-day the tones are lighter; and grays—warm grays, steel grays, bluish grays, purplish grays—seem to predominate. But there are also many pleasing variations—bronze colors, gold-browns, "tea-colors," for example. Women's costumes are of course more varied; but the character of the fashions for adults of either sex indicates no tendency to abandon the

rules of severe good taste; gay colors appearing only in the attire of children and of dancing-girls—to whom are granted the privilege of perpetual youth. I may observe that the latest fashion in the silk upper-dress, or *haori*, of *geisha*, is a burning sky-blue—a tropical color that makes the profession of the wearer distinguishable miles away. The higher-class *geisha*, however, affects sobriety in dress. I must also speak of the long overcoats or overcloaks worn out-of-doors in cold weather by both sexes. That of the men looks like an adaptation and modification of our ulster, and has a little cape attached to it: the material is wool, and the color usually light brown or gray. That of the ladies, which has no cape, is usually of black broadcloth, with much silk binding, and a collar cut low in front. It is buttoned from throat to feet, and looks decidedly genteel, though left very wide and loose at the back to accommodate the bow of the great heavy silk girdle beneath.

#### OLD TIME ARCHITECTURE.

Architecturally not less than fashionably, Osaka remains almost as anybody can wish. Although some wide thoroughfares exist, most of the streets are very narrow—even more narrow than those of Kyoto. There are streets of three-story houses and streets of two-story houses; but there are square miles of houses one story high. The great mass of the city is an agglomeration of low wooden buildings with tiled roofs. Nevertheless the streets are more interesting, brighter, quainter in their signs and sign-painting, than the streets of Tokyo; and the city as a whole is more picturesque than Tokyo because of its waterways. It has not inaptly been called the Venice of Japan; for it is traversed in all directions by canals, besides being separated into several large portions by the branchings of the *Yodogawa*. The streets facing the river are, however, much less interesting than the narrow canals. Anything more curious in the shape of a street vista than the view looking down one of these waterways can scarcely be found in all Japan. Still as a mirror surface, the canal flows between high stone embankments supporting the houses—of two or three stories, all sparrowed out from the stonework so that their façades bodily overhang the water. They are huddled together in a way suggesting pressure from behind; and this appearance of squeezing and crowding is strengthened by the absence of regularity in design—no house being exactly like another, but all having an indefinable Far-Eastern queerness—a sort of racial character—that gives the sensation of the very-far-away in place and time. They push out funny little galleries with balustrades; barred, projecting, glassless windows with elfish balconies under them, and rooflets over them like eyebrows; tiers of tiled and tilted awnings; and great eaves which, in certain hours, throw shadows down to the foundation. As most of the timber-work is dark—either with age or staining—the shadows look deeper than they really are. Within them you catch glimpses of balcony pillars, bamboo ladders from gallery to gallery, polished angles of joinery—all kinds of jutting things. At intervals you can see mattings hanging out, and curtains of split bamboo, and cotton hangings with big white ideographs upon them; and all this is faithfully repeated upside

down in the water. The colors ought to delight an artist—umbers and chocolates and chestnut-browns of old polished timber; warm yellows of mattings and bamboo screens; creamy tones of stuccoed surfaces; cool grays of tiling. . . . The last such vista I saw was bewitched by a spring haze. It was early morning. Two hundred yards from the bridge on which I stood, the house fronts began to turn blue; farther on, they were transparently vapory; and yet farther, they seemed to melt away suddenly into the light—a procession of dreams. I watched the progress of a boat propelled by a peasant in straw hat and straw coat—like the peasants of the old picture-books. Boat and man turned bright blue and then gray, and then, before my eyes, glided into Nirvana. The notion of immateriality so created by that luminous haze was supported by the absence of sound; for these canal-streets are as silent as the streets of shops are noisy.

#### OSAKA THE COMMERCIAL SCHOOL OF JAPAN.

Osaka is the great commercial school of the Empire. From all parts of Japan lads are sent there to learn particular branches of trade. There are hosts of applications for any vacancy; and the business men are said to be very cautious in choosing their *dechti*, or apprentice-clerks. Careful inquiries are made as to the personal character and family history of applicants. No money is paid by the parents or relatives of the apprentices. The term of service varies according to the nature of the trade or industry; but it is generally quite as long as the term of apprenticeship in Europe; and in some branches of business it may be from twelve to fourteen years. Such, I am told, is the time of service usually exacted in the dry goods business; and the *dechti* in a dry goods house may have to work fifteen hours per day, with not more than one holiday a month. During the whole of his apprenticeship he receives no wages whatever—nothing but his board, lodging and absolutely necessary clothing. His master is supposed to furnish him with two robes a year, and to keep him in sandals, or *geta*. Perhaps on some great holiday he may be presented with a small gift of pocket money, but this is not in the bond. When his term of service ends, however, his master either gives him capital enough to begin trade for himself on a small scale, or finds some other way of assisting him substantially—by credit, for instance. Many *dechti* marry their employers' daughters, in which event the young people are almost sure of getting a good start in life. The discipline of these long apprenticeships may be considered a severe test of character. Though a *dechti* is never addressed harshly, he has to bear what no European clerk would bear. He has no leisure, no time of his own except the time necessary for sleep; he must work quietly but steadily from dawn until late in the evening; he must content himself with the simplest diet, must keep himself neat and must never show ill-temper. Wild oats he is not supposed to have, and no chance is given him to sow them. Some *dechti* never even leave their shop, night or day, for months at a time, sleeping on the same mats where they sit in business hours. The trained salesmen in the great silk stores are especially confined within doors, and their unhealthy pallor is proverbial. Oc-

casionally there are moral break-downs. Perhaps a dechti misappropriates some of the shop money, and spends the same in riotous living. Perhaps he does even worse. But whatever the matter may be, he seldom thinks of running away. If he takes a spree, he hides himself after it for a day or two; then returns of his own accord to confess and ask pardon. He will be forgiven for two, three, perhaps even four escapades, provided that he shows no sign of a really evil heart, and be lectured about his weakness in his relations to his prospects, to the feelings of his family, to the honor of his ancestors, and to business requirements in general. The difficulties of his position are kindly considered, and he is never discharged for a small misdemeanor. A dismissal would probably ruin him for life; and every care is taken to open his eyes to certain dangers. In cases where dechti are taken into service at a very early age, and brought up in the shop almost like adopted sons, a very strong bond of affection between master and apprentice is sometimes established. Instances of extraordinary devotion to masters, or members of masters' households, are often reported. Sometimes the bankrupt merchant is re-established in business by his former clerk. Sometimes, again, the affection of a dechti may exhibit itself in strange extremes. Last year there was a curious case. The only son of a merchant—a lad of twelve—died of cholera during an epidemic. A dechti of fourteen, who had been much attached to the dead boy, committed suicide shortly after the funeral by throwing himself down in front of a train. He left a letter, of which the following is a tolerably close translation, the selfish pronouns being absent in the original:

"Very long time in, august help received;—honorable mercy even, not in words to be declared. Now going to die, unfaithful in excess;—yet another state in, making rebirth, honorable mercy will repay. Spirit anxious only in the matter of little sister O-Noto;—with humble salutation, that she be honorably seen to, supplicate.

"To the August Lord Master,  
"From  
"MANO YOSHIMATSU."

*Dead Cities of the Zuider Zee....S. L. Coulthurst....Amateur Photographer*

The old towns and villages north of Amsterdam are known as "The Dead Cities of the Zuider Zee."

Those portions of Holland to which I desire to lead the lover of the picturesque are a few towns and villages where the primitive life of the Hollanders can be well observed. . . . Zaandam, near to Amsterdam, although not exactly a dead city, is very quaint and interesting; it is a rare place for windmills, there being no fewer than 400 in the neighborhood. Everything will be found most neat and clean, and in some cases they go so far as to paint the tree trunks pale blue. Alkmaar, still more north, can be reached by rail, or better still, by steamboat, and in this latter way the surrounding country is better observed and districts selected suitable for a photographic visit. Alkmaar is a very neat, pretty place, with bricked and quaint streets. It is a place full of interest, and has some remarkable buildings, the finest no doubt being the ancient Weigh House, dating from 1582, and which has a richly and gaily

decorated front. On market days Alkmaar has a certain amount of bustle that is hardly compatible with a "dead city." Hoorn, formerly a thriving and wealthy city, is now of the "dead" order, and is today a quiet, prim, yet delightful old town. There are many historical associations on which I cannot enter here. Hoorn has an indescribable quaintness, its streets full of old houses with such quaint gables; hardly a house is upright, or two seem to lean at the same angle or to be painted the same color. There is some good architectural work here; the water tower is very fine, and the Weigh House and State College are amongst those deserving of attention.

Edam and Volendam can well be visited in one journey of a day or two. Crossing the river at Amsterdam by the ferry to the Tolhuis, one can take steam tram through a most delightful pastoral country to Edam. Edam is a quaint, tree-shaded old town, and gives one the appearance of being deserted. There is a fine church and some quaint old houses, but to my mind the delight of Edam is its quiet and peaceful tree-shaded canals, along the banks of which delightful pictures of Dutch homesteads can be secured. From Edam we can walk along the banks of a highly picturesque canal and in half an hour reach Volendam, or we may charter a small covered boat drawn by a horse and locally known as a Treckshuit, which before the days of steam trams was the 'bus of the Dutch waterways. At Volendam the houses are built at the back of the great stone dyke which keeps out the Zuider Zee; side streets run down from this dyke to the houses, which are made of wood. Despite the zeal with which Dutch sketch-books have been filled, there yet remain many more old out-of-the-way and comparatively unvisited corners of Holland, which are full of delight to the holiday maker in search of the picturesque. Of these old-world spots none is more interesting in its way than Volendam; it is a little fishing village, and is not like most of the dead cities—it has a character of its own, a fresh, original, and most unconventional character, which is bright and pleasing after a scamper along some of the familiar routes of the tourist, yet in few villages in Holland can the primitive life of the fisher folk be better observed, and there is ample material for artist or photographer, both landscape and marine, and those who have a command of language will find models suitable for figure studies.

A similar trip can be made to the Island of Marken, three miles out in the Zuider Zee. It is easily reached from Monickendam (a village on the way to Edam), and from here there is no difficulty in obtaining passage on a native fishing boat to take us over to the island. The boats themselves are models of quaintness, and on board one will find such seamen as remind us of Mr. Gilbert's Pirate King.

The island lies much below the level of the sea, and is liable to floods. It can be well walked round in about two hours. On the island are seven mounds several feet high; on these mounds houses are built, so that when floods come they stand high and dry above the water. These mounds are connected by the means of bricked pavements, along which one will encounter quaintly dressed men, women, and children.

## SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VIEN

*At the Play*.....*Edmund W. Gosse*.....*The Athenaeum* *When Phyllis Frowns*.....*Edward Crockett Lefroy*.....*Littell's*

Dora seated at the play  
Weeps to see the hero perish—  
Hero of a Dresden day,  
Fit for china nymphs to cherish;  
O that Dora's heart would be  
Half so soft and warm for me!

When the flaring lights are out  
His heroic deeds are over,  
Gone his splendid strut and shout,  
Gone his raptures of a lover,  
While my humdrum heart you'd find  
True, though out of sight and mind.

*The Spinning Wheel*.....*Ernest Neal Lyon*.....*N. Y. Sun*

1797.

Beside her wheel my ladye sits  
And spins the livelong day,  
The drifted wool her fairy touch  
Like magic melts away.  
Certes, she is passing fair,  
Fairer than verse may tell.  
She winds the skein about my hands,  
And round my heart a spell.  
The sunbeams dancing in her eyes  
Are daring me to steal  
A kiss from Mistress Dorothy  
Beside her spinning wheel.

1897.

Scorching down the boulevard,  
Chewing gum and ped'ling hard;  
Ting-ling! Almost knocked me flat,  
Dizzy tie, Fedora hat,  
Scarlet bloomers—'tis a picture—  
Makes my very senses reel.  
"What was that?" I ask. O, merely  
Dot astride her spinning wheel.

*Recantation*.....*Pall Mall Gazette*

'Tis mine no more, in cynic wise,  
To sing of others' hair and eyes,  
Or wander, fettered by no chain,  
At will through all the fair demesne  
Where light-won love as lightly flies.

Others may stray when daylight dies,  
With Silvias or Rosalies,  
By whispering stream or darkling lane:  
'Tis mine no more.

To you alone my song shall rise,  
No rival in my rhapsodies  
Shall have a part; nor e'er again  
My heart shall know another's reign,  
For in your keeping, dear, it lies;  
'Tis mine no more.

*He Understood*.....*Anne Virginia Culbertson*.....*Munsey's*

Robin rashly kissed my hand.  
Thereupon I gave command,  
"Leave me, sir, or else refrain  
Doing this bold deed again.  
Once for all, pray understand,  
You do wrong to kiss my hand."  
Robin heeded my command—  
Stayed, nor kissed again my hand.  
Yet he doth not mope or sigh;  
What can be the reason why?  
This I told him: "Understand,  
You do wrong to kiss—my hand."

*You Bid Me Try*.....*Austin Dobson*.....*Poems*

You bid me try, Blue Eyes, to write  
A rondeau. What! forthwith?— to-night?  
Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true;  
But thirteen lines—and rhymed on two—  
Refrain as well. Ah, hapless plight!

Still, there are five lines—ranged aright,  
These Gallic bonds, I feared would fright  
My easy muse. They did till you—  
You bid me try!

That makes them nine. The port's in sight—  
'Tis all because your eyes are bright!  
Now just a pair to end with "oo"—  
When maids command, what can't we do?  
Behold! the rondeau, tasteful, light,  
You bid me try!

## A BORDER AFFRAY IN THE OLD DOMINION\*

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

After the close of the French-Indian war, there had been an interval of peace between the races; and the settlers of the beautiful western Virginia valleys, and beyond the Alleghanies in the direction of the Ohio, had begun to breathe freer of their nightmare. But in April, 1774, occurred at Yellow Creek, on the Ohio River, an affray, the subject of fierce controversy in Southern Colonial history, and generally acknowledged to have been the immediate cause of "Lord Dunmore's war." A party of Virginians, smarting under a wrong done to their traders, had attacked and cruelly butchered the family of Logan, a renowned chief of the Mingoes, who had hitherto shown to the white men only the noblest side of the savage character. The first result of this disastrous action had been a reprisal. . . . From that moment, the dread "Scalp Halloo" began to resound again in the forests of the western boundary. . . .

At this crisis, one of the scouting parties, sent forward by the government, was traversing a lonely wilderness. Since daybreak, they had struggled through underbrush in search of a lost trail; the summer sun was high in the heavens when their captain came crashing back to the spot where the party had been making a half-hearted bivouac—for it was forty-eight hours since they last tasted food—with the announcement that he had at length struck the settler's path leading to their destination, a house in a valley where they might eat and drink and rest before going further on their way.

They were a band of five volunteers under Rolfe Poythress; all older than he, mostly neighbors, known and trusted since his childhood, and at present occupied in cutting strips from a deerskin upon which to chew as they resumed the march. The glorious news of shelter and refreshment within reach put into them fresh strength, and joyfully they rose to their feet.

"I allus said you wus a heap sight better'n a hound, Cap'n," observed a tall young mountaineer named Adams, who had grown up with Rolfe.

Rolfe did not waste words in answer—and, breaking camp, the men strode after him, emerging soon upon a plateau whence they could plainly see the narrow zig-zag of a path leading, at some distance farther on, down from the ledge to a fertile valley nestling between protecting walls of rock. It was a grand view that burst upon them at this exit from the woods. Far as the eye could reach, there were woods clothing heights, mountains beyond mountains—a sea of ridges, growing bluer as they receded from the eye, forty or fifty miles away, till blent with the azure of the sky. Down in the rich verdure of the valley ran the gleaming thread of a little river, at which Rolfe, pausing, looked approvingly.

"I fished there, last year," he said, "and I thought I couldn't mistake about this trail. A little farther along the ledge there's an easy drop from the rocks into the bushes and 'twill be a short cut to reach the

path. I remember 'twas at that spot I first espied Robertson's, or, at least, the smoke from his chimney curling above the trees."

"'Twill be a welcome sight, Cap'n," said Adams, "for men that have not had the luck to kill a turkey, or so much as a snake since day before yesterday. I reckon we can't go much further on a diet o' sasfras leaves and buck leather."

Pushing ahead, a ten-minutes walk brought them to the point indicated by their leader. While the men, with the glee of school-boys, prepared to let themselves down from the rocky bastion, Rolfe, who had been searching the valley with his gaze, stopped them with a gesture. He wanted to make sure before he spoke.

"Robertson's house is there—*was* there!" he said hoarsely, a shade of pallor coming under the bronze of his cheek. "As you see, there is smoke, but not from a chimney."

Involuntarily the men stiffened and drew together. At that moment, a cock crew in the clearing toward which all eyes were strained. This homely note was followed by the bleating of a calf.

"Come on. We may not be too late," said Rolfe, briefly.

Forgetful of hunger and fatigue, the scouts, falling one by one into the jungle of mountain laurel beneath them, picked their way without noise along the slope and to the path. Not a sound broke the stillness of the scene, but the repeated bleating of the calf. Crossing the river upon the stones strewing its bed, they passed through a bit of half cleared woods in a rocky pasture where a couple of sheep were grazing, and there stopped appalled.

There was no room to doubt the fate of the house and family of Robertson. All that remained was a heap of smouldering ashes and charred floor beams, under a grove of burnt or smoke-blackened pines. On either side of what had been the doorway, stakes stuck into the ground bore that which is best left undescribed.

Rolfe, to whom the simple, kindly owners of the place had given welcome the year before, examined the premises with black fury in his heart. Stooping over the door-stone, he lifted from it an Indian war-club, to which was secured, by plaited horsehair, a letter, written, to his surprise, in a fair English hand.

"As I supposed—a 'war message,'" he said, glancing at the sheet; then read it aloud, as follows:

CAPTAIN CRESAP:

"What did you kill my people on Yellow Creek for? The white people killed my kin on Conestoga a great while ago, and I thought nothing of that. But you killed my kin again on Yellow Creek and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill, too, and I have been three times to war since, but the Indians are not angry—only myself.

CAPTAIN JOHN LOGAN.

"Logan! It is Logan, then, who is on the war-path," exclaimed the young captain. "Good God! What have those men to answer for, who fired the shots at Yellow Creek?"

While his scouts, who, ransacking the ruins of a hen-house, had unearthed some fowls caught in the

\* A selected reading from *A Son of the Old Dominion*, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston, publishers; 12mo, \$1.50.

flames and cooked in their feathers, fell eagerly upon this food, Rolfe, after swallowing a few mouthfuls, and quenching his thirst at the river, thought over the grave situation. His plain duty was, at once, to carry Logan's message and token to the county lieutenant at Fincastle, many miles away; and to ask for soldiers to guard those parts of this unhappy country not already fallen a victim to the Indians on the war-path. But his thoughts had flown to a little sequestered cabin in the woods, out of the line the savages would be likely to take—another stopping-place of his expedition of the year before. In that humble abode dwelt a widow, sore bestead to wring sustenance from the soil, with her two daughters, and a son of fourteen, a manly lad who had acted as Rolfe's guide. Common humanity called upon him to go to look after them and, if possible, convey them to a fort for refuge. To Adams, therefore, the stalwart and trusty mountaineer, who could go at a dog's trot all day, and hardly feel fatigue; who knew the secrets of the wilderness almost as well as Rolfe did; who, upon reaching a horse and a country road, would ride until he dropped, before slackening speed in the delivery of the message, was entrusted Logan's club and letter; and Adams, accordingly, set off on the return. Then the five who were left to follow up the war-trail, made speed to take a by-path known to Rolfe, connecting Robertson's farm with that of the Widow Baker.

A few miles of easy going brought them to the clearing, before entering which Rolfe, keeping back his men, went ahead to reconnoitre. Alas! an ominous hush brooded around the spot! In a green ring of turf, trampled and blackened, another pile of ashes was sending up dull puffs of smoke. There was one difference. In this case, there was no horrid spectacle such as had sickened them in the other. Nothing was to be seen of any human being.

"The devils have carried them away," remarked the captain, after a brief, dreadful silence. The shock of this disappointment quite took the nerve out of him; and, throwing himself exhausted on the ground, he pondered over the course it was now best for him to take. To push further with four men toward the Indian country, seemed madness; and yet, if there were a chance to rescue these unfortunates, where was the man among them who would hold back?

While their captain thought it out, the men were busy exploring the poor remains of the widow's habitation with the hope of finding food. Rewarded by the joyful discovery of a bag of dried corn, and a few hens' eggs, with some young potatoes from the field, their spirits rose magically. With no great effort, a fire was kindled, the scouts laughing and joking over their camp cookery, as if the tragedy of the place had never been. Rolfe, only, although he ate with them, was a prey to gloom. He had but just resolved to go on, cost what it might, when a movement in the underwood at the edge of the clearing attracted him. Rifle to shoulder he was about to fire, but was stopped by a pitiful cry for mercy; and a figure, tattered with briers, bleeding, soiled yet still unrecognizable as a white boy, staggered out of the thicket, ran toward them, and fell senseless at their feet.

Rolfe, who had recognized the widow's son, suc-

ceeded in restoring him to consciousness; and when the lad could tell his wretched tale, the men listened to it in swelling wrath and pity. Young Baker had been hoeing in the potato patch, the day before, when the Indians fell upon their house like a lightning flash in a clear sky. He had not been able to reach his mother and two sisters, who were seized, bound, and carried away, the stock driven before them, the house and buildings fired; and then the lad, who expected to be tomahawked upon the spot, was loaded down with a Dutch oven belonging to his mother, which his captor, a young brave, ordered him to carry, although he could hardly stagger beneath its weight. In this way, they had walked for a long time, and, at the first camp, Baker had pleaded in vain for leave to rejoin his mother and sisters. The Indians, giving him to understand that he would never see them again, had, after eating, settled themselves to look on, while they made the lad collect wood and dead leaves to lay in a circle round a tree. Baker, who like other valley boys, had heard of the torture this preluded, again gave himself up for lost. But as his captors were beginning to lash him with a loose thong to a tree, intending to make him run, back and forth, around it in a circle of fire until he should drop dead, they were interrupted by the arrival of a great chief, who declared the boy was his. This chief proved to be none other than the famous Logan, known to have previously saved in the same way a white man named Robinson, around whose waist he had tied a belt of wampum, in token that the prisoner was not to be harmed. Upon Logan's interposition, Baker had been put in charge of an old squaw, who tied up his wounds and cuts with a healing salve, gave him to eat and drink, and put him, still bound, to sleep in her tent. In the night, Baker had received a visit from Robinson, Logan's adopted "cousin," who told him it was he whom Logan had directed to write the letter attached to the war-club, and that it was done with an ink made of gunpowder, under Logan's dictation, who informed Robinson it was to "be left in some house" where he would "kill." Robinson then advised Baker that although Logan was of a high and noble temper, he had been often inflamed by drink since the recent cruel murders of his kin, was moody, fitful, and could not be relied upon always to stand Baker's friend. So Robinson loosed Baker's cords, gave him a tomahawk, and left him; and the boy, rallying all his courage, killed the sleeping Indian who lay outside his tent, and ran away.

The little fellow had but reached this point of his woeful story, when a whoop came from the underbrush, rifles cracked, and the lad fell dead across Rolfe's knees. Two Indians, who had tracked the runaway to his home, seeing him under armed protection had taken this method to relieve their disappointment. As their mahogany forms withdrew into the dense woods, Rolfe, who had escaped as by a miracle the bullet meant for him, started in pursuit. But the Indians outran them, and were soon beyond a present overhauling.

"It shall go hard with me, though," said the captain, setting his teeth grimly, "if before to-morrow I do not make somebody pay the price of that dead boy's wrongs."

His men were of one mind with him. After this, there was no returning without a taste of Indian blood. So, leaving the corpse across the doorstep of his ruined home, they kept on the march all night. Toward morning, they espied what seemed to be a small encampment in the woods and, hardly trusting themselves to breathe, awaited daybreak to ascertain the number of the foe.

With the first pink of dawn, the Indians stirred, stretched themselves, arose, and stood around their fire. A dozen of them, Rolfe counted from his ambuscade. Then, uttering a cry, wild as the "Ahoi!" of the Viking, he opened fire. A hail of rifle-balls tattered the young green of intervening leaves. Five Indians—one a woman—fell dead, the remainder, surprised with empty guns, which they left upon the ground, flying like the wind.

"So much for little Baker's score," said the captain, drawing a breath of relief. But he could not rid himself of the thought of the hapless women. The fancy of Betty and May in such predicament crept into his brain and haunted it. If there were but one chance in a hundred of rescuing the poor souls, he would not hold back from attempting it. And again the scouts agreed with him.

They spent the day at rest in a secluded thicket, sleeping and watching by turns. That night, also, was passed in creeping, listening, holding their breath at the crackle of a twig.

At last, at daybreak, their stealthy progress was rewarded by the flicker of a distant camp-fire. Rolfe, his heart thumping his ribs with excitement, strained his gaze to ascertain the size of the force; and, leaving the others with loaded rifles pointed toward the camp, he skirted it cautiously in the rear. As the faint light grew brighter in the wood, he saw distinctly that the Indians, how many he knew not, were asleep. Presently an old woman who had been putting fuel on the fire stepped back into a rude shelter made of blankets, and called some one within to come to her assistance. A girl with loose yellow hair, moving like a sleep-walker, emerged from the tent, in whose pallid face Rolfe recognized Peggy Baker; and, putting an iron pot into her hands, the squaw directed her to go to the water-side and fill it.

The girl obeying mechanically, Rolfe watched her go down a path concealed by bushes, to the stream; improving his opportunity, he followed and, seizing her in his arms, besought her to make no sound, if she would not sacrifice them both. Then, carrying her back by the way he had come, he rejoined his men, and they at once began the retreat.

There was not a minute to be lost, since at the first alarm of the girl's absence, a search would be made for her. Picking their way with practised feet over scattered rocks, and bog and briar, half-dragging, half-carrying the girl between them, they ascertained from her that the Indians had found out the killing of their men the day before, and, in consequence, were to-day to attack a settlement of farmer-folk some miles further up the valley. A question as to the whereabouts of her mother and sister brought Rolfe a ghastly answer. This one had been spared, because of her youth and vigor, to be a servant to the squaws.

With these facts in mind, the young captain realized that his chances of escape with the rescued

prisoner were very, very slight. Peggy Baker, who had now recovered from the shock of her friendly abduction, begged to be allowed to march beside them, and proved herself to be as plucky as she was patient. As their course on the retreat ran parallel with the river, here widened between steep banks, and swollen with recent heavy rains, there was no hope of escaping pursuit; and, before long, they knew the Indians were upon their trail.

When the sound of the battle yell drew nearer, Rolfe braced himself for action. Giving the girl a weapon, and bidding her fly for her life in the direction of her home, he put his men into ambuscade behind a mass of brushwood and fallen trees.

"Swift death, an honest bullet in the brain, who fears them?" he said, as the horrid band approached. "'Tis the stake, boys, the burning splinters, we have got to fight, so—fire!"

Two of Rolfe's men fell in the ensuing skirmish; but owing to their protected situation, not until after the scouts had strewn the forest carpet with dead braves. A party of Indians coming around to the rear dislodged them and, with foes on both sides, the Virginians at last gave up the fight and fled, two of the survivors escaping in the woods. Rolfe, the daring leader, who had worked such havoc in the Indian ranks, the especial object of their wrath, was cut off and driven before a whirlwind of savage runners. On the river's bank, near the steep verge of the stream, here a boiling torrent, the Mingoes, now certain of their prey, threw down their guns, and moved up to close in a ring around him, flourishing their tomahawks. But Rolfe, casting a glance at the chasm, exceeding twenty feet in breadth, gathered his full strength, and, suddenly running to the edge of the bluff, with the activity of a panther leaped out of their grasp. When the Indians, crowding to the cliff, looked down, expecting to see their enemy struggling helpless in the flood, they beheld him, instead, landed safely upon his feet upon the lower shore, opposite, where, quick as light, he turned to confront them with his rifle.

At no moment had Rolfe considered his peril greater than at this. But while the savages made haste to pick up their own guns, a chief of lofty figure who had been foremost in the pursuit, stood on the edge of the chasm, and waved them back, calling out to Rolfe in English:

"Good jump! Captain make good jump!"

Rolfe lowered his rifle, in astonishment. Although he had never laid eyes upon the son of Shikellemus, who had so long been in the confidence of the Government and of the Six Nations, as an arbitrator of disputes, he could not doubt this stately being was the famous Logan.

"You go this time safe, captain," resumed the chief. "You track me, you kill my men, you steal my prisoner, but in fair fight. You fought well; you jumped like a deer, and you are fit to be a brave; so I let you go. But tell your people that I have not done killing, yet. If I believed in them I would not kill, but I believe no more. Next time I get you while I am killing, you do not go free."

So saying, the Indian turned and stalked away, followed by his band. In the deep forest, Rolfe heard presently arising the death chant over the bodies of their slain.

## IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

*The Development of Zionism.....Clifton Harby Levy.....The Independent*

Palestine is a word made sacred to Jew and Christian alike by the halo of historic recollections. The home of one religion and the birthplace of the other it is not remarkable that everything which has to do with it is of surpassing interest to the civilized world. Its importance to the religious world has never ceased, for the Bible ever carries us back to its sacred soil, even if only with regret that it has so long been in the hands of the "Unspeakable Turk" and still remains in his possession, notwithstanding crusade after crusade and more modern attempts to snatch it from his grasp.

The latest movement in this direction is remarkable in more ways than one. It is an attempt by new methods to accomplish a very ancient ideal. Palestine was the "Promised Land" to Abraham and his descendants until the emancipated Israelites took possession of it. When Solomon's Temple had been destroyed and Judah was carried captive to Babylon the favorite theme of Prophet and Psalmist was the return to Zion. These psalms and prophecies were treasured up in the Bible, and when the destruction of the second temple took place, in the year 70, exiled Israel found food for hope in these ancient writings, looking for a second return to Zion under the leadership of the Messiah. From time to time, during the Middle Ages, self-styled messiahs arose creating wild excitement by their attempts to get the Jews to return to Palestine. The idea became crystallized into the ritual where more than one prayer for the "Restoration of Jerusalem" is to be found. Especially on the Feast of Passover is this thought harped upon in song and story: "This year we celebrate our festival here; may we celebrate it next year in Jerusalem."

Since the development of Reform Judaism, which began in Germany less than a century ago, this doctrine of a personal Messiah who should lead Israel back to Palestine, has been put aside altogether, and many of those who still claim to follow orthodoxy in rite and ceremonial reject this tenet of faith. The so-called Zionist movement is, therefore, religious in origin, but, as advocated today, retains a very small portion of its original religious character. It is only since the savage anti-Jewish riots in Russia, in 1881, that the eyes of many oppressed Jews have turned longingly toward Palestine.

The Jewish community of Odessa, owing to its geographical position, was the first to take an active part in the movement. Dr. Puisker, of that city, roused the Jewish students of the Russian universities by his book, *Auto-Emancipation*. A paper called *Razswjet* (The Dawn) was started in the interest of Zionism, exerting a wide influence as long as it was published (1881—1883). Through this book of Puisker's and this periodical a society of the students from the universities of Harkov, St. Petersburg, Moscow and Odessa, was formed, called *Biluzi*, from the initials of the Hebrew words adopted as a motto, the translation of which is, "O house of Israel, come let us go!" In 1883 the first colony resulting from this agitation was founded by

Zebi Hirsh Lewantin, a wealthy philanthropist of Nicolaew, Russia, which was purchased by one of the Rothschilds a year later. An international society for the support of Palestinian colonies, called the Chovier Zion (Friends of Zion) was then organized. This society has quite a large number of local branches in the United States and Europe, claiming thirty-one "tents," which contributed £1,500 toward the colonies during 1896.

The colonization of Palestine has heretofore been no different in purpose from the Russian agricultural colonies planted in Argentine or the United States; but an altogether novel idea has been lately promulgated by Dr. Theodor Herzl, of Vienna, in his little book, *The Jewish State (Judenstaat)*. He advocates not only the colonization of the Holy Land, but also its erection into a Jewish State, through purchase from the Turkish Government. He claims that the condition of the Jews in many lands, notably Russia and Roumania, and even Austria and Germany, is unbearable, and that no shield against anti-Semitism can be found until the Jews have a country of their own. He would accomplish his purpose without any violent social or economic revolutions, by a careful regulation of emigration and settlement. He would form an international "Society of Jews," whose aim should be scientific and political, the study of conditions and the planning of the new State. He would vest the management of his enterprise in a "Jewish Company," which is to manage all details. In the Jewish State there is to be a "seven-hours" working-day, symbolized by the banner, which is to have seven blue stars on a white field. Dr. Herzl claims that anti-Semitism is economic and social, not religious; and the cure, therefore, is the establishment of the Jewish State. His book was put forth to feel the pulse of the public. It was greeted with both criticism and indorsement among the Jews, and even found enthusiastic support in some quarters. It was not received in bad part even by non-Jews. In answer to his critics Dr. Herzl reasserts his claims, and adds that the resettlement of Palestine by the Jews would avoid European complications as to national interests there; that he would come to the aid of shattered Turkish finances by paying a tribute of \$500,000 per annum, guaranteeing a loan of \$10,000,000, and that the tribute should be increased in proportion to the increasing population.

The Executive Committee of the Union of German Rabbis, meeting at Berlin, July 6th, passed a series of resolutions against the movement, stating:

"The efforts of so-called Zionists to create a Jewish national State in Palestine, are antagonistic to the Messianic promises of Judaism as contained in Holy Writ and in later religious sources. . . . Religion and patriotism alike impose upon us the duty of begging all who have the welfare of Judaism at heart to hold aloof from this Zionist movement, and to abstain from attending the Congress."

The Central Conference of American Rabbis, which met in Montreal, Canada, in July, resolved:

"We totally disapprove of any attempt for the establishment of a Jewish State. Such attempts

show a misunderstanding of Israel's mission which from the narrow political and national field has been expanded to the promotion among the whole human race of the broad and universalistic religion first proclaimed by the prophets," etc.

Many individuals favor the plan, while others are altogether opposed to it. Naturally the most ardent supporters are to be found in those countries where the Jew is most oppressed; and it is stated that many Russian and Roumanian Jews are wildly excited at the prospect of an immediate return to Palestine.

*Growth of Religious Tolerance in the United States...Lyman Abbott...Forum*

Two changes have taken place in the life of the church, both of them for the better, though doubtless accompanied, as all such changes are, by some adverse circumstances. First, the public interest has been transferred from theological to ethical problems—that is, from problems in the philosophy of religion to problems in practical conduct. Second, we have grown more catholic, that is, more large-minded; have come, or are coming, to see the difference between truths and the truth, and to perceive that none of us possesses *the* truth, and that our neighbor possesses some fragment of truth which we ourselves have failed to possess. In other words, we are coming to recognize the fact that each one of us knows but in part and prophesies in part, and that only by putting these various parts together can anyone secure the whole. . . .

With this transfer of public interest from theological to ethical and spiritual problems has gone a radical change in the nature of the theological problems which interest thoughtful men and women. Darwin's *Origin of Species* was published in 1859. Almost instantly evolution, which had previously been a theory interesting cloistered students only, became a problem interesting the public and discussed in the periodicals, the journals, and the social clubs. The theological disputants of the eighteenth century all accepted, as a final authority, the words of the Bible. Not so the theological disputants of the nineteenth century. . . . If, in a company of twenty divines of to-day, a theological discussion be started, the theme will be connected with the adjustment of evolutionary theories to traditional theology: one portion of the disputants will stand by traditional theology, surrendering reluctantly, if at all, the traditional positions; the other portion will frankly throw over the old traditionalism and will be found reconstructing their ethical philosophy, their theological system, and their Biblical criticism on an evolutionary foundation. Arminians and Calvinists, Episcopalians and Independents, Baptists and Pedo-Baptists, will be found in each section. In other words, while the old dogmatic lines remain to divide the denominations, the real lines, which divide men in their vital theological sympathies, are wholly undenominational. Men who subscribe to the same theological creed are theological opponents: men who are in opposing theological camps are in reality theological allies. . . . Thus, while we are growing more indifferent about speculative theories and more interested in ethico-spiritual principles, we are also growing, not so much more tolerant, as more catholic. . . . We may certainly see that the close of the nine-

teenth century is far in advance of the beginning, in the juster comparative estimate which it puts on speculative thought and practical life, in the more cautious estimate which each one puts upon his own opinions, and in the greater readiness of each to give respectful consideration to the opinions of his neighbor.

*The Gods of India.....F. M. Holmes.....The Quiver*

Great is the number of the idols of India. Popular report puts them down at 333 millions. This, doubtless, is only a vague and general way of expressing their immense multitude. Nevertheless, every Indian village seems to have its idol—nay, more than one—and the total number is undoubtedly very large, even if it does not attain to the 333 millions.

At first sight, nothing seems more absolutely incomprehensible to Christian men and women than that hosts of people, supposed to be intelligent beings, should thus bow down to idols of wood and stone which they themselves have made. But, doubtless, behind these idols at the time of their origin lay some philosophical creed, some definite idea, or even some living hero whom the image was supposed to perpetuate and personify. The theory of idolatry is represented to be that the image worshipped is regarded as the dwelling of a super-human personage. And no image made by potter or carver, sculptor or manufacturer, is supposed to be fit for worship until "mystic words" have been spoken over it by the priest. . . . India has justly been called the "Land of Idols." They meet us there at every turn. It would be absolutely impossible to attempt to describe even a small number of this immense multitude. We must therefore follow the sound principle of endeavoring to select the most prominent and the most characteristic. There is Brahma, for instance. Brahma is supposed to be the Supreme Being—the supreme god of the Hindu mythology. But some authorities regard Brahma as the name under which God is worshipped. There are, however, three principal "forms" or manifestations of Brahma, and they are usually spoken of as the Hindu Triad. Their names are Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer. (The last "a" in the name of Brahma, the first of the Triad, is thus, "ā"; as the Supreme Being, thus, "a" simply.) Each one of the Triad is supposed to be married; Sarasvati being the wife of Brahmā, Lakshmi the wife of Vishnu, and Umā or Durgā, and in another form Kāli, the wife of Siva. Thus we get at once six or eight deities, which may be regarded as the chief, or among the chief, of the many gods of India, Brahma being supreme.

Brahmā, the first of the Triad, is depicted as a red man with four heads and four arms, each two springing from the same shoulder. The reason why gods are supposed to have many arms and eyes is to indicate their great power. He is described by some as representing the path of salvation through wisdom. . . . Next comes Sarasvati, Brahmā's wife, the goddess of wisdom. She is more particularly worshipped by such as desire her help in their studies. She is, curiously enough, represented as a white woman, and is held to have invented the Devanāgarā alphabet, and also science and Sanskrit.

She is the goddess of speech, of knowledge, and of eloquence, and patronizes music, and the arts generally. She is depicted as sitting on a lotus—a species of water-lily, and held sacred by the Hindus.

But now comes Vishnu the Preserver—perhaps, of all the gods, the most popular in India, and the most worshipped—even as his wife, Lakshmi, the goddess of prosperity, is one of the most popular in the feminine half of the Hindu Pantheon. Wonderful are the stories told of Vishnu. He is usually depicted as black in color, and gifted with four arms; and as in a struggle of the gods with the demons he killed a woman he was condemned to be born on earth ten times, though some authorities say twenty-two. So he appeared as a fish, a tortoise, a boar, and a man-lion, among other incarnations. The tortoise incarnation is known as the Kurma Avatār. . . . The god Rāma, one of Vishnu's manifestations, is very popular, and the sacred book recounting the wonderful stories of Rāma has an immense fascination for many Hindus. Rāma is, in fact, one of the two principal incarnations—avatars—of Vishnu, the other being the very popular god Krishna. This god seems regarded with more pleasure than any other; he is the merry god, and he is also reported to have worked many miracles for the benefit of the people; some incidents of his life are not unlike certain features in the life of Christ, but the characters of the two are very different. Krishna was very good-tempered, but very unprincipled, and did not mind stealing anything he could not obtain by legal means. He played the flute most beautifully, and at the sound wild beasts became tame, and trees and stones were gifted with life. So, too, he protected the maidens of Brindaban by slaying, after a fearful struggle, a monstrous serpent which terrified them. This occurred when he was a youth, and one of the various images of the god represents him as standing on a serpent's head, and another as playing a flute. Other images exhibit him as a babe in the arms of his mother, and as a strong man ready for the fight, or, again, as a playful boy bending on one knee and holding out one hand for sweatmeats. . . . The followers of Krishna believe that by merely mentioning his name they will be saved, while the heaven that is promised them is full of innumerable joys. Turn we now from Vishnu and his numerous variations to Lakshmi, his wife. She is the goddess of prosperity or of good luck. When a man thrives, people say Lakshmi dwells with him, and when he fails they declare that Lakshmi has departed from him—which seems a very capricious proceeding on Lakshmi's part. Certainly it is not unfitting that Vishnu the Preserver should have for wife Lakshmi the Prosperous, and we can understand how they have become two of the most prominent deities of the Hindu world. She is generally represented as a lovely woman with a golden-colored face—gold being the Hindu's idea of beauty. She accompanies Vishnu in many of his incarnations and rejoices in several names.

Very different from "The Preserver," and the goddess of good luck, are Siva, or Shiva, and his wife. Siva is the Destroyer, but, curiously enough, he is also the Reproducer, while his name signifies "The Happy One." He is often presented as a man

nearly naked, but powdered over with ashes, and partly clad in a tiger-skin swathed about his loins. Cobras coil and curl about his head and neck, while in one hand he often holds a thunderbolt. He is endowed with a third eye in the middle of the forehead, this third eye being supposed to indicate his great faculty of contemplation. Perhaps this third eye is to represent an "inward eye" of reflection. A necklace of human skulls decorates his horrible throat in some pictures, while in another hand he wields a mighty trident, or club, surmounted by human heads and imitations of breast bones and ribs. He is also armed with a bow, and an axe. . . . Siva had several wives, or the same wife in several forms. At first she is Parvati, or Sati—"The Faithful One"—and her name is given to widows who choose to be burned alive with the body of their husbands; secondly, she is Durgā, an attractive monstrosity with ten arms and a face which is supposed to be calm and beneficent. One of the forms of Durgā is known as Jagaddhātri or "The Mother of the World," when she is represented as seated on a lion, and dressed in red. But, again, the wife of Siva appears as Kāli, the Goddess of Cruelty, and one of the most horrible of all the Hindu deities. It seems not unfitting that the Destroyer should have Cruelty for wife. She is generally represented as a black woman, adorned with human skulls and hands, and dancing on the body of her husband. This is not, however, because she hates him, but because when she had finished destroying her enemies, she danced so violently that the earth seemed likely to be shaken to pieces. So, to stop her, Siva lay down among the dead bodies, and she, seeing him under her feet, became ashamed and put out her tongue—which is the Bengali manner of blushing—and ceased her dancing.

These variations or different forms of the Hindu gods are very perplexing. Thus the well-known idol Juggernaut—the Sanskrit name of which is Jagannātha—is said to be really but a form or variation of Vishnu. Juggernaut is "The Lord of the World." He is a very ugly god, an almost formless block, the reason whereof is curious; it was due to curiosity. Visvakarma, the god-workman, agreed centuries ago to make an image to represent Vishnu, but no one was to spy upon him while at work. The king, however, played the part of a "peeping Tom," and the god-workman in wrath departed, leaving Juggernaut the hideous and formless block we now see it. Other accounts, however, relate that the god is a modification of certain Buddhistic symbols.

Serpent or snake worship still finds many votaries, especially in the neighborhood of Nagpore, or city of the snake. Serpent worship is, in fact, one of the most widespread and ancient forms of early religions, and it is prominent in early Hindu Buddhism. Notwithstanding the numerous gods of the Hindus there are certain broad divisions among their followers, such as the worshippers of Vishnu, who are found chiefly in the south, and the adorers of Siva, who are largely to be met with in the north, while there are also the worshippers of the wives of these gods. But while selecting one or more gods for especial worship, a Hindu would acknowledge the power of all.

## RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

*The Marriage Market.....A Conservative Opinion.....The Spectator*

It is not a new complaint, that the fashionable world is nothing but a marriage market in which unfortunate girls are exposed for sale to the highest bidder by their cruel, heartless, and avaricious mothers. There never was an age in which the marriage market accusation was not made again and again, and there probably never will be one. It would be preposterous to expect otherwise. As long as marriage remains one of the most important, if not the most important, event in life, and so long as men and women prefer being rich to being poor, so long parents will be accused of selling their daughters and of opening a marriage exchange in their drawing-rooms. It is easy enough to see how the accusation arises. . . . It can apparently be shown that something like a marriage market exists, in which the mothers try to sell their daughters to the best advantage; and yet all the time it is quite obvious that the mothers are doing nothing of the kind, but are only trying to get their daughters "comfortably settled"—a very natural and very sensible action. There is more foolish nonsense written about the marriage market than on any other subject under heaven. . . . The truth about the whole question is, we believe, something of this kind. A certain number of women marry solely for love. A certain, and perhaps larger, number marry for reasons in which love and the desire to have a home of their own and money of their own are mixed up. Another small section marry purely from reasons of ambition, usually of a pecuniary kind—i. e., with the idea of becoming great personages through marriage. As a rule, however, these mercenary marriages are made not by a designing mother, who wishes to sell her daughter, but by a designing, or rather ambitious, girl who deliberately wishes to climb the world's ladder by marriage. The girls who deliberately try to better their position by marriage are, however, by no means necessarily despicable people. A few are. Those, for example, who deliberately marry rich men of known bad character, very old men, or men of feeble intellect, or men they dislike. The majority, however, are very like the ambitious men who deliberately prefer getting on by marriage to marrying for other considerations, and so choose a rich wife. Theoretically, these must be rather unpleasant and repulsive people. As a matter of fact, however, they are often nothing of the kind, and end by making very good husbands. So is it with thousands of the girls who are said to sell themselves for money. We do not, of course, want to defend mercenary marriages, and we detest the notion of girls being brought up to think that money is the only object in life. It is, however, absolutely necessary to speak out about the current cant concerning the marriage market. That, as a rule, is mere rhetoric, and when it means anything, means that most naturally mothers, other things being equal, prefer that their daughters should be without pecuniary cares. One matron puts the feeling quite correctly when she says that if she does not know either of the men, she prefers the rich one. Depend upon it, indigence and virtue are no more convertible terms than riches and vice.

*A Study in Current Slanguage.....Ellen Burns Sherman.....The Critic*

The Italian method of prefixing an "s" to a word to give it a damaging significance can be employed with good effect in christening that wayward and degenerate offspring of English known as slang. In its present state, slanguage has attained to such a luxurious completeness that it warrants serious treatment. So copious and comprehensive has it become that there is hardly a human want, feeling, or emotion of the heart, that cannot be translated into this vernacular of the bootblack. In studying the philosophy of slang, the first natural query is, How and why did it originate? To the first question one might give, with certain modifications, the same answer that would be given to the question, Why do people swear? The human animal, like a locomotive, seems to require escape-valves for occasions when there is too much steam in the boiler. When a man is overflowing with admiration, anger or wonder, the ordinary adjectives do not (or he thinks they do not) meet the emergency. They do not relieve his pent-up fulness any more than a sip from a dewdrop would quench a man's thirst. The natural man and the natural woman sometimes find relief under strong emotion in explosive utterances. In the case of anger, the escape-valve expletive is an oath, unless the man in question happens to be a gentleman, and sometimes, though very rarely, when he is.

It will thus be seen that slang, being of emotional ancestry, is a first cousin to the oath, and both are used by those who mentally resemble the man whose use of intoxicating drinks has made him forget or underestimate the attractions of pure water. Slang, in sooth, is a whisky-distillation of language. It is so strong that it may be taken only very rarely with impunity. And herein lies the chief danger in its use. Not only does the slanguist find ordinary English tame, but he ends in not being able to find any English at all. He has expressed himself so often in slanguage that when he really wishes to use another word he discovers that that other word does not come. And who can blame the word for standing on its dignity? Like a slighted damsels, who has been supplanted by a more captivating rival, it refuses to answer to the beck and call of its fickle suitor. Another fatal characteristic of slang is the very one which at first secures its adoption—namely, its pungency. The same law that makes quiet colors and shades wear well in the world of fabrics, has its counterpart in the world of speech. We tire very speedily of a startling costume, in high colors, and just as speedily do we tire of slang, which is startling, high-colored speech. The popularity of slang, from whatever cause, inveighs against its ultimate adoption as a legal offspring of language. Popularity generally ends in over-use, and over-use means wearing-out and premature decay, a law which is continually in operation in the book and song world as well. The deadliest books and songs are those whose popularity has caused them to be read or sung into extinction.

Still another reason why slang can never gain a permanent foothold in the language is its utter lack of dignity. No subject can be seriously treated in

slanguage. Its sole function is to tickle by its patness or its grotesqueness. It reflects a fugitive iridescence upon current wit and humor, as the bubble catches prismatic colors; but like the bubble, it vanishes even while you behold it. Naturally there are slang phrases of all degrees of goodness and badness, ranging from the word which is only a slight remove from a forcible but perfectly decorous adjective, to slang of the most daring, deep-dyed order. At one end of the scale, for instance, one might place "fetching," and at the other end its super-superlative "rum." Again, the injunction "play ball" is gentle and seemly, in comparison with the brusque command "get a move on." Along certain lines, the slang-geist seems to revel in extravagant synonyms and antonyms, especially in those expressing some infirmity in the upper story. The man who has "wheels" is also popularly known as "nutty," "cracked," or "off his trolley." Again, if he comes from the country, he is "corn-raised," has "seed in his hair," or his "face doesn't fit him." "Gall," "nerve," "cheek," "sand," "brass" and "face" are also nearly synonymous terms for qualities whose universality has made them a target for popular satire. Equally prolific is the slang-geist in coining terms for money. "Dust," "tin," "sand," "rocks," "chink" and "spondulicks" are only a few of the words that translate "filthy lucre." Two of the slang phrases now in gallingly frequent use are, "that's right" and "that won't cut much ice." The latter, it must be confessed, has certain cool figurative qualities which give it a saving color of grace. But most of these phrases rely chiefly upon their condensed expressiveness, which is the trade-mark of their American manufacture. They are but one of the many devices of the masses to compass a cross-cut and avoid circumlocutions. Thus, "snap" and "cinch" are time economy for a moneymaking sinecure and an assured competence.

One of the surest tests of the rapid mortality of slang is the extremely painful sensation produced by hearing antiquated slang phrases used—and there are always people who are two, or three, or ten years behind in their use of such phrases. When other people are saying "not on your tintype," the user of mildewed slang feebly ejaculates "I should smile." The piquancy and patness of certain phrases make it hard to declare that slang has no legitimate use. But concerning its misuse, there can hardly be two opinions among people whose opinions are worth anything. A careful study of the qualities of men and women who habitually interlard their remarks with slang will furnish anybody with a world of convincing conclusions in favor of pure English.

*Liberation from One's Place*.....*World-Citizenship*.....*The Outlook*

The instinct which drives men to travel is at bottom identical with that which fills men with passionate desire to know what is in life. Time and strength are often wasted in restless change from place to place; but real wandering, however aimless in mood, is always education. To know one's neighbors and to be on good terms with the community in which one lives are the beginning of sound relations to the world at large; but one never knows his village in any real sense until he knows the world. The

distant hills which seem to be always calling the imaginative boy away from the familiar fields and hearth do not conspire against his peace, however much they may conspire against his comfort; they help him to the fulfillment of his destiny by suggesting to his imagination the deeper experience, the richer growth, the higher tasks which await him in the world beyond the horizon. Man is a wanderer by the law of his life; and if he never leaves the home in which he is born, he never builds a home of his own.

It is the law of life that a child should leave his father and separate himself from his inherited surroundings, in order that, by self-unfolding and self-realization, he may substitute a conscious for an unconscious, a moral for an instructive, relation. The instinct of the myth-makers was sound when it led them to attach such importance to the wandering and the return; the separation effected in order that individuality and character might be realized through isolation and experience, the return voluntarily made through clear recognition of the soundness of the primitive relations, the beauty of the service of the older and wiser to the younger and the more ignorant. We are born into relations which we accept as normal and inevitable; we break away from them in order that by detachment we may see them objectively and from a distance, and that we may come to self-consciousness; we resume these relations of deliberate purpose and with clear perception of their moral significance. So the boy, grown to manhood, returns to his home from the world in which he has tested himself and seen for the first time, with clear eyes, the depth and beauty of its service in the spiritual order; so the man who has revolted from the barren and shallow dogmatic statement of a spiritual truth returns, in riper years and with a deeper insight, to the truth which is no longer matter of inherited belief, but of vital need and perception.

The ripe, mature, full mind not only escapes the limitations of the time in which it finds itself, it also escapes from the limitations of the place in which it happens to be. A man of deep culture cannot be a provincial; he must be a citizen of the world. The man of provincial tastes and ideas owns the acres; the man of culture commands the landscape. He knows the world beyond the hills; he sees the great movement of life from which the village seems almost shut out; he shares those inclusive experiences which come to each age and give each age a character of its own. He is in fellowship and sympathy with the smaller community at his doors, but he belongs also to that greater community which is coterminous with humanity itself. He is not disloyal to his immediate surroundings when he leaves them for exploration, travel, and discovery; he is fulfilling that law of life which conditions true valuation of that into which one is born upon clear perception of that which one must acquire for himself.

The wanderings of individuals and races, which form so large a part of the substance of history, are witnesses of that craving for deeper experience and wider knowledge which is one of the springs of human progress. The American cares for Europe, not for its more skillful and elaborate ministrations to his comfort; he is drawn towards it through the

appeal of its rich historic life to his imagination, and through the diversity and variety of its social and racial phenomena. And in like manner the European seeks the East, not simple as a matter of idle curiosity, but because he finds in the East conditions which are set in such sharp contrast with those with which he is familiar. The instinct for expansion which gives human history its meaning and interest is constantly urging the man of sensitive mind to secure by observation that which he cannot get by experience.

To secure the most complete development one must live in one's time and yet live above it, and one must also live in one's home and yet live, at the same time, in the world. The life which is bounded in knowledge, interest, and activity by the invisible but real and limiting walls of a small community is often definite in aim, effective in action, and upright in intention; but it cannot be rich, varied, generous, and stimulating. The life, on the other hand, which is entirely detached from local associations and tasks is often interesting, liberalizing, and catholic in spirit; but it cannot be original or productive. A sound life—balanced, poised, and intelligently directed—must stand strongly in both local and universal relations; it must have the vitality and warmth of the first, and the breadth and range of the second.

This liberation from provincialism is not only one of the signs of culture, but it is also one of its finest results; it registers a high degree of advancement. For the man who has passed beyond the prejudices, misconceptions, and narrowness of provincialism has gone far on the road to self-education. He has made as marked an advance on the position of the great mass of his contemporaries as that position is an advance on the earlier stages of barbarism. The barbarian lives only in his tribe; the civilized man, in the exact degree in which he is civilized, lives with humanity. Books are among the richest resources against narrowing local influences; they are the ripest expositions of the world-spirit. To know the typical books of the race is to be in touch with those elements of thought and experience which are shared by men of all countries. Without a knowledge of these books a man never really gets at the life of localities which are foreign to him; never really sees those historic places about which the traditions of civilization have gathered. Travel is robbed of half its educational value unless one carries with him a knowledge of that which he looks at for the first time with his own eyes. No American sees England unless he carries England in his memory and imagination. Westminster Abbey is devoid of spiritual significance to the man who is ignorant of the life out of which it grew, and of the history which is written in its architecture and its memorials. The emancipation from the limitations of locality is greatly aided by travel, but it is accomplished only by intimate knowledge of the greater books.

*In Praise of Misers*.....*Barry Pain*.....*To-Day*

I want to be a miser. His is a life which would suit me admirably in many respects, and the miser has in the highest possible degree the virtue which I admire most, although, in my present circumstances, it is impossible for me to possess it. I mean

the virtue of complete unselfishness. All other men do mean and selfish things. Sometimes they save people from drowning, not because they care about the people, but because it flatters their vanity to be thought courageous and heroic. Sometimes they lend a man half-a-crown, but it is not to oblige him; it is only to make the man believe that they have got half-a-crown to lend. They subscribe to charities, merely to purchase a high opinion of their generosity, or from fear of a low opinion. They are kind to their wives and families, to save themselves the feelings of remorse and uneasiness which they would otherwise experience. These are all dirty, low, contemptible actions; but such is the weakness of human nature that almost all of us are guilty of one or other of them. I have been guilty of the whole list myself, and I am ashamed of it. I want to be a miser.

By his grand unselfishness, the miser robs death of half its terrors. He makes up his mind, with a really fine nobility, that he will never inflict on any innocent person the terrible sorrow of bereavement; he determines that his death shall be a source of pleasure, rather than pain, and to that end he arranges to leave behind, when he is taken, the greatest possible cash equivalent, and, in the meantime, to secure the lowest possible opinion of himself. He is quite free from this abominable weakness of vanity, which makes heroes of so many of us. It takes a strong man to live up to the motto: "So live that your death will be welcome." The miser is a strong man; the others, who like people to like them, are weak—criminally weak.

When the miser sees a woman drowning, he does not steal from his heirs the price of a new suit of clothes by jumping into the water after her. Living always for posterity, he neither gives, nor runs the risk of lending. He is not kind to his wife and family, because he has no wife and family; and he has no wife and family, because he does not want to provide mourners for himself at the expense of his heirs. Women, however badly treated, will mostly mourn the man with whom, for years, they have breakfasted. He is a philosopher, and the greatest hero—for he has the heroism to support a reputation for cowardice. His life is simple, delightful, and dignified. He has no servants, is independent, and for all the necessities of life is sufficient for himself. He may have enemies, it is true, but the best of us have enemies, and he more than makes up for it by not having any friends. He lives in complete seclusion, and with great asceticism—the seclusion and the asceticism which are essential to great literary work. All the greatest literary work has been written by misers; this is not generally known, because not one word of that work has ever been read. The miser does not publish, and guards against publication, because he is the only man strong enough to work for the love of it, without ulterior motives. Then he dies, and they find, stuffed away in the hole in the wall, bank-notes to the value of £2,000,000. In addition to this, he has on his person fourpence in bronze. The miser is the finest philosopher, artist and hero. I want to be a miser. I have the inclination. I could manage the hole in the wall. I am merely waiting for those bank-notes.

## THE SONNET: AUTUMNAL PICTURES

*October*.....*Ethelwyn Wetherald*.....*The House of the Trees*    *The Frost*.....*Jones Very*.....*Poems*

Against the winter's heav'n of white the blood  
Of earth runs very quick and hot to-day;  
A storm of fiery leaves are out at play  
Around the lingering sunset of the wood.  
Where rows of blackberries unnoticed stood,  
Through 'whelming vines, as through a gleaming flood.  
Run streams of ruddy color wildly gay;  
The golden lane half dreaming picks its way  
O warm, outspoken earth, a little space  
Against thy beating heart my heart shall beat,  
A little while they twain shall bleed and burn,  
And then the cold touch and the gray, gray face,  
The frozen pulse, the drifted winding-sheet,  
And speechlessness, and the chill burial urn.

The frost is out, and in the open fields,  
And late within the woods, I marked his track;  
The unwary flower his icy fingers feels,  
And at their touch the crisped leaf rolls back;—  
Look, how the maple o'er a sea of green  
Waves in the autumnal wind his flag of red!  
First struck of all the forest's spreading screen,  
Most beauteous, too, the earliest of her dead.  
Go on: thy task is kindly meant by Him  
Whose is each flower and richly covered bough;  
And though the leaves hang dead on every limb,  
Still will I praise His love, that early now  
Has sent before this herald of decay  
To bid me heed the approach of Winter's sterner day.

*Autumn*.....*Edith M. Thomas*.....*Lyrics and Sonnets*

'Tis now that spiders in the casement weave,  
Or launch their silken air-ships on the breeze;  
'Tis now that honey-ripeness feeds the bees  
Where vine-born amber sweets their prison cleave,  
And golden spheres their leafy heavens leave.  
The same wind whispers through the orchard trees  
That blew our swallows over southern seas,  
And stole the robin's vesper from our eve.  
The spirit of the year, like bacchant crowned,  
With lighted torch goes careless on his way:  
And soon bursts into flame the maple's spray,  
And vines are running fire along the ground.  
But softly! on October's blazing bound  
How laugh the violet eyes of tender May!

*Firelight*.....*Clinton Scollard*.....*With Reed and Lyre*

At starlit dusk in wanng autumn tide,  
How pleasant when the frosty air grows still,  
And trees stand ghostly on each purple hill,  
To sit in quiet by the ingleside;  
And there, forgetful that the day has died,  
To let the fleeting fancy roam at will,  
And visions born of dancing firelight fill  
The mind, while night veils mead and woodland wide.  
Within the glowing flame one may behold  
Great golden galleons, troops of arm'd men,  
Massive cathedrals rising, spire on spire;  
And to my vision doth this scene unfold  
The while I gaze intently once again,  
The Hebrew children in the furnace fire!

*Golden Rod*.....*Emily Shaw Forman*.....*Poems*

A patient, pensive silence fills the wood,  
Broken by muffled droppings, sad as tears;  
On the far hills a purple haze appears,  
That veils and yet reveals their mournful mood;  
Soft mists along the lowlands creep, and brood  
On lake and river. Through the hush one hears  
The tuneless drone of insects, lulling fears  
And hopes alike. A sense, half understood,  
Of something dear that was and is no more,  
Stirs in the heart. "Summer is gone," we say;  
But see, as dreamily she went her way,  
She dropped the golden sceptre that she bore;  
Ah, precious symbol of her gracious sway,  
Bright incarnation of the smile she wore!

*St. Martin's Summer*.....*Edith Jones*.....*Poems*

After the summer's fierce and thirsty glare,  
After the falling leaves and falling rain,  
When harsh winds beat the field of ripened grain  
And autumn's pennons from the branches flare,  
There comes a stilly season, soft and fair,  
When clouds are lifted, winds are hushed again,—  
A phantom summer hovering without pain  
In the veiled radiance of the quiet air;  
When, folding down the line of level seas,  
A silver mist at noonday faintly broods,  
And like becalmed ships the yellow trees  
Stand islanded in windless solitudes,  
Each leaf unstirred and parching for the breeze  
That hides and lingers northward in the woods.

*Barberries*.....*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*.....*Poems*

In scarlet clusters o'er the gray stone-wall  
The barberries lean in thin autumnal air:  
Just when the fields and garden-plots are bare,  
And ere the green leaf takes the tint of fall,  
They come to make the eye a festival!  
Along the road, for miles, their torches flare.  
Ah, if your deep-sea coral were but rare  
(The damask rose might envy it withal),  
What bards had sung your praises long ago,  
Called you fine names in honey-worded books—  
The rosy tramps of turnpike and of lane,  
September's blushes, Ceres' lips aglow,  
Little Red-Ridinghoods, for your sweet looks!—  
But your plebeian beauty is in vain.

*November*.....*Lloyd Mifflin*.....*At the Gates of Song*

A stately figure walking through the wood;  
Her features faded; in her eye a tear;  
Her face the grave of beauty, sad, severe;  
A queen dethroned and in her solitude.  
Her crimson robes that long the winds withstood,  
Now trailing torn and dark throughout the year.  
In her pale hands the pendant ivy, sere;  
Stript of her coronal; in widowhood;  
Yet still remembering her magnificence,  
She walks superbly through the leafless glades;  
She feels the splendor of her opulence  
Has faded from her as the leaf's, that fades;  
A queen indeed! in royal impotence  
She sweeps—how proudly! down into the shades.

## TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

*A Chinese Dinner in New York.....Julian Jerrold.....Illustrated American*

A Chinese dinner is the most civilized dinner in the world. There is a certain New York epicure who delights to demonstrate this by giving Chinese dinners to little parties of his chosen friends. Such a dinner, in twelve courses, he gave the other day, in the restaurant of Ma Hung Low, in Mott street. This dinner may be described as a lesson in Chinese civilization, and an effective example of how to dine both wisely and well.

The guests were eleven, making, with the host, the accepted Chinese dinner number of twelve, a number without gastronomical significance to our Western minds, unless by reason of the nice dexterity with which it avoids thirteen. Though the feast began at two o'clock in the afternoon, the tea-house was hung within and without with Chinese lanterns. The banquet table was round, to avoid all question of precedent. At every diner's place were ivory chopsticks, with a collection of dainty little cups and bowls, and never a knife or fork in sight.

The first course was made up of such dainties as Western barbarism reserves for desserts. These aromatic fruits and conserves, scattered all over the table in tiny dishes, piqued the appetite and made eating a delicate delight. It was impossible to be hurried over dried watermelon seeds. The chow-chow was not a pickle but a preserve, a strange opaline tangle of gelatinous shreds, tough enough to require deliberation in the chewing, and of a flavor subtle as a perfume of flowers. The Cumquat oranges, little honey-colored globes of pungent sweetness the size of the tip of one's thumb, were mysteries to linger over. The melon-rind and curiously candied ginger bit the palate provocatively, till it appreciated the soothing blandness of the long, juicy wheel-fruit. Everything had to be eaten with the ivory chopsticks; and owing to the zeal of the beginners to practice their chopsticks on such easily handled viands before passing to the difficulties of rice and stew, it is probable that far more of the first course was eaten than Oriental etiquette would approve.

With the second course came the first wine, a pale, faintly odorous liquor, served from little covered tea pots of quaint china, and drunk from fragile cups of thimble size. The dish of this course, aptly known as "fowl in the nest," is one of the "pièces de résistance" of the Chinese Savarin, and very enticing it looked, curiously garnished, and resting in a great oblong bowl. It consists mainly of the breasts and legs of young pigeons, the breasts of young chickens, bean sprouts and Chinese mushrooms, all stuffed into a hollowed watermelon. The melon-rind is securely plugged, and the whole thing is boiled till the melon looks like a roll of white pastry. When this comes on the table a hole is cut in the rind and the contents are scooped out, steaming and fragrant. Nothing could be more delicious or more wholesome. The shark-fin rolls, in spite of their forbidding name, were a gelatinous mixture rolled in eggs, very light and digestible, but needing the relish of the red "soy" sauce into which one

was expected to dip them. "Bird in the bush" was duck cooked in some fashion unknown to the chronicler, and served with a garniture of Chinese parsley, not even remotely akin in flavor to our occidental herb of that name. Throughout these three courses were served with unremitting diligence the thimble cups of white rice wine. But with course five came the "wine of the roots," a heavier, more aromatic liquor, brownish-purple in hue, and blending perfectly with the strange stew of mushrooms, chopped fish and grated peanuts which accompanied it.

The stuffed chicken wings were a marvel of delicacy, but the addition of "soy" obscured their distinctive flavor to any but a Chinese palate subtilized by a thousand years of discrimination. Then came the world-famous "bird's nest soup." It was like an idealized chicken broth, thickened with idealized tapioca. It justified its fame, which is more than can be said of many other objects of renown. The eighth course had a familiar air, being simply broiled pigeon. But it was well redeemed from the commonplace by the liquor which went with it. The rose wine is a white spirit distilled from apricots and rose leaves. A thimbleful makes every vein tingle deliciously. But the marvel of it is that successive thimblefuls produce no worse effect. Rose wine ruled the remainder of the feast, and its rule proved beneficent. The boiled abalones, of the ninth course, were interesting. They are a dried shell-fish that require three days' boiling before they can be eaten. Course ten was the solid course of the meal. It was the standard Chinese dish of chop suey. This is a stew of beef, chicken or pork, with bean sprouts, mushrooms, water-lily roots, sprouted grain and unknown flavorings. At this stage our artfully conducted appetites were just ready for a solid dish like this, and the liberal bowls of chop suey were soon disposed of. With the white nut broth—a sort of light, sweet soup—came curious Chinese cakes, sweetmeats of unexpected flavor rolled in a white transparent paste. Then little cups of water-lily tea, one of the finest of rare Chinese teas, rounded off a perfect dinner, which had lasted four hours.

Between the courses, obeying a wise Chinese custom, the guests would leave the table and wander about the room, or show themselves from the balcony to the doubtless critical observers on the street. When the dinner was over the guests had neither eaten nor drunk too much for comfort or dignity. Half as much, partaken of in Western fashion, would have constituted a sure call to future repentance. To dine in such a way that present delight does not conflict with after well-being is surely a triumph in civilized living. But let no one think a dinner like this can be got up on the spur of the moment. The Chinese cook wants four days' notice at least in order to do justice to his art.

*Water Drinking Three Centuries Ago.....The Hospital*

It needed a very bold man to resist the medical testimony of three centuries ago against water-drinking. Few writers can be found to say a good

word for it. One or two only are concerned to maintain that "when begun in early life, it may be pretty freely drunk with impunity," and they quote the curious instance given by Sir Thomas Elyot in his *Castle of Health*, 1541, of the Cornish men, "many of the poorest sort, which never, or very seldom, drink any other drink, be notwithstanding strong of body, and like and live well until they be of great age." Thomas Cogan, the medical school-master of Manchester fame, confessed in his *Haven of Health*, 1589, designed for the use of the students, that he knew some who drink cold water at night or fasting in the morning without hurt; and Dr. James Hart, writing about fifty years later, could even claim among his acquaintances "some honorable and worshipful ladies who drink little other drink, and yet enjoy more perfect health than most of them that drink of the strongest." The phenomenon was undeniable, but the natural inference was none the less to be resisted. Sir Thomas Elyot himself is very certain, in spite of the Cornish men, that there be in water causes of divers diseases as of swelling of the spleen and liver. He complains oddly also that "it flieth and swimmeth," and concludes that "to young men, and them that be of hot complexion, it does less harm, and sometimes it profiteth, but to them that are feeble, old and melancholy, it is not convenient." "Water is not wholesome cool by itself for an Englishman" was the verdict of Andrew Borde—monk, physician, bishop, ambassador and writer on sanitation—as the result of a life's experience. . . . But the most formal indictment against water is that of Venner, who, writing in 1622, ponderously pronounces to dwellers in cold countries it "doth very greatly deject their appetites, destroy the natural heat and overthrow the strength of the stomach, and consequently confounding the concoction is the cause of crudities, fluctuations, and windiness in the body."

*The Psychology of Diet.....R. G. Abbott.....Metaphysical Magazine*  
"Montrez moi ton menu, je te montrerai ton cœur."

That food is a matter of mental as well as physical taste is a proposition of facile verification. It is as much a question of psychic development as the physiognomy. As with the latter, there is the great national trend, or tendency, and there is the individualization depending upon the kind of thought of the eater and the degree of its cultivation. Primitive man had large digestive organs, a small brain, and rudimentary spiritual faculties. He desired in large quantities his freshly killed game, which he ate without flavorings, sauces, or condiments, and with few auxiliaries from the vegetable world. Potatoes and all the finer fruits and vegetables were unknown. Even fire was used in scant measure. As his migratory habits changed to fixed places of abode, he began to use articles grown from the soil, and greater dependence was placed upon these than upon the products of the chase. Ancient Egypt, during her period of highest civilization, subsisted almost exclusively upon millet, dates, and other fruits and cereals. Athletic Greece achieved her greatest culture upon two meals a day, consisting principally of maize and vegetables steeped in oil. A nation's decline almost invariably begins with gormandizing.

When exciting wines and a host of rich and stimulating viands become necessary, a country bids "a long farewell to all her greatness." National disintegration had far advanced when Rome threw slaves into eel-pits to increase the "gamey" flavor of the eels.

Of pugnacious and warlike nations, one may predicate a flesh-laden table accompanied by the was-sail-bowl in some one of its manifestations. The Teutonic type of soul prefers the alcoholism of hops, while the Latin races have identified themselves with the juice of the grape.

A diet-curve might be mathematically plotted, showing a direct ratio between the food and the mental and psychical status of the individual or the race. Given so much flesh, pastry, beer, and ale, the result can be written down in lymphatic brain, fighting proclivities, and sensuality. Given a working hypothesis of nitrogenous cereals, nuts, and fruits, the returns can be counted in intellectual activity and a more or less vitalized Golden Rule. When Rudyard Kipling immortalized "the great pie-belt" of New England, he illustrated the humorous side of the diet question—a never-failing source of entertainment to the observer. Boston's baked beans and codfish balls afford ever fresh material for international witticisms; although the great Horace, Ruskin, and others, in lauding the nutritive virtues of the "Leguminosæ," failed to excite mirth.

If "taste is essentially a moral quality," why do the Latin races outrage æsthetic sensibilities by insisting upon the odoriferous and bellicose garlic in their otherwise unobjectionable repasts? The artistic Greeks did not favor garlic. How can an American of refined parentage put salt and pepper upon the luscious strawberry? It is a discord, an inharmony. Why does a Chinaman affect tea and a pipe of opium after his meal of dog or rats and rice? Why did certain of the American Indians esteem pulverized crickets a delicacy, and certain others a soup made from angle-worms? The cruel, perfidious Ethiopians of to-day feed upon raw meat covered with spice or pepper. The German peasant is addicted to sausages, Limburger cheese, and sauerkraut. The contemplative Oriental philosopher is content with the fruit of the lofty date-palm, with a little rice and goat's milk.

For the higher civilization the barbecue has become an impossibility. The Sir Isaac Newtons, Benjamin Franklins, Miltons, Spinozas, the metaphysicians, the mystics, and the higher order of philanthropists will continue to eat those foods that are freshly chemicalized by the sun's rays. Professor Tyndall says: "The formation of a vegetable is a process of winding up; that of an animal is a process of running down." The Pythagorean "menu" contains all the essentials of vitality taken directly from Nature's breast; while it eliminates many of the dangers of artificial stimulation and inflammation that are present in the feverish flesh from the slaughter-house. The twentieth century, with its high ideals, its thoughtfulness for the weak, its humanity toward sentient animals, and its horror of the degraded army of butchers, cannot afford a diet that is not conducive to its greatest refinement—perfect physical, mental, and spiritual health.

## IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

*An Honest Man*.....*Sam Walter Foss*.....*Dreams in Homespun* \*

I hed a cow w'en I set out to buil' my fortune up,  
One hoe, one shovel, an' one spade, an' one good brindle pup.  
But my stout heart an' my soun' hed an' these two han's you see,  
An' my unekalled honesty hez brung me where I be.

This is the lesson I impress on ev'ry noble youth,  
Integrety, moralerty, an' honesty, an' trooth.  
Integrety, moralerty, an' honesty, you see,  
With my good heart an' hed an' han' hez brung me where I be.

Merried the daughter of the man where I wuz hired man.  
An' w'en he died we got his farm—he willed it all to Nan.  
I hired good town paupers then to do my work for me,  
For they'll eat feed that common men won't look at, don't yer see?

So I saved money this way—I saved, but never spent—  
An' I loaned it to my neighbors, an' they gave me ten per cent.  
I loved my neighbors like myself, rich, poor, an' great and small.  
An' put a morgidge on their farms to 'commode 'em all.

An' Widow Barclay, reckless soul, spent all her husban' left,  
Just bringin' up her children—W'y, it seems almost like theft;  
"W'y, sich extravagance as that," sez I, "will never do."  
An' I foreclosed her morgidge, for it was my duty to.

An' neighbor Bunker's wife wuz sick; he spent his cash fer pills.  
Jest squandered all his earnin's on them worthless doctors' bills;  
I couldn't approve his reckless way, an' as a reprimand,  
I jest foreclosed his morgidge, an' then annexed his land.

An' ol' man Babson, down the crick, wuz gettin' lame an' blind,  
His farm wuz growin' up 'ith weeds, his hayin' wuz behind:  
Sez I, "Tis time this good ol' man wuz laid upon the shelf"—  
So I foreclosed his morgidge an' I took his farm myself.

So, I've been a morril power, an' through all the neighborhood,  
I've gone about, like men of ol', engaged in doin' good;  
An' I hev foun' that goodness pays, an' vircher is divine,  
For all my reckless neighbors' farms hev all been jined to mine.

This is the lesson I impress on ev'ry noble youth,  
Integrety, moralerty, an' honesty, an' trooth.  
Integrety, moralerty, an' honesty, you see,  
With my good heart an' hed an' han' hez brung me where I be.

*To See the Thing Go On*.....*Sam Walter Foss*.....*Dreams in Homespun* \*

"What's all this thing about?" says he.

"This day an' night an' night an' day,

"Wall, I dunno," says I.

The same ol' thing," says John.

"What good is all this worl' to me,

"I guess it is," says I, "but say,

This lan' an' sea an' sky?

Let's watch the thing go on;

The same ol' thing! Git up an' dress,

For all the grass an' things that grow,

An' eat an' work like sin;

An' stars, it seems to me,

Then go to bed, git up an' dress,

Are jest a free-for-nothin' show,

An' eat an' work ag'in.

For us deadheads to see.

What's all this thing about?" says he

An' I ain't tired of it yit,

Says I: "Can't tell ye, John;

It's pretty middlin', John:

But, as for me, I like to see,

An' as for me, I like to see,

To see the thing go on.

To see the thing go on.

"There ain't no end to this machine,

"I like to see the thing, my friend,

An' no man hereabout,

"Tis healthy sport for man.

So fur as I have ever seen,

Though I can't tell ye where 'twill end,

Can tell what it grinds out;

Nor where the thing began."

Its belts are hitched to far-off gears,

"What's all the thing about?" "Dunno:

Far out be-end the sun,

'Tis fun enough for me

An' I've no doubt 'twill run for years

To jest lay back an' see the show

The way it allus run."

An' wonder; yes, sir-ee!

"But what's the thing about?" says he:

An' so I guess that we are here,

Says I, "Can't tell ye, John;

An' that's our business, John,

But, as for me, I like to see,

To work an' git ourselves in gear

To see the thing go on."

To help the thing go on."

## Finnigin to Flannigan.....8. W. Gillian.....Pittsburg Leader

Sup'rintindint wuz Flannigan;  
Boss av the siction wuz Finnigin;  
Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack  
An' muddled up things t' th' devil an back,  
Finnigin writ it to Flannigan.  
Ather the wrick wuz all on again;  
That is, this Finnigin  
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan,  
He writte tin pages—did Finnigin.  
An' he tould jist how the smash occurred;  
Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurr'd  
Did Finnigin write to Flannigan  
Ather the cars had gone on agin.  
That wuz how Finnigin  
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin—  
He'd more idjucation—had Flannigan;  
An' it wore'm clane an' completely out  
To tell what Finnigan writ about  
In his writin' to Muster Flannigan.  
So he writte back to Finnigin:  
"Don't do sich a sin agin;  
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan,  
He blushed ros'y red—did Finnigin;  
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay  
That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay  
Before Sup'rintindint (that's Flannigan)  
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin.  
From Finnigin to Flannigan  
Repoorts won't be long agin."

\* \* \*

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin,  
On the road sup'rintinded by Flannigan,  
A rail gave way on a bit av a curve  
An' some kyars wint off as they made the swerve.  
"There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigin,  
"But repoorts must be made to Flannigan."  
An' he winked at McGorrigan,  
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz a-shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,  
As minny a railroader's been agin,  
An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright  
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—  
Bilin' down his repoort, wuz Finnigin!  
An' he writte this here: "Muster Flannigan:  
Off agin, on agin,  
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

## Go Lightly, Gal. .Anne Virginia Culbertson...Lays of a Wandering Minstrel \*

Sweetes' li'l honey in all dis lan',  
Come along heah an' gimme yo' han',  
Go lightly; gal, go lightly!

Cawn all shucked an' de barn flo' cleah,  
Come along, come along, come along, my deah,  
Go lightly, gal, go lightly!

Fiddles dee callin' us high an' fine,  
"Time fer de darsin', come an' jine!"  
Go lightly, gal, go lightly!

My pooty li'l honey, but you is sweet!  
An' hit's clap yo' han's an' shake yo' feet,  
Go lightly, gal, go lightly!

Hit's cut yo' capers all down de line,  
Den mek yo' manners an' tip-toe fine,  
Go lightly, gal, go lightly!

Oh, hit's whull yo' pardners roun' an' roun'  
Tell you hyrst dee feet clean off de groun',  
Go lightly, gal, go lightly!

O, hit's tu'n an' twis' all roun' de flo',  
Fling out yo' feet behime, befo',  
Go lightly, gal, go lightly!

Gret Lan' of Goshen! but you is spry!  
Kaint none of de urr gals spring so high,  
Go lightly, gal, go lightly!

Oh, roll yo' eyes an' wag yo' haid  
An' shake yo' bones 'tell yo' nigh mos' daid,  
Go lightly, gal, go lightly!

Doan' talk to me 'bout gittin' yo' bref,  
Gwine darmse dis out ef hit cause my def!  
Go lightly, gal, go lightly!

Um-humph! done darmse all the urr folks down!  
Skip along, honey, jes' one mo' roun'!  
Go lightly, gal, go lightly!

Fiddles done played 'tell de strings all break!  
Come along, honey, jes' one mo' shake!  
Go lightly, gal, go lightly!

Now tek my arm an' perawd all 'roun',  
Tell dee see whar de sho'-nuff dancers foun',  
Go lightly, gal, go lightly!

Den gimme yo' han' an' we quit dis heah,  
Come along, come along, come along, my deah,  
Go lightly, gal, go lightly!

## Tae Auld Time.....Boston Transcript

O Time, auld Time, bide juist a wee;  
Sit doun an' hae a crack.  
There's things nane kens but you an' me—  
Come, let us ca' them back.  
What I've forgotten, bring tae min',  
What's misty noo, mak' clear.  
Here's tae the days o' auld lang syne!  
Here's tae each vanished year!

O Time, auld Time, ye've no' forgot  
Yon gray hoose far awa'?  
The bairnies—sic a merrie lot;  
Sae hertsome, aye an' a'?  
Twa the sea hides, an' twa the sod—  
Sweet Madge o' the gowden hair  
Sae early laid her doun, thank God!  
She'll aye be young an' fair.

O Time, auld Time! fauld yet your wing.  
Is't the wind's sough I hear?  
Like the sweet sangs we used tae sing,  
It fa's upon my ear.  
What lays o' love an' Bonnie Jean  
Oot owre the heather rang!  
(Ye ken what name I used tae mean,  
Whatever name I sang.)

O Time, auld Time, ae moment mair;  
Let me my relics bring;  
Ye min' that rose whaur it grew fair  
Abune the Haunted Spring;  
Ye ken each gauge, frae youth tae age;  
Each treasure lyin' here;  
Ye ken wha traced that faded page,  
An' blurred it wi' a tear.

O Time! auld Time! ye winna stay?  
Then pledge afore ye flee,  
I' the sae guid auld pagan way,  
Oor unseen guests wi' me.  
I fill the cup, I pour the wine,  
Tae them—the deid, the dear.  
Here's tae tha days o' auld lang syne!  
Here's tae each vanished year!

## THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

*An Irish Election* ..... *Stephen Gwynn* ..... *Cornhill Magazine*

Bitter was the fight and close the contest in the west division of the county. Desperate indeed was the necessity when the Antis determined to make a raid upon Aughnacloy, the Parnellite stronghold. At noon on a Friday—now the polling was on Monday—their brake drew up in the Diamond of the town, full in front of the post-office. A black crowd of folk was gathered there already: for it was Fair day, and the Antis hoped that friends of their own from the country side might be mixed with the Healy-hating men of Aughnacloy. As the brake stopped, curious folk gathered round it; the errand was quickly known, and loud the cry went up, "To hell with the traitors!" Threatening were the faces of the crowd; it surged and tossed towards the newcomers, shaking fists at them. Stones make the pavement of Aughnacloy, stones apt for the throwing. Quickly they began to rattle on the panels of the brake; they thumped upon the ribs and shoulders of men who sat in it, or stood up and essayed to speak.

Suddenly the crowd parted. Figures in dark uniform forced their way through the press. They took the horses by the head, and led them a little way up a narrow street. Then they drew a cordon below the brake and above, that the Antis might in peace harangue the electors of Aughnacloy. A tall man in the brake stood up to address the people. Well they knew his face; rude prints of it were in half the cabins of Ireland. Sad thoughts were in his breast and on his brow; it was a strange day when policemen guarded Maurice O'Donnell. Noble he looked as he stood there, and he signed to the people for silence.

The men of Aughnacloy ceased throwing at the brake, and aimed only at the policemen: it is always well to maim a peeler. But the inspector behind the line was on horseback, a goodly mark, and the resident magistrate beside him. When the heart swells with patriotic fervor, no hand is certain. From the main body, but hurled by no common arm, a stone sped. At the inspector it was aimed, and it whistled by his temple. Hurtling through the air, it came, and it approached Maurice O'Donnell; upon the nose it struck him, and rudely it broke in upon his oration. Large was the stone, and the nose not small; blood flowed in torrents. From either nostril blood spouted, and reddened Maurice O'Donnell's handkerchief. Silence fell upon the crowd; they forgot to shout; they forgot to stone the policemen. They remembered the comfortable words that Maurice had spoken in their hearing, and the rents he had forbidden them to pay. Silence and pity fell upon the crowd: Aughnacloy trembled in the balance. Maurice O'Donnell would have spoken; but blood flowed in place of speech. Nor was an orator lacking.

Tom Molloy rose up, a grave man to look at. Stout he was, and full-whiskered; his tall hat was bought in London, but in his brown frock-coat London fashions bowed to the ideals of Enniscorthy. Stout he was, a man of substance. His cheeks were plump and greasy; but his voice shook as he spoke before

the people. "Gentlemen," he said; "ay, and ladies, patriots of Aughnacloy! These eyes have seen to-day sights they never thought to look on. They have seen true friends of Ireland hooted on the fair green of Aughnacloy. They have heard the name of traitors hurled against men to whom the plank bed is more familiar than the gilded couches of the great."

Not a voice was raised to interrupt him. Only the inspector smiled to the resident magistrate, and looked down the street. A second brake was coming up it at the gallop. The orator cleared his throat for another period. "My eyes have seen—" he began. But the sound of wheels crashed in and turned the audience from him; the other brake drew up in the crowd by the post-office. It was a flying squadron of the Parnellites come to repulse the attack on Aughnacloy. Again the shouting and the tumult began. The second brake drew up to the cordon. Police separated the rival parties, and across the police they glared defiance.

Again Molloy addressed himself to speak. It was no time now for delays of rhetoric; the climax must be reached with a bound. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "will you break our hearts entirely? I weep, ladies and gentlemen"—and he drew from his pocket a large red bandanna—"I weep to see the blood of Maurice O'Donnell dripping on the cobstones of Aughnacloy. Aughnacloy, are you proud of your handiwork?"

Sobs rose from the crowd. Aughnacloy was almost won, when upon the box of the other drag arose a hero. Six feet and a half he towered; his face was large and shining as the sun when he goes forth in his strength. A small round hat was pushed far back upon his head, and his eyes were lost in innumerable creases. He stood up beside the driver, and rested one foot on the driver's seat. He brought his great hand down on his thigh, and the thigh that he slapped was thicker than Tom Molloy's stomach. It was Mick Mahony.

"My God!" he said, in a great buzzing voice like a trombone. "My God! Tom Molloy weeps! Look at the greasy crocodile! Tom Molloy weeps to see the blood of Maurice O'Donnell. Tom Molloy that was a calf butcher in Enniscorthy since he was ten year old."

Mighty, in truth, was the roar of laughter that went up from the crowd. The police joined in it; the inspector and the resident magistrate shook in their saddles. Again Molloy essayed to speak. "Three cheers for the calf butcher!" was the cry that went up from every throat in Aughnacloy. But O'Donnell, not unworthily indignant, flung aside the handkerchief that staunched his wound, and, rising to his full height, scowled down upon the shouting. Alas! that nose, lofty itself, and fit to express lofty emotions, what was it but a discolored protuberance?

*Battista and the Busted Blue Doll* ..... *"Zack"* ..... *Blackwood's*

Deep in the Australian Alps is the little town of Omeo. The hills around are scored with worked-out and long-forsaken gold mines; here and there the thud of the pick may still be heard issuing from

some deep shaft; but most of the claims are deserted, and the men who worked them swept away towards other adventures, or lying quiet and ambitionless under the Gippsland sod.

Far up the mountain, where the sarsaparilla hangs from the gum-trees its ragged flame of blue, is a deserted mine; great heaps of yellow mullock line the shaft's mouth; above, the windlass rots out its broken existence; and farther in the shadow an uneven mound, a broad crack, a post with a piece of tin and the name "Battista" scrawled upon it, mark a grave.

One of the early rushes had brought Battista to Australia, and drifted him to the little mining camp among the Gippsland hills. The men had laughed at his high-pointed hat with its flapping curves, and at his blue-and-gold image of the Madonna; but Battista had wandered under the gum-trees, and paid scant heed to them. Sometimes he had stooped to pick up a piece of quartz and rub it absently on his sleeve; and when the evening came he had taken up his shepherd's pipe and sounded once more the airs he had played in far-off Abruzzi.

At dawn, as Battista stood and watched the sun flame up in the east, and fall in a broad yellow stream upon the Madonna's image, the thought came to him that there where the ray fell he would dig for gold, and the idea comforted him: it seemed as if the Blessed Virgin herself had deigned to point out a way of escape from this strange and homeless land. Many days he worked: the yellow mullock-heaps rose higher beside the rapidly deepening shaft, when a long-limbed brown-faced American "jumped" his claim. Battista had neglected to procure a license.

At first he could not understand what had happened: afterwards, when he realized, he took his broad keen-edged knife, and laying it at the Madonna's feet, begged her to bless it, and having crossed himself, turned away and went down the mountain-side till he reached the camp. He touched the American on the arm and pointed to his knife; the man from the States laughed lightly; then they drew aside and fought together, and Battista's foot slipped so that his enemy escaped him; but that evening the American sold the mine to Termater Bill, the store-keeper, for three long drinks and a new swag, going away to try his luck elsewhere. As for Battista, he returned once more to his claim at the foot of the ragged-breasted gum-trees, and here it was that Termater Bill found him.

"I've jest cum," he said, sitting down on a great heap of mullock, "to talk over that blanky claim. I reckon meself there is gold in it."

But Battista answered that, gold or no gold, the mine was his, and he would kill any one who tried to take it from him.

Termater Bill was silent for a while, and spat meditatively down the narrow shaft. At last he observed in an undertone:

"The boys says that jumpt-up busted blue doll o' yers brings luck."

Battista did not understand the allusion to the Madonna, and made no reply.

Again there was a long silence: at last Termater Bill rose and stretched himself. "Spouse," he exclaimed, "I was ter give yer a fifteen years' lease,

wi' a half share in the profits, twud be a blanky sight better than a poke in the eye with a burnt stick." But Battista went on digging, and paid no heed to him, till after a while the storekeeper went away.

Time passed by: the great mullock-heaps grew higher, but Battista did not find gold. Sometimes Termater Bill strolled up and asked him if he had "struck that blanky lead yet?" Then Battista shook his head, but added that he knew the gold was there —the Blessed Madonna had said so. Termater Bill spat down the long shaft and exclaimed, "That ther jumpt-up busted blue doll gits me quite."

But when night fell and grotesque things moved in and out among the shadows, and the spirit of desolation crept through the bush, then had come into Battista's heart a great weariness of waiting, and he had flung himself down before the image of the Madonna and wept.

And the little blue-and-gold figure had stared out into the gathering darkness with its blank meaningless smile as vacant and as indifferent as before.

It happened that in one of these moments Termater Bill had come to the hut, and Battista, realizing that another person was present, sprang to his feet.

"Ther's gold in that claim," he cried fiercely.

Termater Bill spat on the ground and said, "Thet's so."

"I tell you there is gold in that claim," Battista re-echoed with rising anger.

And Termater Bill spat on the ground once more and repeated, "Thet's so;" then had turned and gone down the mountain towards the camp. "If it warn't for that busted blue doll," he repeated to himself—"the jumpt-up busted thing."

The next day he came again and sat down on an old hide bucket in front of Battista's hut. "I've bin fixin' things up a bit in my mind," he said; "I reckon last nite I was a bit ski-wift. Now s'pose," he continued, taking off his hat and placing it before him on the ground, "that thar 'at is the Brown Snake Mine; wall, us knows their main lead runs purty slick to the nor'-east; say yer put in a drive by that tarnation bit o' grass bush," and he spat neatly into the centre of the spot indicated, "wot's ter pervert yer dropping on gold?"

Battista's lips relaxed into a smile. Termater Bill rubbed the sleeve of his shirt across his rough red face, glancing as he did so at his companion.

"Luck is a thundering quare consarn," he exclaimed, after a pause; "I niver bottomed it meself: if yer don't git it, it gits yer, an' I reckon the darned thing is the smartest wi' the gloves."

He took his pipe out of his mouth and pressed his horny thumb down on the red-hot ashes.

"I wudn't lay too much on that jumpt-up blue doll, if I was yer," he said.

Battista smiled. "Yer don't understand," he answered.

And Termater Bill spat on the ground. "Eh, thet's so," he said, "thet's so."

There was a pause.

"But," began Termater Bill.

"Well," said the Italian.

"Tis the tarnation grin on the thing that gits me," the storekeeper burst out, "jest as if her was kinder larfin' at yer: her ain't no mug that busted doll, I'll lay to that."

Battista frowned. "Yer don't understand," he reiterated.

Again Termater Bill spat on the ground. "Eh, thet's so," he said, "thet's so."

A few weeks later a big bush-fire swept across the hills, and the storekeeper had enough to do without troubling himself about the mine; but when a sudden change of wind sent the fire raging and tearing through the Fainting Ranges and away in the direction of Mount Hopeless, he retraced his steps over the blackened ground till he reached Battista's hut. It was empty: close by the hide rope dangled from the windlass; the woods were silent except for the crashing of some half-charred tree as it toppled over and fell with a great splutter of cinders and wide swirling clouds of soft gray ashes; and stretched face downwards, near the shaft's mouth, the Italian lay dead. Termater Bill turned the body oyer.

"Pegged out," he said softly, "the blanky cuss has pegged out." Then he turned to the door of the hut and stopped short. "No," he exclaimed, "I reckon I won't: I reckon I cudn't stumick that God's cuss o' a grin jest yet."

That afternoon they dug Battista's grave beside his claim—a crowd of idle diggers and dogs looked on. One man, an old fossicker, who was recovering from an attack of the jimjams (delirium tremens), and whose ideas were still rather hazy, expressed a desire to fight the corpse.

"Git up," he said, "an' I will wrastle wi' yer; git up, yer blanked-out son o' a working bullock, an' I will fight yer for a note."

But the deadman lay still and paid no heed to him.

Termater Bill said he reckoned the company wud 'low him to say a few words.

The company 'lowed him.

Some of the men sat down on the mullock-heaps and began to fill their pipes; others stood about; and one, a jackeroo,\* took off his hat and then rather sheepishly put it on again.

Termater Bill cleared his throat and spat into the open grave. "Life," he said, "was a jumpt-up quare thing: there was they who bottomed payable dirt, † fust go off, an' that wa' they who—didn't." He was silent for a moment, and rubbed his face with his sleeve. "But," he continued, "maybe out thar," and he pointed vaguely towards a patch of sunset sky, "across the Divide, they finds color."‡ He ceased speaking, and the men puffed away at their pipes in silence: at last some one suggested that it was time for the corpse to "turn in."

They lowered the dead man into the grave—there was no coffin. His arms had stiffened spread-eagle fashion, and he lay sideways against the walls of the grave and looked as if he were about to turn a wheel into eternity. They shovelled back the earth rather gingerly, avoiding the dead man's face; but, after all, it had to be covered the same as the rest. When they had finished their task they strolled off towards the camp, only Termater Bill remaining behind. He went to Battista's hut and peered through the half-shut door: there in the corner the little blue-and-gold image stared, smiling down inscrutable, indif-

ferent. Long the man gazed back on it; then with sudden determination he entered the hut, and taking Battista's coat from a bench, covered the small figure, then lifting it in his arms, carried it out and flung it down the deep shaft.

But under the gum-trees Battista lay still, silent, satisfied.

*Two Hearts That Beat as One.....William Henry Siviter.....Judge*

Young Mr. Frisbie found himself sitting next to Miss Dinsmore at Mrs. Frothingham's dinner-party the other night, and of course he had to talk to her.

"Er—Miss Dinsmore, do you like olives?" he said, by way of a starter.

"Indeed I do, Mr. Frisbie," replied the young lady. "I just adore them."

"So do I. Isn't it strange?"

"Strange that you or that I should like olives?" she asked. "I don't know that there is anything strange about it."

"I mean it is rather odd that we both should like olives."

The lady was silent a moment, and then she asked, "Mr. Frisbie, do you like lobster-salad?"

"I could live on it," replied Mr. Frisbie, fervently.

"So could I. Isn't that strange?"

"Do you mean it is strange that you or that I should like lobster-salad?" asked the young man.

Miss Dinsmore smiled at his repetition of her question, but presently added, "Well, it is rather odd to find two persons of the opposite sexes who both like olives and lobster-salad."

"I am sure it is," said Mr. Frisbie, who began to discover in Miss Dinsmore a kindred spirit. "By the way, do you happen to care for mushrooms? So many people do not, while I am very fond of them."

"You could not possibly be as fond of mushrooms as I am, Mr. Frisbie. I like to gather them myself in the country in the early morning."

"Do you? So do I." Mr. Frisbie was becoming enthusiastic in comparing their similarity of tastes. "Do you like shrimps?" he went on.

"I do. Do you?"

He did, and he said so; and, after a short pause, he said in a low whisper, "Of course you can't abide young onions?"

He watched her face anxiously as he said this, and a great content filled his soul when she confessed, "I love them."

"So do I," he gasped. "I say, Miss Dinsmore, let's get married."

He realized that he might search the world over for a woman whose tastes coincided with his own on the important points which had been discussed and that no time ought to be lost.

"Before I answer you I wish to ask one question, for I really know but little of you except what I have learned just now."

"Ask it, Miss Dinsmore."

"What make of bicycle do you ride?"

"The Schorchem."

"Isn't that wonderful? So do I. We were evidently made for each other."

"Then you will marry me?"

And Miss Dinsmore said:

"I will."

\* Jackeroo—a lately arrived colonist. † Bottom payable dirt—find sufficient gold to pay working expenses. ‡ Find color—find gold.

## SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN\*

—“What are you doing, James?” said a teacher to one of a group of urchins who was hanging by his toes from the fence of the school-yard, about the time that the rage for calisthenics was permeating our country. “Only doing ecclesiastics,” replied one of his companions, glibly.

—Two little tots in the street were much absorbed in watching a handsome little pony which pawed the curbing impatiently, and this excited the little ones’ curiosity. “Wot’s he doin’ dat for?” Johnnie asked; and Janie, who lisps, answered, after some reflection: “I ’spect heth dot chilblainth.”

—Little Johnny wants to know why they don’t have a pantry as well as a vestry in church.

—It was Margie who said when she first saw a white-duck suit, “Dwacious! zere’s a man zat isn’t up yet.”

—Sister—There! you have candy all over your new suit. What will mamma say? Little Brother—Well, mamma won’t let me have any fun in these clothes till I get ‘em spoiled.

—“Why, Nellie dear,” said the little girl’s teacher, “I haven’t seen you for several days.” “Nome,” replied Nellie; “I’ve been on an exertion with mamma.”

—Little Maud (the first morning at the farm)—Please, Mr. Brown, your rooster spoke so loud this morning he woke me up.

—“Papa, I wish you’d whip me.” “Whip you, my son! Why should I whip you?” “Because, when you whip me, mamma gives me some jam.”

—“How old are you, dear?” asked old Mr. Trotter of little Ethel Gazzam. “I am ten and five-twelfths years, sir,” replied Ethel, who has just got into fractions.

—Teacher—Now, leather comes from the cow, and wool from the sheep, and wool is made into cloth, and cloth into coats. Now, what is your coat made of—yours, Tommy. Tommy (with hesitation)—Out o’ father’s.

—A little girl has an uncle who taught her to open and shut his crush hat. One evening, however, he appeared with an ordinary silk hat, which he left in the hall. Presently he saw the child coming with his new hat crushed into accordion plaits. “Oh, uncle,” she cried, “this one is very hard. I’ve had to sit on it, but I can’t get it more than half shut.”

—Little Bob—Aw, I could walk the rope just as well as the man in the circus, if it wasn’t for one thing! Little Willie—What is that? Little Bob—I’d fall off.

—“How old is your little dolly?” “I don’t know.” “You’re not a very smart little girl, then, are you?” “Well, all I know is, I got the body at Christmas, and we bought a new head for her yesterday.”

—“Charlie, your father is calling you.” Charlie—Yes, I hear him. But he is calling “Charlie.” I don’t need to go till he yells “Charles.”

—A little girl who had told a lie was escorted to her bedroom by her mother and told to ask God to

forgive her for her sin. This is what the listening mother heard: “Oh, God, I thought you could take a joke!”

—Papa—You saw that big boy whipping the little one, and you didn’t interfere? Suppose you had been that little boy? Bobby—I did think of that, an’ was going to part ‘em, but then I happened to think, s’pose I was the big boy? So I left ‘em alone.

—Little Gladys, whose father was accustomed to express himself as “up in G” when he felt well and happy, was saying her prayers one night, and she closed her prayer by saying, “Dear Lord, please keep my dear papa ‘up in G.’”

—“No, Willie, dear,” said mamma, “no more cakes to-night. Don’t you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?” “Well,” replied Willie, “I can sleep on my back.”

—While in the country recently, and walking one day near the railway, a little girl who is just over three years of age, noticed an old railway car which had had the wheels removed, and was evidently doing duty as a workman’s shed. “Look,” she exclaimed, “there’s a train sitting down!”

—A little boy spent the day in the country at his grandmother’s not long ago. Such a good time as he had, running and racing and shouting for all he was worth! At last night came and, tired and sleepy, the little boy sought repose. “Oh, grandmamma!” he cried as he kissed her good night, “now I know what a hollerday really and truly is, for I’ve hollered all day long.”

—Nora was in her night dress. Mrs. Strong, having given her a good night kiss, reminded her gently, as usual, not to forget her prayer to God that she be made a good little girl. “Must I ask him that every night, mamma?” Nora asked, gravely. “Yes, little one,” her mother replied. Nora was thoughtful for a moment. “Mamma,” she said in an injured tone, “is I such a drefully bad little girl as all that?”

—A little fresh air waif was spending his first day in the country. When the cows came up in the evening to be milked, he went down to the barnyard with his host to see the operation. The cows were standing about placidly, and as is their custom at that time of day, were contentedly chewing the cud. The boy watched the milkmaids at work, and his eyes dwelt with growing wonder on the ceaseless grind of the cows’ jaws. At length he turned to his host and said: “And do you have to buy gum for all them cows?”

—Willie Smith was playing with the Jones boys. His mother called him and said, “Willie, don’t you know those Jones boys are bad boys for you to play with?” “Yes, mamma,” replied Willie, “I know that; but don’t you know I am a good boy for them to play with?”

—“No, dear,” said a mother to her sick child, “the doctor says I mustn’t read to you.” “Then, mamma,” begged the little one, “won’t you please read to yourself out loud?”†

## CHILD VERSE

*The Little Boy's Lament*.....A. T. Worden.....*Judge*

I'm goin' back down to gran'pa's.  
I won't come back no more  
To hear remarks about my feet  
A-muddyin' up the floor.  
They's too much said about my clothes,  
The scoldin's never done—  
I'm goin' back down to gran'pa's,  
Where a boy kin hev some fun.

I dug up half his garden  
A-gittin' worms fer bait;  
He said he used to like it  
When I laid abed so late;  
He said that pie was good fer boys  
An' candy made 'em grow.  
Ef I cain't go to gran'pa's  
I'll turn pirate, fust you know.

He let me take his shot-gun,  
An' loaded it fer me.  
The cats they hid out in the barn,  
The hens flew up a tree;  
I had a circus in the yard—  
With twenty other boys—  
I'm goin' back down to gran'pa's,  
Where they ain't afraid of noise.

He didn't make me comb my hair  
But once or twice a week;  
He wasn't watchin' out fer words  
I didn't orter to speak;  
He told me stories 'bout the war  
An' Injuns shot out West.  
Oh, I'm going down to gran'pa's,  
Fer he knows wot boys like best.

He even run a race with me,  
But had to stop an' cough;  
He rode my bicycle an' laughed  
Bec'us' he tumbled off;  
He knew the early apple-trees  
Around within a mile.  
Oh, gran'pa was a dandy,  
An' was "in it" all the while.

I bet you gran'pa's lonesome,  
I don't care what you say;  
I seen him kinder cryin'  
When you took me away.  
When you talk to me of heaven,  
Where all the good folks go,  
I guess I'll go to gran'pa's,  
An' we'll have good times, I know.

*The Way to Sleepytown*.....Nixon Waterman.....*Some Home-Made Poems*\*

Which is the way to Sleepytown?  
Look in the blinking eyes of brown;  
Or you may find the misty track  
Hid in the half-closed eyes of black.  
Winding about and in and through  
The slumberous eyes of dreamy blue,  
Or stealing across the eyes of gray,  
Oh, there you may find the drowsy way.

Follow along the crooked street,  
Twisting about two tired feet—  
Feet that the whole day through have trod  
Paths that led to the Land of Nod;

Keep on going until you come  
To weary fingers and weary thumb,  
Or the lips within whose gates of pearl  
Is the languid tongue of a boy or girl.

The path you seek will lead, mayhap,  
Into the peace of a downy lap,  
Where angels have sprinkled the dews of rest  
In a gracious cradle of arms and breast.  
Further along and the way has led  
To the calm of a prayer-encircled bed,  
Where mother is kissing the eyelids down,  
And that is the way to Sleepytown.

*The Tables Turned*.....E. J. Wheeler.....*Boston Pilot*

"You have quizzed me often and puzzled me long;  
You have asked me to cipher and spell;  
You have called me a dolt if I answered wrong,  
Or a dunce if I failed to tell  
Just when to say lie and when to say lay,  
Or what nine-sevenths may make,  
Or the longitude of Kamtschatka bay,  
Or the I-forget-what's-its-name lake.  
So I think it's about my turn, I do,  
To ask a question or so of you."

The schoolmaster grim he opened his eyes,  
But he said not a word from sheer surprise.

"Can you tell what 'phen-dubs' means? I can.  
Can you say all off by heart  
The 'onery, twoery, hickory ann'!  
Or tell 'commons' and 'alleys' apart?  
Can you fling a top, I would like to know,  
Till it hums like a bumble bee?  
Can you make a kite yourself that will go  
Most as high as the eye can see,  
Till it sails and soars like a hawk on the wing,  
And the little birds come and light on the string?"

The schoolmaster looked, oh very demure,  
But his mouth was twitching, I'm almost sure.

"Can you tell where the nest of the oriole swings?  
Or the color its eggs may be?  
Do you know the time when the squirrel brings  
Its young from their nest in the tree?  
Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready to drop  
Or where the best hazel-nuts grow?  
Can you climb a high tree to the very tip-top,  
And gaze, without trembling, below?  
Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run,  
Or do anything else we boys call fun?"

The master's voice trembled as he replied:  
"You are right, my lad, I'm the dunce," he sighed.

*Baby's Prayer*.....Will T. Hale.....*Memphis Commercial Appeal*

In looking backward now they come to me—  
The scene, the shadows and the summer air;  
His little head low bowed upon my knee,  
As sweetly offered he his baby prayer:  
"B'ess papa, an' my ma, an' all who need,  
An' make of me a dood boy, I am p'ayin'.  
An' if at firs', dear Dod, 'ou don't sutsseed,  
Den twy, twy adain!"

I smiled—but on the smile there also went  
To God another simple prayer from me,  
Repeated now, with teardrops sadly blent,  
For the dear boy wherever he may be:  
"If he should stumble in the untried way,  
Still plead with thy dear spirit from aloft:  
Be patient should his feet be led astray,  
Not once, not once, but oft!"

## ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

*A Lobster's Toilette. .... Getting a New Suit. .... The Fireside*

It has not happened to everyone to see a lobster cast his shell. Last summer I had an opportunity of watching the process. I was staying for several weeks in a secluded little village on the south coast, and one day, when the only fisherman in the place returned after taking up his "pots," he flung upon the beach a specimen too small for sale or home consumption. The prize was taken possession of by a boy, who presented it to my improvised aquarium, for which all the little boys of the village were enthusiastic collectors. I kept the water well aerated, and devoted a great deal of time and attention to my various live stock; and at last my reward came. At the time of his capture my lobster had already begun to think about getting a new suit; and, as the days went by, the old shell became so small for him that he could no longer avoid discarding his ever-tightening armor. One morning, therefore, I found my lobster apparently in his last agonies. He lay on his back and rubbed his legs convulsively together as if in intense pain; and then he wriggled about, or jerked himself violently upwards by means of his tail. I suppose that these actions had for their object the loosening of the claws and limbs in their sheaths. The rapid movements somewhat disturbed the sand and clouded the water; but, as the patient lay close to the glass, I never entirely lost sight of him. Nevertheless I do not quite know how it all occurred. The throes continued for an hour or more, and efforts were apparently made to burst the shell open from within; but it was not until I saw that the lobster had actually divested himself of his head-covering that I understood what my guest was about. A great deal more wriggling and struggling followed, the lobster gradually squeezing himself, as it were, out of the shoulders of his suit of armor.

The operation looked as if it were extremely painful and exhausting; but at last I had the satisfaction of seeing my lobster and his discarded shell lying side by side. The latter looked much the smaller of the two; and, save that it was motionless, it might have been mistaken for a live and healthy crustacean in full dress. The orifice through which the ancient tenant had evicted himself was very small, and the headpiece had not been completely thrown off, but was left hanging, as by a hinge. But now the naked lobster did not look at all like his old self. His colors were so bright as to suggest that he had been parboiled, and he had the tender appearance of human flesh from which the skin has just been removed. I took out the shell, and found that my guest had got rid not only of the major part of his eyes, but also of the lining of his stomach, including his internal teeth, and of some of the bones of his thorax; yet he seemed to be little the worse for his thorough turn-out. On my return from luncheon I touched him, and found that, although quite soft, he was covered with an incipient shell of the approximate solidity of oiled tissue paper. He did not like being touched. During the three following days the shrimps worried him a good deal; but he grew with marvellous rapidity until he was fully half as

big again as he had been, and when I once more touched him the shell on his big claws was sufficiently hard to enable him to give me a nip.

I have omitted to mention one curious circumstance connected with this particular animal's toilette. When the lobster was given to me he was without his left big claw, which had, I suppose, been accidentally wrenched off by his original captor. The stump very quickly healed up, a hard, calcareous seal encrusting the end of the joint. To my astonishment, when the lobster worked himself out of his old shell, he appeared with a rudimentary left claw, which had evidently formed behind the shield. This claw grew even more rapidly than the rest of the body; and, by the time the new shell was hard, the new claw, though still disproportionate, was of very serviceable dimensions.

*The Patriarch of the Animal World. .... London Spectator*

Mr. Walter Rothschild has procured and installed in the Zoölogical Society's collection the oldest living creature in the world. It is one of the giant tortoises of Aldabra, sufficiently remarkable for its size, for it weighs a quarter of a ton, but even more interesting from the record of its age. This gives it a known life of one hundred and fifty years, with the unknown increment of its age previous to its transportation to the island of Mauritius. It is, we believe, the same tortoise which was mentioned in the treaty between Great Britain and France when the island was ceded by the former country in 1810, and has therefore changed its status four times in a century and a half as a national heirloom. When the length of the life of other animals is contrasted with that of the giant tortoise, it is clear that the latter must enjoy some special advantage, either of structure or of habit, conducing to longevity. One hundred years is a good old age for an elephant, and no other animals, except certain birds and reptiles, reach half this span of years. . . . The structure of the tortoises contributes a large share to their pre-eminence in length of life. Their bodies are spared the whole of that exhausting process of collapse and expansion which we call "breathing." The cruel wear and tear of this incessant motion, involving work of lungs, muscles, ribs, and air-passages, unnoticed in health, but one of the most distressing facts revealed by illness, does not fall on the happy tortoise. His "shell," back-piece and breastplate alike, is as rigid as a piece of concrete. The "armor" of an armadillo rises and falls on his back at each respiration. That of the tortoise being an "outside skeleton" instead of a "process of the epidermis," he is kindly saved all this trouble. He sucks in air by making a vacuum with his tongue, and swallows it like water, the reservoir instead of a stomach being his capacious lungs. In addition to this enormous saving of energy, the tortoise enjoys two other structural advantages. He has no teeth to break, decay, get out of order, and ultimately starve him to death, like those of an old horse or a broken-toothed rabbit. Instead he has sharp horny edges to his mouth, which do not break or get out of order. And, lastly, there is his impenetrable shell.

In reference to this, size is of a real advantage, for though small tortoises may live for centuries in bishops' gardens, they have their enemies in the outer world. Adjutant-storks swallow them whole and digest them, shell and all, and in California the golden eagle carries them up to a height and lets them fall on the rocks, thereby smashing their shells, as the Sicilian eagle was trying to do when he dropped the tortoise on the skull of *Æschylus*. But when a tortoise grows to a weight of 200 pounds there is no living animal which could injure it in any way. As it can swim it cannot drown; its limbs are so constructed as to be little liable to fracture, and its interior is so arranged that it can fast for long periods, and has an internal reservoir of water, though it is naturally rather a thirsty animal. Charles Darwin, when among the giant tortoises of the Galapagos Islands, saw the newly-hatched young carried off by buzzards and carrion hawks, but the full-grown animals of 200 pounds weight seemed beyond the chance of any danger. He surmised that their deaths, when such took place, were only due to accident, such as falling over precipices, and inhabitants of the islands corroborated this conclusion. Being "built to last," the tortoise's habits and character have to conform in some sort to the limitations set by its form. It is not tempted to waste energy in useless motion. On the other hand, the disposition of the land tortoises is eminently placid. This is by no means an inseparable accompaniment of slow and solidly-built reptiles. Toads, for example, have dreadful tempers, which induce them to fight battles on dusty roads, and lose their lives untimely. Then there is a hugh fat frog in Argentina which can only hop an inch at a time, but which is so irritable that he positively barks with fury, and almost bursts in his endeavors to come to close quarters and bite. But the tortoise "leads the life of tranquillity on the carpet of prudence," and neither "wears out" nor "rusts out." Yet they are less apathetic than might be supposed from the habits of the small species kept in English gardens. On the Galapagos Islands Darwin found that the giant tortoises were really not only the "oldest inhabitants," but the representative creatures of the archipelago. They were living their own life very much at their ease; but this was not quite as devoid of incident as one might imagine. Both food and water are more common on the higher parts of the islands—which are extinct volcanoes—than near the coast. Fresh water, indeed, is only found up in the hills, and, as the tortoises are very fond of water, they have to make long and uphill journeys to reach it. They make "broad and well-beaten paths" from the coast to the springs, and it was by following the tortoises' roads that the Spaniards first found the springs they needed to water the ships. "When I landed at Chatham Island," writes Mr. Darwin, "I could not imagine what animal traveled so methodically along the well-chosen tracks. Near the springs it was a curious spectacle to behold many of these great monsters—one set eagerly traveling onwards with outstretched necks, and another set returning after having drunk their fill. When the tortoise arrives at a spring, quite regardless of any spectator, it buries its head in the water above its eyes, and greedily swallows great mouthfuls at the rate of ten

a minute." On the dry lower ground the explorer found the giant tortoises munching up a succulent cactus. On the higher ground they ate leaves, fallen berries, and lichen.

A very curious fact in relation to the giant tortoises is their isolation on small, remote, ocean-surrounded islands at vast distances from land and from each other. Aldabra, for example, is a small uninhabited island in the Indian Ocean, northwest of Madagascar. Others are found in ocean archipelagoes, like the Seychelles, or recent volcanic islets, like the Galapagos off the Pacific coast of South America. One rather attractive theory for this isolation of the big tortoises traces their "plantation" on these desolate islands to the old buccaneers. It has been contended that the Galapagos Islands were the original home of the giant tortoises, and that the rovers, who stocked them on board ship and kept them alive for long periods, may have left them at places of call, even in remote oceans, during the long periods in which buccaneering flourished.

*Three Burros on a Strike.....Denver Republican*

The proverbial stubbornness of that much abused but useful animal, the Rocky Mountain burro, was never more completely illustrated than by a recent occurrence in the Gold Hill district of Boulder. A miner there has a four-foot vein of oxidized sulphide ores. As the ore is practically free milling, the miner decided to work it in an arastræ which he built, and in order to save expense fitted it up to operate with treadmill power to be operated by three jacks, each having a separate stall side by side, but all the belts working on the same shaft. The plan was a decided success during the first day. The arastræ is convenient to the property, and the owner having thrown in his ore and started the machine went to the mine and broke down ore, visiting the arastræ occasionally to throw in a few shovelfuls of ore. At the close of the day a ton and a half of ore had been reduced to a pulp, and the miner congratulated himself upon having extracted about \$30 worth of the precious metals with no expense other than his own labor and the feed of his animals.

Everything started all right on the second day, but while he was in the mine breaking ore the burros were studying the situation. They did not like the idea of constantly traveling up hill without making any progress, and as they plodded wearily along there was a frequent rubbing of noses over the separating partitions and ominous movements of the three semaphores formed by their ears. Shortly before noon the miner came up to throw in some more ore before going to his dinner, and greatly to his astonishment discovered everything still. The burros were in their respective stalls calmly contemplating the landscape after the manner of their kind, but there was no movement of the machine. How it was possible for them to stand still on that movable incline he could not conceive, but finally conjecturing that some larger blocks of ore than usual had been thrown into the arastræ and become jammed, he hastened to correct the difficulty. But the arastræ was all right, the gearing was entirely free, and the belting in place. There was nothing left but the motor, and a glance at the burros explained the

mystery. In constructing the framework of the machine, 4x4 posts had been used, a pair of these posts being placed between each two compartments, to which the partitions were fastened. The burros, in the investigation of their situation, had discovered the existence of these posts, and with one accord backed up against the projecting corners and braced their feet against the slats forming the footholds, their legs standing out at an angle of forty-five degrees. And there they stood as immovable as the pyramids, with ears laid back and meek-eyed, gazing reproachfully at their master. They were taken out, rested, and given a good feed, and again led back. But it was to no purpose. The burros had thoroughly educated themselves, and no sooner were they installed than they resumed the old position, holding the machine perfectly still. Two days were spent in a vain effort to induce them to declare the strike off, and then their master gave it up.

*The Cows That Ants Milk.....Grant Allen.....Strand Magazine*

Don't let my title startle you; it was Linnaeus himself who first invented it. Everybody knows the common little "green-flies" or "plant-lice" that cluster thick on the shoots of roses; and most people know that these troublesome small insects (from the human point of view) are the true source of that shining sweet juice, rather slimy and clammy, that covers so many leaves in warm summer weather, and is commonly called honey-dew. A good many people have heard, too, that ants use the tiny green creatures in place of cows, coaxing them with their feelers so as to make them yield up the sweet and nutritious juice which is the ants' substitute for butter at breakfast. But comparatively few are aware how strange and eventful is the brief life-history of these insignificant little beasts which we destroy by the thousand in our flower-gardens or conservatories with a sprinkle of tobacco-water. To the world at large, the aphides, as we call them, are mere nameless nuisances—pests that infest our choicest plants; to the eye of the naturalist, they are a marvellous and deeply interesting group of animals, with one of the oddest pedigrees, one of the queerest biographies, known to science. . . . It is as manufacturers of honey-dew and as cows to the ants that aphides base their chief claim to attention. If they did not produce this Turkish delight of the insect world, nobody would have troubled to study them so closely. Let us go on to see, then, what is the origin and meaning of this curious and almost unique secretion.

If you examine the leaves of a lime-tree or a rose-bush in warm summer weather, you will find them covered all over with a soft, sticky substance, sweet to the taste, and spread in a thin layer upon the surface of the foliage. This sweet stuff is honey-dew, and it is manufactured solely by various kinds of aphides, without whose trademark none other is genuine. Why do they make it? Not, you may be sure, out of pure unselfish moral desire to benefit the ants and other beasts that like it. In the animal world, nothing for nothing is the principle of conduct. The true secret of the origin of honey-dew appears to be this: Aphides live entirely off a light diet of vegetable juices; now, these juices are rich in compounds of hydrogen and carbon, especially

sugar (or, rather, to be strictly scientific, glucose), but are relatively deficient in nitrogenous materials, which last are needed as producers of movement by all animals, however sluggish. In order, therefore, to procure enough nitrogenous matter for its simple needs, your aphis is obliged to eat its way through a quite superfluous amount of sweets, or of sugar-forming substances. It is almost as though we ourselves had to swallow daily a barrel of treacle, so as to reach at the bottom an ounce of beefsteak. To get rid of this surplus of sugar (or, rather, undigested glucose), almost all aphides (for they are a large family, with many separate kinds) have acquired a pair of peculiar organs, known as honey-tubes, on the backs of their bodies. Sometimes, when distended with superfluous food, they simply blow out the honey-dew secreted by these tubes on to the leaves below them. But honey-dew is sticky, and apt to get in the way; it may clog one's legs, or interfere with one's proboscis: so the aphides prefer as a rule to retain it prudently till some friendly animal, with a taste for sweets, steps in to relieve them of the unpleasant tension. The animal which especially performs this kind office for the rose-aphis is the garden ant; the process is ordinarily described as "milking."

You must understand, of course, that neither aphis nor ant is actuated by purely philanthropic considerations; this is a case of mutual accommodation. The aphis wants to get rid of a troublesome waste product which is apt to clog it. The ant wants to secure that waste product as a valuable food-stuff. Hence, from all time, an offensive and defensive alliance of the profoundest type has been mutually struck up between ants and aphides. How far this alliance has gone is truly wonderful. The ants not merely "milk" the aphides, but actually collect them together in herds and keep them in parks as domestic animals. Nay, more; as Sir John Lubbock has pointed out, different kinds of ants domesticate different breeds of aphides, as each is suited to the other's conditions. The common black garden ant attends chiefly to the aphides which frequent twigs and leaves, such as this very rose-aphis—for the black ant is a rover and a good tree-climber; he is much given to exploring expeditions over the surface of plants in search of honey, and he is not particular whether he happens to gather it from flowers or from insects. The brown ant, on the other hand, goes in rather for such species of aphides as frequent the crannies in the bark of trees; while the little yellow ant, an almost subterranean race, living underground among the grass roots in meadows, "keeps flocks and herds" (says Lubbock) "of the root-feeding aphides." All these facts you can verify for yourself with very little trouble in any village.

It is most interesting to watch a black ant on the prowl after honey-dew. He is evidently led on to the herd by smell, for he mounts the stem where the aphides live in a business-like way, and goes straight to the point, as if he knew what he was after. When he finds an aphis that looks likely, he strokes and caresses her gently with his antennae, coaxing her to yield up the coveted nectar. The aphis, on her side, glad to receive his polite attentions, and accustomed to the signal, exudes a clear drop of her surplus sweet, which the ant licks up with its jaws greedily.

## VALUE AND ORIGIN OF JEFFERSON'S DECLARATION\*

By MOSES COIT TYLER

Some hindrance to a right estimate of the Declaration of Independence is occasioned by either of two opposite conditions of mind, often to be met with among us: on the one hand, a condition of hereditary, uncritical awe and worship of the American Revolution and of this state paper as its absolutely perfect and glorious expression; on the other hand, a later condition of cultivated distrust of the Declaration, as a piece of writing lifted up into inordinate renown by the passionate and heroic circumstances of its origin, and ever since then extolled beyond reason by the blind energy of patriotic enthusiasm. Turning from the former state of mind—which obviously calls for no further comment—it is to be noted that, whatever authority the Declaration of Independence has acquired in the world, has been due to no lack of criticism, either at the time of its first appearance or since then. From the date of its original publication down to the present moment, it has been attacked again and again, either in anger or in contempt, by friends as well as by enemies of the American Revolution, by liberals in politics as well as by conservatives. It has been censured for its substance, it has been censured for its form: for its misstatements of fact, for its fallacies in reasoning; for its audacious novelties and paradoxes, for its total lack of all novelty, for its repetition of old and threadbare statements, even for its downright plagiarisms; finally for its grandiose and vaporing style. . . .

In the opinion of Professor Goldwin Smith, our great national manifesto is written "in a highly rhetorical strain"; "it opens with sweeping aphorisms about the natural rights of man, at which political science now smiles, and which . . . might seem strange when framed for slave-holding communities by a publicist who himself held slaves"; while, in its specifications of facts, it "is not more scrupulously truthful than are the general utterances" of the statesman who was its scribe. Its charges that the several offensive acts of the king, besides "evincing a design to reduce the colonists under absolute despotism," "all had as their direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny," are simply "propositions which history cannot accept." Moreover, the Declaration "blinks the fact that many of the acts, styled steps of usurpation, were measures of repression which, however unwise or excessive, had been provoked by popular outrage." "No government could allow its officers to be assaulted and their houses sacked, its loyal lieges to be tarred and feathered, or the property of merchants sailing under its flag to be thrown by lawless hands into the sea." Even "the preposterous violence and the manifest insincerity of the suppressed clause" against slavery and the slave-trade, "are enough to create suspicion as to the spirit in which the whole document was framed."

Finally, as has been already intimated, not even

among Americans themselves has the Declaration of Independence been permitted to pass on into the enjoyment of its superb renown, without much critical disparagement at the hands of statesmen and historians. . . .

Perhaps, however, the most frequent form of disparagement to which Jefferson's great state paper has been subjected among us, is that which would minimize his merit in composing it, by denying to it the merit of originality. For example, Richard Henry Lee sneered at it as a thing "copied from Locke's treatise on government." Charles Campbell, the historian of Virginia, intimates that some expressions in the document were taken without acknowledgment from Aphra Behn's tragicomedy, *The Widow Ranter*, or *The History of Bacon in Virginia*. By no one, however, has the charge of a lack of originality been pressed with so much decisiveness as by John Adams, who, as late as in the year 1822, deliberately wrote that "there is not an idea in it but what had been hackneyed in Congress for two years before."

Perhaps nowhere in our literature would it be possible to find a criticism brought forward by a really able man against any piece of writing, less applicable to the case, and of less force or value, than is this particular criticism by John Adams and others, as to the lack of originality in the Declaration of Independence. Indeed, for such a paper as Jefferson was commissioned to write, the one quality which it could not properly have had—the one quality which would have been fatal to its acceptance either by the American Congress or by the American people—is originality. . . . What was Jefferson to do? Was he to regard himself as a mere literary essayist, set to produce before the world a sort of prize dissertation, one essential merit of which would be its originality as a contribution to historical and political literature? Was he not, rather, to regard himself as, for the time being, the very mouthpiece and prophet of the people whom he represented, and as such required to bring together and set in order, in their name, not what was new, but what was old; to gather up into his own soul, as much as possible, whatever was then also in their souls—their very thoughts and passions, their ideas of constitutional law, their interpretations of fact, their opinions as to men and as to events in all that ugly quarrel; their notions of justice, of civic dignity, of human rights; finally, their memories of wrongs which seemed to them intolerable, especially of wrongs inflicted upon them during those twelve years by the hands of insolent and brutal men, in the name of the king, and by his apparent command? . . .

To say, therefore, that the official Declaration of that resolve is a paper made up of the very opinions, beliefs, unbeliefs, the very sentiments, prejudices, passions, even the errors in judgment and the personal misconstructions—if they were such—which then actually impelled the American people to that mighty act, and that all these are expressed in the very phrases which they had been accustomed to use, is to pay to that state paper the highest tribute

\*From the *Literary History of the American Revolution*, by Moses Coit Tyler. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers; cloth, \$3.00.

as to its fitness for the purpose for which it was framed.

Of much of this, also, Jefferson himself seems to have been conscious; and perhaps never does he rise before us with more dignity, with more truth, than when, late in his lifetime, hurt by the captious and jangling words of disparagement then recently put into writing by his old comrade, to the effect that the Declaration of Independence "contained no new ideas, that it is a commonplace compilation, its sentiments hackneyed in Congress for two years before, and its essence contained in Otis's pamphlet," Jefferson quietly replied that perhaps these statements might "all be true: of that I am not to be the judge. . . . Whether I had gathered my ideas from reading or reflection, I do not know. I know only that I turned to neither book nor pamphlet while writing it. I did not consider it as any part of my charge to invent new ideas altogether, and to offer no sentiment which had ever been expressed before. . . ."

He put himself into it—his own genius, his own moral force, his faith in God, his faith in ideas, his love of innovation, his passion for progress, his invincible enthusiasm, his intolerance of prescription, of injustice, of cruelty, his sympathy, his clarity of vision, his affluence of diction, his power to fling out great phrases which will long fire and cheer the souls of men struggling against political unrighteousness. And herein lies its essential originality, perhaps the most precious, and indeed almost the only, originality ever attaching to any great literary product that is representative of its time. He made for himself no improper claim, therefore, when he directed that upon the granite obelisk at his grave should be carved the words: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence." . . .

Taking into account, therefore, as we are bound to do, the circumstances of its origin, and especially its purpose as a solemn and piercing appeal to mankind, on behalf of a small and weak nation against the alleged injustice and cruelty of a great and powerful one, it still remains our duty to inquire whether, as has been asserted in our time, history must set aside either of the two central charges embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

The first of these charges affirms that the several acts complained of by the colonists, evinced "a design to reduce them under absolute despotism," and had as their "direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny" over the American people. Was this, indeed, a groundless charge, in the sense intended by the words "despotism" and "tyranny"—that is, in the sense commonly given to those words in the usage of the English-speaking race? . . .

As Edmund Burke pointed out in the House of Commons: "Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates, or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues have been exercised, the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. . . . They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a funda-

mental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist. The colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe or might be endangered in twenty other particulars without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat, they thought themselves sick or sound." . . .

He who holds the purse with the power to fill it and to empty it, holds the key of the situation—can maintain an army of his own, can rule without consulting parliament, can silence criticism, can crush opposition, can strip his subjects of every vestige of political life; in other words, he can make slaves of them, he can make a despot and a tyrant of himself. Therefore, the system which in the end might develop into results so palpably tyrannic and despotic, they bluntly called a tyranny and a despotism in the beginning. To say, therefore, that the Declaration of Independence did the same, is to say that it spoke good English. . . .

The second of the two great charges contained in the Declaration of Independence, while intimating that some share in the blame is due to the British parliament and to the British people, yet fastens upon the king himself as the one person chiefly responsible for the scheme of American tyranny therein set forth, and culminates in the frank description of him as "a prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant." Is this accusation of George III. now to be set aside as unhistoric? Was that king, or was he not, chiefly responsible for the American policy of the British government between the years 1763 and 1776? If he was so, then the historic soundness of the most important portion of the Declaration of Independence is vindicated.

Fortunately, this question can be answered without hesitation, and in few words; and for these few words, an American writer of to-day, conscious of his own bias of nationality, will rightly prefer to cite such as have been uttered by the ablest English historians of our time, who have dealt with the subject. Upon their statements alone it must be concluded, that George III. ascended his throne with the fixed purpose of resuming to the crown many of those powers which by the constitution of England did not then belong to it, and that in this purpose, at least during the first twenty-five years of his reign, he substantially succeeded—himself determining what should be the policy of each administration, what opinions his ministers should advocate in parliament, and what measures parliament itself should adopt. . . .

It is proper for us to remember that what we call criticism, is not the only valid test of the genuineness and worth of any piece of writing of great practical interest to mankind: there is, also, the test of actual use and service in the world, in direct contact with the common sense and the moral sense of large masses of men, under various conditions, and for a long period. Probably no writing which is not es-

sentially sound and true has ever survived this test.

Neither from this test has the great Declaration any need to shrink. Probably no public paper ever more perfectly satisfied the immediate purposes for which it was sent forth. From one end of the country to the other, and as fast as it could be spread among the people, it was greeted in public and in private with every demonstration of approval and delight. To a marvelous degree, it quickened the friends of the Revolution for their great task. . . .

Moreover, during the century and a quarter since the close of the Revolution, the influence of this state paper on the political character and the political conduct of the American people has been great beyond all calculation. For example, after we had achieved our own national deliverance, and had advanced into that enormous and somewhat corrupting material prosperity which followed the adoption of the constitution, the development of the cotton interest, and the expansion of the republic into a trans-continental power, we fell, as is now most apparent, under an appalling national temptation—the temptation to forget, or to repudiate, or to refuse to apply to the case of our human brethren in bondage, the very principles which we ourselves had once proclaimed as the basis of every rightful government, and as the ultimate source of our own claim to an untrammeled national life. The prodigious service rendered to us in this awful moral emergency by the Declaration of Independence was, that its public repetition, at least once every year, in the hearing of vast throngs of the American people, in every portion of the republic, kept constantly before our minds, in a form of almost religious sanctity, those few great ideas as to the dignity of human nature, and the sacredness of personality, and the indestructible rights of man as mere man, with which we had so gloriously identified the beginnings of our national existence, and upon which we had proceeded to erect all our political institutions both for the nation and for the States. It did, indeed, at last become very hard for us to listen each year to the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, and still to remain the owners and users and catchers of slaves; still harder, to accept the doctrine that the righteousness and prosperity of slavery was to be taken as the dominant policy of the nation. . . . It was the preamble of the Declaration of Independence which elected Lincoln, which sent forth the Emancipation Proclamation, which gave victory to Grant, which ratified the Thirteenth Amendment. . . .

We shall not here attempt to delineate the influence of this state paper upon mankind in general. Of course, the emergence of the American Republic as an imposing world-power is a phenomenon which has now for many years attracted the attention of the human race. Surely, no slight effect must have resulted from the fact that, among all civilized people, the one American document best known, is the Declaration of Independence, and that thus the spectacle of so vast and beneficent a political success has been everywhere associated with the assertion of the natural rights of man. . . . It has become the classic statement of political truths which must at last abolish kings altogether, or else teach them

to identify their existence with the dignity and happiness of human nature.

It would be unfitting, in a work like the present, to treat of the Declaration of Independence without making more than an incidental reference to its purely literary character.

Very likely, most writings—even most writings of genuine and high quality—have had the misfortune of being read too little. There is, however, a misfortune—perhaps a greater misfortune—which has overtaken some literary compositions, and these not necessarily the noblest and the best—the misfortune of being read too much. . . . Just this is the sort of calamity which seems to have befallen the Declaration of Independence. Is it, indeed, possible for us Americans, near the close of the nineteenth century, to be entirely just to the literary quality of this most monumental document—this much lauded, much bespouted, much beflouted document?—since, in order to be so, we need to rid ourselves, if we can, of the obstreperous memories of a lifetime of Independence Days, and to unlink and disperse the associations which have somehow confounded Jefferson's masterpiece with the rattle of fire-crackers, with the flash and the sputter of burning tar-barrels, and with that unreserved, that gyratory and perspiratory, eloquence now for more than a hundred years consecrated to the return of our fateful Fourth of July. . . .

Nothing which has not supreme literary merit has ever triumphantly endured such an ordeal, or ever been subjected to it. No man can adequately explain the persistent fascination which this state paper has had, and which it still has, for the American people, or for its undiminished power over them, without taking into account its extraordinary literary merits—its possession of the witchery of true substance wedded to perfect form—its massiveness and incisiveness of thought, its art in the marshaling of the topics with which it deals, its symmetry, its energy, the definiteness and limpidity of its statements, its exquisite diction—at once terse, musical, and electrical; and, as an essential part of this literary outfit, many of those spiritual notes which can attract and enthrall our hearts—veneration for God, veneration for man, veneration for principle, respect for public opinion, moral earnestness, moral courage, optimism, a stately and noble pathos, finally, self-sacrificing devotion to a cause so great as to be herein identified with the happiness, not of one people only, or of one race only, but of human nature itself.

Upon the whole, this is the most commanding and the most pathetic utterance, in any age, in any language, of national grievances and of national purposes; having a Demosthenic momentum of thought, and a fervor of emotional appeal such as Tyrtæus might have put into his war-songs. Indeed, the Declaration of Independence is a kind of war-song; it is a stately and a passionate chant of human freedom; it is a prose lyric of civil and military heroism.

We may be altogether sure that no genuine development of literary taste among the American people in any period of our future history can result in serious misfortune to this particular specimen of American literature.

## MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

*Strange Powers of Music.....,.....Owen Caley.....,.....The Fireside*

In modern times we have several instances of the medical powers of music. The effect produced by Farinelli on Philip of Spain is well known. This monarch was in such a deplorable state of despondency from ill health, that he refused to be shaved or to appear in public. On the arrival of Farinelli, the queen was resolved to try the power of music, and a concert was ordered in a room adjoining the king's chamber. Farinelli sang two of his best airs, which so overcame Philip that he desired he might be brought into his presence, when he promised to grant him any reasonable request he might make. The performer, in the most respectful manner, then begged of the king to allow himself to be shaved and attended by his domestics, to which Philip consented. Farinelli continued to sing to him daily until a perfect cure was effected. The story of Tartini is rather curious: in a moment of musical enthusiasm he fell asleep, when the devil was said to have appeared to him playing on the violin, bidding him with a horrible grin to play as well as he did. Struck with the vision, the musician awoke, ran to his harpsichord, and produced a splendid sonata. Brückman and Hufeland relate cases of St. Vitus' dance cured by music, which, according to Desessarts, also was reported to have relieved catalepsy. Schneider and Becker have ascertained its influence in hysterical and hypochondriac affections. A singular effect of music is related by Roger in the case of a poor wretch broken upon the wheel. In his agonies he screamed in the most fearful manner. Some itinerant musicians chanced to pass by; they were stopped and requested to play to the sufferer, when, to the surprise of all around, he seemed relieved, and became so tranquil that he confessed his manifold offences, and died, according to the tale, with "calm resignation." It seems more likely that the man lost consciousness owing to the horrible torture inflicted.

A French writer who entertained a sovereign contempt for French music, observes that the Cantates of Bernier cured the fever of a French musician, while they most probably would have given a fever to a musician of any other country. This remark reminds me of the French philosophical traveler of whom it is narrated that on his journey to London from Dover, while the horses were changing, he had the curiosity to see a sick ostler with a raging fever. The man was attended by a country practitioner who, despairing most probably of his patient, said that he might be allowed to eat anything he wished for. The man asked for a red-herring, which was forthwith given to him. Our tourist, generalizing like most of his brethren, immediately noted in his diary: "English physicians allow red-herrings to fever patients." Some months after he changed horses at the same inn, and asked how long the unhappy man had survived his herring, when, to his utter surprise, he was informed that the hale, hearty fellow who was bringing out the relays was the very man. He, of course, pulled out his journal and entered: "Red-herrings cure the fever of Englishmen!" Our traveler crossed

over, and having accidentally seen in a French inn a poor man whose case appeared to him similar to the sturdy ostler, he ventured to prescribe a similar remedy, which the patient only survived an hour or two. When his death was announced, he philosophically shrugged up his shoulders and wrote in his book: "Though red-herrings cure fevers in England, they most decidedly kill in France."

Mad musicians seem to be more mad than others. We, however, frequently meet with lunatics who, although they have no remembrance of the past circumstances of their life, recollect and perform airs which they had formerly played.

*Japan's Stage and Greatest Actor.....,.....Robert P. Porter.....,.....Cosmopolitan*

The Japanese seem to admire the realistic in drama as in art. The murmur of the populace as the heavy villain is led to execution, and the hoisting of the flag as the body swings into eternity, or as the head drops into the sawdust, would not suit the average Japanese theater-goer. The smothering of the victim behind the curtains, the startling intelligence that the hero had shot himself in his bedroom, or the heroine had taken poison at day-break, would simply fall flat with the kind of audiences I have seen in Tokyo, Osaka and Kyoto. Heads trickling with gore, men committing hara-kiri, with every detail, and all other deadly crimes, including such incidents as the castigating or torture of witnesses, are performed in front of the audience. Though the Japanese drama had its origin twelve centuries ago in comedy, or rather song and saru-gaku (literally monkey music), its leading dramatic author, Fukuchi Genichiro, frankly admits "the place for recreation has been turned into something not much different from the infernal regions." In the early days of the Japanese drama red cotton or paper took the place of the victim's blood; now, blood-like liquids, and what is called "paste-crimson," for representing the shedding of blood, is a common thing, especially in the second-class theaters. The scenes of torture and even of crucifixion are frightfully realistic. Though tragedy and pain are too often the themes of the far eastern stage, the theater in Japan is improving in tone, and the influence of such men as Fukuchi Genichiro and the great actor Danjuro has of late years all been in the direction of elevating the drama. . . .

I was favored with an autograph note from the great actor, inviting me to his house, and also one from Madame Ichi Kawaga (Yone-hachi), the leading actress of Japan and head of the theater in which the performers are all women. . . .

Madame Yone-hachi, in her invitation to see her play, says: "We shall begin at nine and continue until six in the evening." Here we have a feature of the Japanese drama that would hardly suit Europeans. Yet Danjuro practically acts each day during the season or life of a play from ten in the morning until dusk in the evening—that is, he is on and off the stage during those hours. Though his hours are longer, he is not subject to the same amount of strain that a European actor, taking a leading part, would undergo from eight till eleven

in the evening. The movement is slower, some plays lasting all day, the situations far apart, while the climax and dialogues dawdle along in truly delightful oriental fashion. Why be in a hurry? The Japanese comes to the theater expecting to stay. Between the acts innumerable swift-footed waiters of both sexes noiselessly run around with luncheon, tea, beer and cigarettes, all of which are served in the tiny boxes, which hold from four to six people. To watch the occupants of these boxes is half the fun of the Japanese theater. The serious-looking, sallow-complexioned men, in their somber, bluish-gray gowns, form a decided contrast to the gay little butterflies, in the brightest and most picturesque of costumes, fluttering at their side. And the coiffure of the latter, black as shining anthracite, decorated with dangling blossoms, and built up with such exquisite skill that the height and dimensions are nothing short of alarming to the uninitiated. Yet, like the modern sky-scrappers, they do not seem to fall down. The family parties at the Japanese theaters are brimful of jollity. In fact, good nature and fun reign supreme between the acts, but the signal for the play to begin brings the audience, especially the women, trotting back again. In they come from the several doors, noiselessly pattering along the highly-polished "flowery ways," over which the actors are soon to tread, into the little four-by-four boxes, where they sink down upon their heels, prepared to give undivided attention to the measured action of the play.

Strange and odd as all the performers and the people seem at first, upon becoming more familiar with the Japanese theater, it is easy to appreciate the excellent quality of much of the acting and the consummate skill displayed in the stage effects. True, the methods are different. Thus, for example, the entrance and exit of the actors from the front of the house, through the audience, strike the uninitiated as peculiar and, with the other curious differences, have the effect of distracting the mind from the acting; but once get used to these unusual proceedings, and its fine quality is apparent. Danjuro is one of the most remarkable actors I have ever seen. He ranks with Irving, Booth and Salvini. His range of characters seems greater than his illustrious European contemporaries, including, as they do, not only youth and age, priest and soldier, acrobat and schoolmaster, but the impersonation of female parts, which Danjuro renders with consummate skill. During my stay in Japan I had an opportunity of seeing Danjuro in many parts. To-day he appears as a handsome, dashing warrior, flashing a sword, on horseback; to-morrow as a devout priest, with shaven head. His make-up is simply perfect. A powerful and spiritual princess in one play, Danjuro astonishes you with his royal yet feminine bearing, and in another thrills you as the chief character in the magnificent attire of a courtesan, going through with the heavy "geta," which is called the "hachimonji ni aruku" (figure of eight walking). . . .

Woman has played a curious and somewhat fitful part in the drama of Japan. When the bard of Avon was writing the greatest plays the world has yet known (A. D. 1592—1611), there appeared in the province of Idzumo a beautiful dancing girl named Okuni, who not only greatly improved her art, but

created a new era in the Japanese drama. When about twenty years of age, the beautiful Okuni left Idzumo for Kyoto, and there by her talent produced plays; and surrounding herself by clever actors, played comedies which, though they have not been preserved in books, left their impress upon the Japanese stage. According to tradition, Okuni is represented with her hair in wild confusion, a golden crown upon her head, and arrayed in embroidered garments of exquisite beauty. She is also said to have worn the priest's robe with a kamogane and a rosary of crystals hanging from her neck. Again it is said that she clothed herself in beautiful male attire, and wore a pair of swords of fine make and a set of miniature boxes in her girdle. The plays of this remarkable woman were historical and pathetic, and they are known to this day as Okunikabuki—the plays of Okuni. These performances became very popular not only in Kyoto, but in the other large cities. Okuni increased the variety of the art as well as the plot of the play. In fact, those who have studied the history of Japanese drama declare the school of activity started by the beautiful and accomplished Okuni, of Idzumo, did much to develop some of the best features of Japanese stage art.

Two centuries ago most of the actors and all of those best known to fame were women. Men in those joyous days were only allotted secondary parts. The enemies of womankind, however, were able to secure an edict, and from 1644 to 1881 the public appearance of women on the stage was forbidden, and men were substituted for them. Men who thus personate women are called "onnagata." It is almost impossible for Europeans to tell them from women, so perfectly are they trained. A glance at the photograph of the most famous onnagata confirms this. Women are now, though slowly, returning to the stage, and the theater in Tokyo, in which Yone-hachi is the leading lady, is well worth a visit. All the performers are women, and as the theater is small, they do very well. Danjuro told me he was in favor of women taking parts on the stage with men, and encouraged it in his own theater whenever he found a woman capable of acting. There are physical objections in large theaters, like the Kabukiza, to the employment of women. The Japanese woman, both through heredity and training, walks with contracted chest and a lily-like droop of the head, not unpleasing to the eye, but disastrous to the proper use of the voice, which never carries beyond the first rows. Great physical endurance is also necessary. Tests by the pedometer tell that chief actors walk every day from twelve to twenty miles on the stage, while the strongest Japanese woman submitted to the test could hardly exceed five. This is largely due to the inconvenient dress and manner of turning in the toes.

Such is the Japanese stage past and present. Originating centuries ago in the religious rites and mythology of this remarkable people, coupled with dancing, with song and with the music of stringed instruments and the beating of tom-toms and wooden sounding-boards, it has progressed and developed until we find it to-day full of fascination and interest and capable of great improvement. Like the drama of Europe, the Japanese drama has passed through many vicissitudes; and now that the highest

nobles in the land can visit the theater without disgrace and the Emperor himself sends for the greatest actor to perform in his august presence, it has been restored to its proper place, and is now in a position to advance in beauty and excellence. I have shown that there are good actors and some good actresses in Japan. There is also abundant material for plays to be derived from Japanese mythology, history, war records, without resorting to inhuman crimes, revolting realism, or disgusting vulgarity. The Japanese are very fond of statistics, and, as we know, are an exact people. There is an old tradition that sums up a man's character in ten parts. If seven parts are good and three bad, the good must predominate and the bad be buried with his bones; if the reverse, then the good goes to the grave with his ashes, and in history the man ranks as all bad. Applying this formula to the native drama, we may safely say that seven parts of it are good; and if those responsible for it would only bury the three reprehensible parts, the result would be a great improvement and, perhaps, a much more brilliant future.

*Walter Crane on Modern Dress...The English Artist's Views...Great Thoughts*

"Don't you find the dress of to-day difficult to deal with in a picture?" I asked.

"No—not at all, almost any dress is interesting if treated artistically as Velasquez treated it, and nothing could be more fearfully stiff or hideous than the feminine costumes of his day."

"But don't you think dress itself might well be improved?" I asked as I eyed my smart new "topper" with great disfavor and yet dreading every moment that something might occur to disturb its glossy smoothness.

"Not all the dress of the day is bad," replied Mr. Crane, "for any dress which expresses something or gives a hint as to a man's personality or occupation is artistic—a shooting costume, a hunting costume, the dresses of the peasant, a workman dress set by the dominant power, the City financier—but the type of a business man, which expresses nothing, is hideous. The countryman may be as picturesque though not *so* romantic as of old. I should like to see national costumes adhered to, and one grieves over the decline of them. Ecclesiastics should cling to their dress. It expresses their occupation. The army keeps up old ideas, often, as in the Highland dress; in the Greek army the Albanian costume is kept up as a uniform, and the Hussars are a relic of the old Hungarian Magyar. Our English officers seem to evade their uniform in public, while 'Tommy Atkins' gives color to our streets. Variety is the drama of the eye. It is the work-people now-a-days who give picturesqueness and character to our streets—the milkman, the postman, the butcher boy, the navvy. Now the popular artist is he who expresses the most of this—the prevailing feeling, who catches the vibrations of his time and gives them lucid expression; he who does the life of his time because every age likes to have the glass held up to it. Men like Du Maurier, Phil May, Charles Keene."

*First Use of the Baton.....London Telegraph*

The strange statement in Dr. Murray's English dictionary, which gives 1867 as the earliest dated

reference to the use of the word baton as a conducting stick in English literature, is just now the subject of an interesting discussion. Sir George Grove surmises that the first baton employed in England was probably the Taktirstabchen used by Spohr at the Philharmonic concerts in 1820. Mr. F. G. Edwards goes back farther, and quotes from one of Samuel Wesley's lectures delivered in 1827: "I remember that in the time of Dr. Boyce (1710—1779) it was customary to mark the measure of the orchestra with a roll of parchment or paper in hand, and this usage is yet continued at St. Paul's Cathedral at the musical performances for the sons of the clergy." We, however, can go even still farther back, that is to say, to the time of good old Pepys, for mention of a conducting stick. In Lord Braybrook's edition (Warne & Co.) the reference is undoubtedly omitted, but Mr. Edwards has found it for us in Mynors Bright's edition under date of June 6, 1661. Pepys and Lieutenant Lambert visited Greenwich: "There we went and eat and drank and heard musique at the Globe, and saw the simple notion that is there of a woman with a rod in her hand, keeping time to the musique while it plays; which is simple methinks." A good many conductors of the present day do very little more than "keep time to the musique while it plays." It is, of course, possible that from a very ancient period some sort of baton was employed in training the performers. But the "woman with a rod in her hand," a spectacle which good old Pepys thought so simple, is, we believe, the first reference made to the conductor's baton in England, while the damsel undoubtedly was the predecessor of the Viscountess Folkstone, Mme. Trebelli, Mrs. Clara Novello Davies, Mrs. Julian Marshall, the Countess of Radnor, and other lady conductors. It is possible that Pepys' heroine brought the custom from Germany, for we believe, according to tradition, Heinrich Albert, who flourished in the first half of the 17th century, used a conductor's stick. It seems strange that men still living can recollect the time when at the opera and at Symphony concerts the tempi were given by the first violinist, and the conductor sat at a piano, which, says Spohr, "when it was heard with the orchestra had a very bad effect." Weber and Mendelssohn both conducted in London with a baton, and the custom was firmly established by Costa in the early thirties. At the famous Gewandhaus concerts, Leipsic, however, the fiddle bow of the first violinist was not superseded by the conductor's stick until Mendelssohn made the change in 1835. Six years later Mendelssohn and Berlioz exchanged batons at Leipsic, the witty Frenchman sending his German friend a letter beginning: "To Conductor Mendelssohn: Great Chief. We promised to exchange tomahawks. Here is mine. It is a rude one; yours is lighter. Only squaws and pale-faces like ornamental weapons." It would, by the way, be interesting to know the real origin of the leadership of the first violinist. According to Berlioz, it arose from the deafness of Beethoven, when "the musicians, in order that they might keep together, eventually agreed to follow the slight indications of time which the concert meister gave them, and not to attend to Beethoven's conducting stick."

## UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

*The Dread of the Supernatural. .... The Spectator*

Both those who believe and those who disbelieve in the notion that the veil between this world and the other is capable of being lifted agree in one thing. They all recognize the fact that most people feel fear, or something akin to fear, at what they believe to be the occurrence of supernatural phenomena. There is here, therefore, a piece of ground which may be explored without any begging of the question as to whether the fear is caused by real ghosts or by trickery, by rats and water-pipes, or by genuine glimpses of the people of another world. One would like to know whether the fear felt is akin to that experienced when a man is frightened by a runaway horse or a fire or any other imminent risk of life, or whether it is something different in kind. Speaking broadly and without any minute consideration of the facts, one would say that ghost-fright did differ in kind from the fright that comes from active danger. Most people have, we imagine, at some time or other in their lives experienced that eerie, uncanny, creepy feeling which is associated with the possibility of contact with the supernatural. Yet few would declare that it was in any sense connected with the dread of loss of life or limb. The man or woman who wakes up in the middle of the night and hears strange noises—thumps, raps, clangs, and creakings—or sees lights or feels the touch of unseen hands, is probably very frightened, but the sense of bodily fear is not present. There is no dread of being killed. People in the agony of terror caused by dangerous accidents constantly call out that they are going to be killed, but we doubt if that is ever the case in the fright caused by haunted houses. . . . The fear caused by what is supposed to be a supernatural agency seems, then, to have in it some element not found in ordinary fear. If and when the haunting phenomena cause fear they seem to give a shock of quite special keenness.

Another strange thing about the dread of the supernatural is its greater power of transmission. One may, no doubt, read about hairbreadth escapes with a pleasing thrill of danger, and very sensitive people may even find it "trying" to hear how the hero of a mountain climb crawled along a ledge of rotten rock with a two thousand feet drop below and a sheer wall of cliff above, but no one is really terrified by this in the way that sensitive people are terrified by reading or hearing ghost-stories. People susceptible to such impressions not unfrequently find themselves in the position of Sir Walter Scott and Hannah More, who sat up telling ghost-stories till they were both afraid to go to bed. Unquestionably the fear which we call "creepiness" is much more easily kindled at second hand than the good honest dread of having one's skull split. Yet another curious fact about the form of fear we are discussing is its admitted unreasonableness and want of sufficient cause apparent to account for it. If a man is asked why he is afraid of standing in the line of fire when soldiers are shooting, or of doing any other dangerous thing, there is no sort of mystery about his answer. He tells you at once, "I am

afraid of doing this or that because I don't want to be killed." If you ask him why he is afraid of sleeping in a haunted room, as in many cases he undoubtedly will be, even though perfectly sane and sufficiently brave, he will be unable to tell you. He will probably declare that he does not believe in ghosts, and does not believe, indeed, in any supernatural phenomena being permitted. Yet he will, if he is honest, add that there is no sort of uncertainty about his objection to sleeping in a room believed to be haunted. He may say, of course, that he could force himself on good grounds to submit to being frightened, but he will not deny the fright. If you ask him, further, what are the consequences of which he is afraid, he will, as we have said, be unable to tell you. He will admit that there is no fear of the figure said to haunt the room injuring him in any possible way, and he will laugh at the notion of low voices, or loud explosive raps, or touches from cold fingers doing him bodily damage. In the end, indeed, he will be forced to admit that what he is really afraid of is being frightened. "Experience tells us that these things, whatever they are, cause a very unpleasant form of terror in the human mind, and experience is backed up by a strong instinctive feeling in most men's minds. I don't know in the least why these things should cause alarm, but as they do I intend to avoid them." . . . When a normally constituted man is made subject to an illusion either by being influenced beforehand by thrilling accounts of what he is likely to see, or else by some curious set of accidents and coincidences, it is only natural that he should be much disturbed in body and mind. The perfectly healthy organization abhors and resists illusions, and therefore when it is subject to them by some accident the reaction is very strongly marked. . . .

There is yet another explanation of the mystery surrounding this dread of the supernatural which may be worth considering. It may be that man has been endowed with this almost universal horror of the supernatural because he was not meant to peep behind the veil. It can hardly be doubted that mankind in general would not be doing their true work if they were perpetually engaged in efforts to lift that veil. For what purpose was the veil interposed if not to prevent such prying? But granted that it would be a hindrance to man's development to traffic with the other world, or to learn too much about it at first hand, would not man be very likely to have developed a keen instinctive horror of any contact with the unseen world, just as many animals have an instinctive horror of plants that will injure them? Be that as it may, . . . why so many of us should be afraid of things which we know will, under no circumstances, do us bodily harm, and which most of us sincerely believe have no existence whatever, is in any case a very curious problem.

*A Phantom of the Polar Seas. .... New York Sun*

It was a fearsome craft, a veritable ancient mariner of a ship, that was sighted by Captain Spurring, of the British ship Drumcraig, down at the Horn, a

few months ago. The story of this weird wanderer of the seas is brought here by Captain Atkinson, who has just arrived by rail to take charge of the British ship Goodrich. He saw Captain Spurring at Queenstown, and had the tale direct from him. Captain Atkinson is well known here to be a truthful man, and one not given to the spinning of baseless yarns. He vouches also for the veracity of Captain Spurring.

The Drumcraig left here six months ago and had a speedy run as far as Cape Horn. There the usual westerly winds shifted to dead ahead, and a sea full of broken ice, many of the bergs being very large, made navigation troublesome and perilous. One stormy morning, just at daybreak, when the snow was falling so thickly that it was not possible to see more than a ship's length ahead, a mountainlike berg drifted past the vessel. It was so near, scarcely a cable's length away, that but for a slight mishap, which had just made it necessary to heave to, the Drumcraig would have collided with the berg. As it was, the ice mountain came so near that officers and crew all saw the grawsome burden that it bore—a full-rigged bark, with sail all set, frozen into the berg, and shrouded in ice from mainmast top to copper bottom.

The berg and its icebound prisoner were fully fifteen minutes drifting past the Drumcraig, and during that time all hands were closely studying the weird apparition. The vessel rested high on the berg, ten or twelve feet from the water-line, and was buried in the ice as far up as her rail. The ice that was frozen over the vessel appeared to be two or three feet thick on the side next the observers. Captain Spurring thought it could not be more than that, because with his glasses he could easily make out the outlines through the ice, and could see that she was of wood and had a coppered bottom.

From the dim outlines he guessed that she was a sailing bark of ancient pattern, of about the size and appearance of a New Bedford whaler. But there were left no boats, no davits, and not enough of the rigging to decide the question. The three masts, the sails, the spars and gear were all shrouded with a thick casing of ice, through which only their dark outlines could be seen. Some of the crew imagined they could see bodies of men in the rigging, but Captain Spurring was doubtful, for his glasses did not increase the resemblance. His explanation of the ice-locked mystery is that the vessel must have grounded on a projecting edge of the berg, toppled over against the wall, and there rested until she was frozen so fast that no movement of the ice mountain could dislodge her. Then the ice had gradually grown up around her until her imprisonment was complete. The neighborhood was suggestive of danger, and the Drumcraig was headed in another direction as quickly as possible, and in a few minutes the uncanny phantom had drifted away toward the southeast into the storm that was strengthening its fetters of ice.

*A Triple Case of Presentiment.....Fitz John Porter.....New York Sun*

It was at the siege of the City of Mexico. On September 12, 1847, Battery G, Fourth Artillery, of which I was second lieutenant, with heavy guns,

had fired all day at the Castle of Chapultepec, defended by Mexican artillery and infantry, preparatory to its being stormed by our infantry the next day. After sundown the storming party of infantry (regular troops) passed our battery to take their positions for the night, so as to be ready for an early attack in the morning. Capt. Drum and First Lieut. Benjamin of my battery and myself spoke to and encouraged our friends and their gallant comrades as they marched by us. All were confident of victory, and all were cheerful except my friend Lieut. Gantt. He was particularly despondent, and, in reply to my salutation, exclaimed, with a farewell wave of his hand, "Good-bye, Porter, I shall never see you again." His words were prophetic. Among the very first of the brave fellows who led the storming party was Lieut. Gantt, fearlessly facing the fate he had predicted. He was one of the first of our men to be killed.

That night Capt. Drum, Lieut. Benjamin and myself were sitting in Capt. Drum's tent. Capt. Drum was quite despondent, and his appearance and features denoted that he had experienced a premonition of death. Finally, he said to me: "Porter, I wish you would go out for a moment. I don't expect to live through the fight to-morrow, and I want to arrange with Benjamin, who will be my successor, my private affairs, and I prefer to be alone with him." Benjamin shared Drum's premonition, and he answered: "Oh, Drum, let Porter remain. I, too, expect to be killed in the battle to-morrow." I had no such feeling, and I responded in as cheerful a tone as possible: "Captain, don't borrow trouble. As I do not anticipate any injury, I think you had better tell us both your wishes." He was persistent, however, and I left the tent, and never knew what his last wishes were.

The next morning, and after the taking of Chapultepec, we moved along the narrow road leading into the City of Mexico at the fortified gate, named Garita de Belin, in the middle of which was the arched aqueduct that supplied the city with water and afforded us some protection from the sweeping direct and also flank artillery and infantry fire of the enemy. On the way I was struck by a spent cannon shot and knocked from my horse, being rendered temporarily unfit for duty. Drum at once rushed to me and picked me up, exclaiming: "Hello, Porter! You said nothing would happen to you; don't be too sure." "Don't fear for me," I answered. "I hope you won't meet with any worse accident." But he was still certain that he would be killed, for he replied, "Good-bye, I shall not see you again." And he bravely rushed on to help gain the victory we sought, despite the conviction that he would be a victim.

Though delayed but a short time by my fall, when I had remounted and rejoined my battery I found the Garita de Belin in our possession and our battery in advance battering the citadel held by Mexican infantry and artillery, whose fire, but 200 yards away, was concentrated upon the guns in charge of Drum and Benjamin. Almost immediately our battery was crippled, Drum and Benjamin and First Sergeant Baldwin were mortally wounded, and twenty-seven out of thirty men were killed or wounded.

## MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

*The Hippocratic Oath..... Medical Record*

We have been questioned by a correspondent about the Hippocratic oath, taken by physicians upon graduation. He states that he has inquired as to the substance of this oath of many physicians who have been unable to give him a satisfactory answer. He is under the impression that this oath requires a physician to respond to any call made upon him for professional services, regardless as to whether those services will receive compensation or not. He holds that such a demand would be unjust under present conditions, especially in cities and large towns, where hospitals and city physicians are provided for the poorer classes; while in smaller towns the law provides that the poor shall receive medical attention at the expense of the public. He is satisfied that a large number of men take this oath as a matter of form, without any conception of what they have to observe. For the benefit of our correspondent, and those whom he has questioned, we give the following translation of the oath in full:

"I swear by Apollo the physician, and *Æsculapius*, and Health, and All-heal, and all the gods and goddesses, that, according to my ability and judgment, I will keep this oath and this stipulation—to reckon him who taught me this art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him, and relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring on the same footing as my own brothers, to teach them this art, if they should wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation; and by precept, lecture, and every mode of instruction, I will impart the knowledge of the art to my sons, and those of my teachers, and to disciples bound by stipulation and oath according to the law of medicine, but to none others. I will follow that system of regimen, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to any one if asked, nor suggest any such council; and in like manner I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practise my art. I will not cut persons laboring under the stone, but will leave this to be done by men who are practitioners of this work. Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption, and, further, from the seduction of females or males, of freemen and slaves. Whatever in connection with my professional practice, or not in connection with, I see, or hear, in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the art, respected by all men, in all times. But, should I trespass and violate this oath, may the reverse be my lot."

A reference to prevailing codes of ethics will show that no such requirements as our correspondent suggests are made. He is privileged to use his own

judgment in accepting or rejecting any case, but, having accepted, he is expected to do his work conscientiously without regard to compensation.

It may be observed that the points raised are not touched upon in the "oath." The Hippocratic oath shows the high standard of honor, integrity, the spirit of brotherly love and philanthropy which it has been the aim of the profession to maintain since the beginning of the science of medicine. In taking this oath to-day we understand that the physician binds himself to preserve the dignity, purity, and honesty of the profession, that he shall ever be guided by sound judgment and high moral principles.

*Help for the Hunchback..... A French Surgeon's Cures..... New York Tribune*

Hereafter there are to be no more hunchbacks. At least there need be none in the future if children afflicted with that terrible spinal curvature are submitted to the treatment which the French doctor, Calot, has so successfully plied in the course of his practice in the Rothschild hospital at Berk-sur-Mer. Dr. Calot's process, in broad general terms, consists simply in pressing down the curved hump of the backbone until the vertebrae resume their normal place with reference to each other. It takes great force to do this and assistants pull vigorously at the shoulders and feet of the subject while the doctor with his hands bears down heavily upon the hump. The sound of bones cracking as they come into place is distinctly audible, but the patient is under the influence of chloroform and is not conscious of pain.

For several months, or until the vertebrae are firmly in their places, the child is kept in a plaster of paris mold, but he is allowed to go abroad after a time with only the support of a tight-fitting corset. About ten months are required for complete cure. Dr. Calot has performed thirty-seven operations of this kind, all of them without accident and all resulting in the complete obliteration of the hump, leaving the back as straight as anybody's. History might have been changed had this Calot treatment been known in past ages. Hunchbacks have wielded great power at one time and another, Richard III. being a notable instance. They are very frequently vicious and impish in disposition as the result of brooding over their deformity, and have wrought much evil in the world. Had Richard been subjected to the Calot treatment in childhood, a bloody page might have been omitted from history. He would have been a handsome man but for his deformity, and his remorseless cruelty very likely had much of its origin in his morose misanthropy, the result of his malformation. If the Calot process becomes general in the treatment of hunchbacks, the literature of the future will have to rely upon the produce of the past and immediate present for a supply of this favorite literary monster. In real life Alexander Pope might not have been the peevish, querulous dwarf he was, but a fine handsome fellow, with a merry rather than a waspish wit, had his deforming hunch been pressed into place by a skilled surgeon.

*Artificial Coloring of Food Products.....Dietetic and Sanitary Gazette*

Among the important questions that have arisen in consequence of the attention given to the composition of food products, is that of artificial coloring. Much of the coloring of food is traditional and esthetic, and is not intended to deceive. Thus candies are obviously colored to please the eye, especially giving variety to the confectioner's stock; butter and mustard are colored without any intention to deceive as to quality or purity. Of course the imitations of such articles are also colored, but the primary intention to deceive is in the manufacture of the substitute. On the other hand colors are often used to conceal inferiority or falsification. Skimmed milk is colored to give the appearance of richness; dilute alcohol is colored to imitate wine, and acetic acid is colored to imitate cider-vinegar. The sanitary chemist must carefully distinguish between these two purposes in the case of colors. With candies, butter, mustard, and similar instances, the question is the wholesomeness of the color used, but the coloring of milk or spirits is essentially a deception to the injury of the buyer or user, and may be prevented on that basis alone without reference to the wholesomeness of the color used.

The colors mostly used at present are the so-called coal-tar colors, of which there are very many forms, and the number is rapidly increasing, as the result of the scientific research carried on in Germany, which has long led the world in this industry. The composition of these colors is generally highly complex, and their systematic names long and awkward, for which reasons they are generally sold under trade names that give no indication of their composition or relationship. The colors produced in the earliest period of the industry were not permanent and were liable to dangerous impurities, especially arsenic, but the modern products are more permanent and purer. Features that are common to many are solubility in water and high coloring power. These make them suitable for use in food, and we find, therefore, that they have come largely into use as food colors, and the detection of them and judgment of their effects are often problems presented to the food analyst. . . .

It is our opinion, therefore, that there is no good reason for regarding the standard coal-tar colors as unfit for use in food. The quantity is so small that it is not reasonable to suppose that any toxic effect will follow. The probability is that many of these colors are analogous in composition to those found naturally in fruits, flowers, and seeds, and it is mere assumption that the natural colors are more wholesome than the artificial. Of course, it is taken for granted that the colors are free from mineral impurities; that point can be readily ascertained, and the commercial colors are now almost all satisfactory in this respect. All the coal-tar colors, being organic, are readily decomposed in the system, and hence cannot act as cumulative poisons. It seems, therefore, that it is at present merely the duty of sanitary authorities to ascertain what colors are used and in what amounts, and that restrictive action is not called for.

*Why the Dram-drinker's Nose is Red.....English Mechanic*

It may be reasonably supposed that when the dram-drinker looks upon his face in a mirror, and

sees that his nose is red, he is anxious to know the exact cause of such a condition, and why, the more alcohol he drinks, the greater becomes the redness; and also why angry-looking bumps after a while make their appearance on the end and sides of the nose.

It may not be out of place to tell him, in a commonplace way, the cause; for he is but little aware, as he looks at his nose, that, as it is reddened and congested by an unnatural supply of blood, so all the respective organs of his body are kept in a state of unnatural redness and congestion by the habitual use of alcohol. If he could see his brain, stomach, liver, lungs, heart, and kidneys in his mirror, as he sees his nose, he would find each of those organs in precisely the same condition as that presented by his nose; and this congestion of the vital organs explains to him the uncomfortable manner in which their functions are performed. When in perfect health, the functions of the organs of the body are so quietly performed that a man forgets that he has lungs and heart. In fact, his general condition is so good that he never thinks about his internal organs; but this is not so with the habitual drinker of alcoholic compounds. The alcohol which he drinks keeps his organs in the same reddened and congested condition as his nose, and he is always complaining that his head aches, or feels hot, foolish, and confused, that he does not sleep, and has startings and jerkings of his limbs in his sleep; his appetite is capricious, his kidneys do not act well, and he has pains in his limbs and back, or his heart feels uneasy and has spells of palpitation, and his lungs do not perform their duty in a manner to make him feel at ease. He is nervous, tremulous, and easily startled; his liver is disordered, he has a bad taste in his mouth, and his tongue is coated with a thick, white fur, accompanied by feverish and thirsty sensations about his throat.

Certain it is that when the dram-drinker presents or complains of these symptoms, he may, without the slightest mistake, conclude that the alcohol has irritated his whole system, and that every organ of his body is in the same reddened and unnatural condition as that presented by his nose. The heart is a double organ, constituting within the body a force-pump, the duty of which is to receive two streams of blood, and to act upon them in a manner which necessitates the duty of sending two streams of blood in different directions. It has likewise two sets of vessels. The duty of one set of vessels is to carry the blood *from* the heart throughout the entire body, while the duty of the other set of vessels is to carry the blood back from the entire body *to* the heart, to be sent to the lungs to meet with the air, by which it is purified. This explains how it is that the dram-drinker's breath always smells of alcohol. The alcohol when taken into the stomach passes in a pure state into the blood, and when the blood, thus mixed with alcohol, is sent by the action of the heart to the lungs, the alcohol is there taken up by the air in the lungs, and breathed out again in the act of breathing. Sometimes the breath is so loaded with alcohol that the breath, as it escapes, will appear luminous, and can be plainly seen to be luminous when the long-practised dram-drinker breathes in the dark.

## TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

*The Death of the Flowers* ..... *William Cullen Bryant*

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.  
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood  
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,  
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;  
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.  
In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;  
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

*Ode to the West Wind* ..... *Percy Bysshe Shelley*

O wild West Wind, thou breath of autumn's being,  
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed  
The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow  
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odors plain and hill:  
Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed  
Scarce seem'd a vision, I would ne'er have striven  
As thus with thee in prayer with my sore need.  
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!  
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd  
One too like thee: tameless and swift and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,  
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth;  
And, by the incantation of this verse,  
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth  
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,  
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

*Waiting* ..... *John Burroughs*

Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace;  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder heights;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

## OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS\*

The Englishman Again.—An Englishman once visited California, and he remarked upon the abundance of fruit in that state. He said he was sure the Californians could not eat it all, and he wanted to know what was done with the surplus fruit. His remark was answered by a Californian, who said:

"We eat what we can, and we can what we can't."

The Englishman after awhile saw the joke and laughed heartily over it. A short time afterward he returned to England. One evening he went to a dinner party and he determined to relate this story. He told the preliminaries, and when he came to the Californian's answer, he repeated it in the following words: "We eat what we can, and we *tin* what we can't," and then he wondered why nobody else laughed.

Still Another Englishman.—Although the name of Biddle is a well-known one to many besides the Four Hundred of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Washington, Baltimore and elsewhere, it seems that this magic name conveyed only dense confusion to an Englishman once visiting the City of Brotherly Love, as proved by the following little story: After a sojourn for a week in that quiet but delightful place, where he was feted and honored to his heart's content, he asked a friend confidentially, "Can you tell me what they mean here by a 'biddle'? I hear it continually and on all sides, 'She is a biddle'—'oh, he is a biddle, you know'—'they are all right of course, they are biddles.' Now, what in the name of all that is unmentionable is a biddle?"

A Cause for Thanksgiving.—The late Hon. James G. Blaine is said to have related the following story to a coterie of friends while crossing from America to Europe:

"A few years ago I attended a performance of Faust at a Dublin theater. In the third act, Faust, the lost, is dragged down into the infernal regions in a glare of fire. On this occasion the actor impersonating Faust was an abnormally large man, and the trap door of the stage an unusually small one. At the proper time the door separated and a volume of blue and red flame burst forth. Faust was seen dragged by a hidden power, struggling through the opening. His legs went first, and he proceeded as far as his waist. Here he stuck. Those underneath tried to pull him through, while he endeavored to get out. He could move neither way, his portly body completely filling the aperture. There was an embarrassing pause. The audience was as silent as the tomb. Then an old Irishman back in the gallery arose, and, with his eyes fixed on the scene, raised his hand and fervently exclaimed: 'I thank God hell's full!'

A Professional Zealot.—A surgeon, who is often absent-minded, was dining at the house of a friend.

"Doctor," said the lady of the house, "as you are

so clever with the knife, we must ask you to carve the mutton."

"With pleasure," was the reply, and setting to work he made a deep incision in the joint of the meat. Then—whatever was he thinking about?—he drew from his pocket a bundle of lint, together with several linen bandages, and bound up the wound in due form.

The guests were stricken dumb at the sight, but he, still deeply absorbed in thought, said: "With rest and care he'll soon be better."

Patriotism.—An Irishman in a mellow mood was returning to his home one night from a political meeting. At a street corner he stopped and shouted, "Hurrah for Ireland!" when a surly passer-by turned upon him with, "Hurrah for h—ll!"

"That's right, brother," said the genial son of Erin, with a grin for the other's black look. "That's right, brother. Every man for his own country!"

Negative Confession.—The famous Thad. Stevens had a colored servant in Washington named Matilda, who one morning smashed a large dish at the buffet.

"What have you broken now, you — — black idiot?" exclaimed her master. Matilda meekly responded: "Taint de fo'th commandment, bress de Lawd."

Barbarous.—A clergyman was being shaved by a barber, who had evidently become unnerved by the previous night's dissipation. Finally he cut the clergyman's chin. The latter looked up at the artist reproachfully, and said:

"You see, my man, what comes of hard drinking."

"Yes, sir," replied the barber, consolingly, "it makes the skin tender."

The Greatest of These.—An Englishman once remarked in company that he had just been taken for the Prince of Wales on account of his resemblance to that personage.

"Oh," said a Scotchman present, "I was once taken for the Duke of Argyll."

"I have been taken for a greater man than either of you," broke in Pat.

"Who?" they asked.

"Well," said he, "the other day as I was walking down Sackville street, I met a friend whom I had not seen for many years, and the moment he saw me he shouted out, 'Oh, Holy Moses, is it you?'

Twisted.—An Irish laborer, having overslept one morning, and in his hurry to get to work on time put on his trousers on hind side before, arrived at the building on which he was working a little late, and hurriedly ascended the ladder. When about half way up he slipped and fell to the ground. A crowd of fellow-laborers soon assembled, and at once began to shout, "He's dead! He's dead!" But Mike, looking him over carefully and turning him around, said, in a solemn tone: "No, he's not dead, but he's got a dom bod twbist."

\* Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

## SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

*Socrates on the Links,.....Andrew Lang.....Golfing Papers \**

Going down toward the shore lately I met Critias and the beautiful Charmides, for indeed they are seldom apart. Seeing that they carried in their hands clubs not only of wood, but of iron, and even of brass, I conceived that they were bound for the Palæstra.

"Hail to you, Critias," I said; "is it permitted to accompany you?"

"Indeed, Socrates, you may, and you may even carry these clubs for me," said Critias.

"But," said I, "is the carrying of clubs an art, or a sport?"

"An art, if it be done for money," he said; "but a sport, if to oblige a friend, for the things of friends are common."

"Will you then lend me your putter to knock yonder sophist on the head?" I asked; but he denied it with an oath.

"Neither then," said I, "O best of men, will I carry your clubs, for it does not become one who has not learned an art to practice it."

Critias was now building a small altar of sea-sand, on which he placed a white ball, and addressed himself to it in a pious manner, and becomingly.

"It is a singularly fine morning," I remarked; on hearing which he smote his ball, not rightly, nor according to law, but on the top, so that it ran into the road, and there lay in a rut.

"Tell me, Critias," I said, "do you think it becoming a philosopher, and one who studies the sacred writings even of the extreme Barbarians, to be incapable of self-command, and that in a trifling matter such as whether a ball is hit fairly, or not fairly?"

But he seized an iron club, and glared upon me so fiercely that I turned to Charmides, who was now about to hit his ball for the second time.

He observing that it was "a beautiful lie," I asked him: "Charmides, can we say that any lie is really beautiful or noble, or are not nobility and beauty rather the attributes of the True?"

He thereupon struck his ball, but not skilfully, so that it fell into the Ilissus, which did not seem to be his intention, but otherwise.

"Socrates," he said, "you have made me heel it."

"That," I answered, "is rather the function of the physician; and yet no harm may be done, for shall we not say that healing is also an art, and beneficial?"

But by this time they had crossed the Ilissus, walking, one by a bridge of stone, and the other by a bridge of wood, whereas I deemed it more seeming to go round by the road. Hurrying after them, I found them declaring that "the hole was halved;" and as they again stood up before their balls, with genuflexions, as is customary and pious, I said to Critias: "Then, Critias, if the half, as Hesiod tells us, be better than the hole, is he more truly fortunate, and favored of the Gods, who wins one half, or two holes, or—"

\* From A Batch of Golfing Papers, by Andrew Lang and Others. M. F. Mansfield, 22 East 16th Street, N. Y., publisher; cloth, 16mo, 75 cents.

But as I was speaking he struck his ball, not far off, but near; into a sandpit which is in that place, and hard by it is a stone pillar, the altar, perhaps, of some God, or the sepulchre of a hero.

"What call you this place, Critias?" I said to him, as he smote the sand repeatedly with an iron instrument.

"We call it a bunker," he said.

"Is it, then, analogous to what you name a 'bunk,' or even more so, for have you not observed that when the syllable 'er' is added to an adjective, then, as Cratylus says, addition of a sort is predicated?"

By this time he was in another sandpit, digging eagerly with his iron weapon.

"Critias," I said, "of three things one. Either a wise man will not go into bunkers, or, being in, he will endure such things as befall him with patience, or, having called to his aid certain of the agricultural class, he will fill up those cavities, adding a prayer to the local Gods, and perhaps sacrificing a tom-cat."

But, I having said this, Critias and Charmides turned upon me with imprecations and niblicks, and, having first rolled me in the gorse bushes, and hurt me very much, they then beat me with the shafts of their clubs, and, next filling my mouth with sand, they bore me along and cast me into the Ilissus, whence I hardly escaped by swimming.

"Now, Socrates," they said, "is it more becoming a philosopher to speak to a man when he is addressing himself to his ball, or rather, having somewhere found a professor, to prove to him—he being perhaps an old man or an amiable—that he does not understand his own business?"

But, by the Dog, I was in no case to answer this question; rather I have brought an action against Critias and Charmides before the Court of the Areopagus, estimating at several minæ the injuries which I received, as I have already told you.

*A Hypnotized Bull Elk.....Western Field and Stream*

"I've seen some peculiar things in the years I've spent hunting in these mountains," said Van Dyke, the famous Montana guide, "but one of the strangest is this which I am about to tell you.

"In the early spring of 1887, John Rice, another old hunter, and myself packed our outfit and crawled our horses for Slough Creek, a tributary of the east fork of the Yellowstone. We arrived there the second day and made camp amid the deep snow on the north side of the mountains, though it had largely disappeared on the south side.

"After straightening things out, I left the camp to try to get some venison. I picked up old 'Meat-in-the-Pot,' my Winchester, and struck out along the creek, where with the aid of a field glass I could see elk, mountain sheep and deer scattered all over the hills at a distance of three to five miles. In the meantime, my partner, Jack, followed up the stream to cut a hole in the ice and catch a mess of trout for dinner.

"After going about a mile, I left the creek and turned to the left, following up a bald ridge for

another mile, when I came in sight of two large bull elk about one hundred yards ahead of me. They saw me at about the same time and started up the ridge on a slow trot, then down and out of sight, in a little spring creek bottom filled with small trees and thick brush. I followed them for about two miles, when they could go no farther on account of the hill being so steep and there being about four feet of hard snow to break through. They crossed the creek and started down on the other side, when I ran down the bank and across to the other side opposite. Mind you, I could have shot them almost any time on the ridge, but I wanted to get near enough to feel their ribs so as to see which was the fat one.

"When the elk ran out of the trees on this side, they stopped and looked at me for half a minute. One was a five- and the other a six-point animal. I had concluded that the six-point was about the best meat, when a bunch of fifteen deer broke from the timber the elk and I had just come through and the elk started up the hill with the deer. I brought old 'Meat-in-the-Pot' up into line and the six-point bull fell in his tracks, with both shoulders broken.

"The other bull stopped about twenty yards from the one killed and stood and looked first at me and then at his dead chum. Then he would raise his head high and smell the blood that ran from the dead animal's wound. I watched him for about five minutes and then went and dressed the dead elk, hanging the meat which I could not carry to camp in a tree. I took about twenty pounds on my back and started for camp and all the while this other bull elk was watching me.

"Now, the rather odd part of it comes. Mind you, the snow between me and camp, by taking short cuts, was three to five feet deep. In the mornings it froze hard enough to bear an elk or small horse, while toward noonday the sun made it quite soft in places. Sometimes I would break through the snow and go down to my arms; then I would climb out and go all right maybe for another hundred feet, then down I would go and perhaps catch a chin hold on the crust or drop out of sight.

"Well, as I was hanging on by my chin and working my hardest to climb on top the snow right end up, once, I heard a noise behind me, and looking around I saw the other elk, the chum of the one I had shot. He was not more than thirty-five yards behind and following, step for step, only he had to break snow nearly all the way to camp. While I looked at the bull, which kept coming toward me, I had got my second wind and started on to camp, he following me through that snow, all of two miles, to within twenty feet of our camp, where he stopped at sight of the tent.

"Well, sir, the sweat was running off the elk as hard as it would a horse that had run fifteen miles in an hour. I went about getting some dinner, as I was quite hungry and Jack hadn't come in yet. While I was rattling the camp outfit and monkeying around the fire, my new friend, the bull elk, looked on; as he really took an interest in what was going forward. As I was rubbing the steak in flour before putting it in to fry, I heard Jack exclaim:

"By the Olympics! Where did you find him?"

"I told him all about it. 'Well,' said he, 'let's look and see if he has a ribbon on his neck. Maybe he has been somebody's pet elk at one time.'

"My own opinion is that smelling the blood of his chum hoodooed him with fear of being killed, so he followed me, begging for his life in his own way, whichever it may be. Jack took some salt in his hand and offered it to him by putting his hand within a foot of his nose. While he was fooling with the elk I cleaned three or four large trout Jack had caught, and I cooked them instead of the elk for dinner.

"When left to himself the bull lay down until all was quite dark, when my dog went out and bothered him and he went about ten yards distance across the creek. He stayed there watching camp until we went to bed; then he came back to our side of the creek and lay down within twenty feet of the tent, staying there until past midnight, when we went to sleep. On getting up next morning we found he was gone.

"A few days later Jack was fishing when an elk, pursued by a dog, came running down stream along the creek bank, stopped when he reached Jack and laid his neck up against him with his tongue hanging out. Jack put his arm around his neck while he went into his pocket for a buckskin string to hold him with, when the dog came up, the elk made a jump for the creek, and Jack struck the water, the elk on top, dog next; and, of course, when Jack had recovered himself the elk was gone."

*The Patron Saint of the Bicycle.....N. Y. Sun*

The French bicyclists are looking for a patron saint, and they can't tell whom to choose. The most prominent candidates are Saint Catherine and Saint Germain, with the odds for Catherine.

Some medical men have declared that the use of the wheel robs a man of the taste for matrimony, and the wags insist that Saint Catherine ought to be selected by the bicyclists, because she is the patron of old maids. The saint was condemned to the wheel and died on it, but the legend tells us that she escaped the torture; that an angel came down and set her free. At Bourges, some time ago, tourists could see Saint Catherine's wheel, upon which the following legend was written:

"Quand cette roue tournera  
Celle que j'aime m'aimera."

The suggestion of Saint Germain as the patron saint of wheelers is due to the old legend of the huge dragon that devastated Normandy, and had its abode in the cavern of Balignant, on the shores of Flamanville. It is related of him that he demanded a child for his food at least once a week. One morning the inhabitants of Dielette, a little seaport about twenty kilometers from Cherbourg, were astonished to see a bishop, with a mitre on his head and a crozier in his hand riding over the waves upon a cartwheel. He had come to fight the dragon, and kill it he did. The intrepid bishop was Saint Germain, still called "Saint Germain of the Wheel." When the sea is calm, the fishermen of Dielette are still confident that they see on the water the track of Saint Germain's wheel.

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS\*

Now that my own eyes saw that which is deemed invisible, I felt no fear, and, indeed, no surprise. It seemed rather a thing wholly natural and right that I should thus meet my child again. For why should we, who talk constantly of death as nothing more than a frail curtain hung between us and the Infinite, shudder and be terrified when God holds back the curtain for an instant that we may see that which we always knew to exist?

So, when I said "Is it you, my son?" my voice shook for joy, but not for fear.

"It is I," he answered.

"But you are changed," I said.

"In Eden every flower is blown," he replied, speaking very softly.

I stood silent a moment. The words he had used were the words of a dying poet, and I pondered how he should know them. He seemed to read my thoughts, and said: "Where I am now no bud is ever blighted. Men and women become at once all they meant to be, and perhaps tried in vain to be on earth. The poet who could not make his song come right on earth, finds it grow of itself there. The people who were starved and sorrowful for lack of love, find the seeds of love ripening in their hearts in a single night. The man who sought to do great things and failed, finds his dream attained. Even the sickly little child, after one brief sleep in the House of Dreams, wakes up a youth, strong and happy, for the thing that God meant always comes to be."

"Tell me more," I said, "more about this House of Dreams."

The child stood silent, with a great solemnity shining in his eyes. Then he said, "Come, that I may show you."

The moonlight quivered for an instant like a lifting wave, and my hand sought the child's. For the first time I noticed on his shoulders two tiny fans of flame, and I saw his feet were winged. Then the wave of light rose silently beneath us both. Something dark and starred with intricate and tangled ropes of light lay far below—it was the mighty city. A ship tossed upon the moonlit sea, a mountain raised its peak of crystal. Then all faded, and the child and I were alone in the silence of the infinite.

The House of Dreams lies at the eastmost verge of Heaven, and therefore nearest to the Land of Sleep, where tired men lay them down in the shadow of the setting sun.

Its walls are built of opal, having the color of fire mingled with snow; its doors are of mother-of-pearl; its gateways are fashioned of crystal, like unto pure yet softened light. Beside each gateway stands a tall angel; yet is the angel not separable from the gateway, but, as it were, a part of it. For in the ever-shifting colors of the opal, faces come and go, and eyes look out of the tints of mother-of-pearl, and living forms are faintly outlined in the crystal, like fair bodies seen through lucid sea-water, so that the

whole vast edifice seems alive, and the angels of the gateways seem each instant newly fashioned out of the crystal pillars that fold them like a flame, or like a water simulating flame.

Awe fell upon me as I watched this sight, for there was in it a thing wonderful and dreadful. The walls were never still an instant, a gust of life ever passing through them as the sea-water is shaken with the tide, and the faces came and went as the swift fires burn and vanish in the opal. And, looking downward, I perceived that the pavement also was built up of life, so that I trode delicately lest I should hurt that on which I walked. And voices spoke within the walls, and in the pavement at my feet, making an endless murmuring of sound, joyous and musical. And the sound was like the distant calling of a multitude, and at times it seemed as if these infinite voices said one great word of praise, after which a silence fell.

Then I looked upon the child, for so I called him still in my thoughts, though I knew that he was as the angels; but the child stood very still, watching the rose within his hand. And once more, as I looked, the murmuring of voices ran through all the place like a gust of wind, and through the pavement at my feet, and the angels at the gateways took a brighter aspect, as if the sun smote on them, and all the walls uttered a sound of praise.

Then one stood beside me whose eyes read my thoughts, and of him I asked what these things might mean.

"This is the world where life is forevermore," he answered. "Even in that world from which you journeyed,"—and here he pointed to a small star burning faintly in the abyss—"all things lived."

"But all things died, too," I said.

"They could not know death unless they had first known life," he answered.

"But there was that we called animate, and that we called inanimate. The flower of the field lived, but not as man lived; and the dumb beast lived, but the beast knew no trouble of the soul such as man knew. By a figure of speech," I went on, now growing bolder, "we did sometimes speak of the leaves of the forest as living and dying, but it was a mere metaphor. They had no conscious life." And in saying this, it was the wonder and the contradiction of these living walls that moved my thoughts.

"And who told you that?" he said gravely. "Did you think God so sterile in invention that He was able to give to man alone the power of thinking and of loving? Your wise men told you that flowers had marriages: did they not also tell you that flowers had thought? Was there nothing that looked out of the eyes of dumb animals like that which looked from the eyes of men? And why call them dumb, when it was plain they talked to one another, you perhaps seeming to them just what they seemed to you—dumb also, because they could not teach you their language? And did you never walk in a wood at daybreak or at nightfall, and hear the leaves speaking? Listen now to what you hear, and say what it resembles."

And again the long sigh of life went through all the place, marvelously like the sound of leaves innumerable shaken in a forest, or of little waves that talked along a shore.

"You hear," he said. "God is not a God of the dead, but of the living. It is of the nature of God to abhor death. The very walls and pillars of this house are living things that gladly serve Him, the very rivets of the universe are alive, and have His pulse in them."

And as the angel spoke my eyes fell before his glance, so that once more I took note of the pavement at my feet. And straightway there came to me a memory of how I had once looked down through clear sea-water in a little cove beside a reef of coral, and had seen strange things; for each instant fishes wonderful in color, like pieces of a broken rainbow, swam past; and what had seemed pulp and sand stirred and took a shape; and great sea-flowers opened silently and closed again, as though they breathed; and the sea's bottom seemed a kingdom, where a hundred cities in miniature existed, each one swarming with inhabitants. And even so, looking down through this translucent pavement, I saw forms and faces unnumbered, ever and again floating so near the surface, as it might be called, that I withdrew my feet for fear that I should injure or dishonor these submerged flowers of life.

"You marvel much at this," said the angel, "yet in the world from which you came all things were the same. Trees, and flowers, and birds, and the creatures you called dumb, all had a spiritual form and essence. To man God gave five senses only; but there was a sixth, which here and there a wise man possessed, by which he saw the spiritual that dwelt always in the earthly. Such men spoke in fables only, and even then men of the five senses thought them mad; but when they said they heard the spirit of the tree lamenting as the woodman's axe crushed through the tender bark, or spoke of fairies dwelling in the flowers, or of the spirit of the wind, or of the shapes of the dead gliding softly through the fields that they had loved, they did but speak the truth. They saw these things, for they possessed the sixth sense. They saw the world as utterly alive in every vein and pore."

"What you see here is but the fulness of what they saw in part yonder. There is nothing inanimate where God is. Yea, did not Christ say, that if men had not praised Him the very stones of the street would have cried out?—for He knew well that even the stones had life, and felt what foot it was that trod them."

And behold, at the name of Christ all these palaces of God seemed to shudder with an awful joy, and the walls cried, "Alleluia."

"Look at your child, and you will understand," said the angel. "Watch him."

And as I looked, I saw that the child had stooped his face above the rose he held, and was talking to it. And while he spoke the rose in his hand changed shape and color, expanding mystically, till presently it seemed a little globe of flame; and the flame became whiter and purer each instant, till wings sprang out of it, as wings emerge from the broken chrysalis; and then a human shape came to it, like

a new-born child; and the child grew, till lo, it was a fair maiden; and the maiden stood beside my son, radiant as he, each finding joy in the aspect of the other.

"He always said that flowers had souls," I murmured, and my thoughts went back to that dark house, and that gray room, where I had often watched the child talking to a flower.

"He had the sixth sense," said the angel. "He was right."

"And that was why we thought him strange?"

"That was why: he was a poet. You thought him strange, but to him it was a much stranger thing that you did not see what he saw. You did not know how lonely the child was, and so God took him."

"I loved him," I said, with proud resentment, for the words cut me like a reproach.

"You loved him, yes; but you did not understand," said the angel, in a tone so soft that I knew he pitied me. "The time would have come when you would have bid him put his foolish dreams away. You would have had him taught some task against which his heart rebelled. You would presently have had him enlist in the race for what dull men value most—gold. You would even have been angry because he did not succeed. Do not interrupt—I know. As time went on, you and he would have grown more and more estranged. You would not have minded so much if other men had seen anything beautiful or wonderful about his gift; but it was destined that many, many years should pass before that could happen. And in the meantime he was weak and sickly; he would have suffered much; he would have felt bitterly your disappointment in him, and would have known himself incapable of preventing it; his life would have been a tragedy. Only now and then does God let the poet live out his full days on earth, for only at long intervals does there rise a man capable of enduring the bitter discipline, and triumphing. Your child would not have triumphed. He would have been bruised and hurt beyond endurance in the struggle, and, worst of all, his gift would have perished. So God took him. God is kind."

I trembled at the words, yet something told me they were true. I remembered that I had had great visions of my child's success in life. And as I thought, looking in the crystal at my feet, I saw a spot of darkness like a spreading cloud, and it formed itself into a picture—the picture of a narrow garret with one smoke-begrimed window; of a youth lying on a poor bed, pale and sad; a table beside him, with a crust of bread, and many papers; a letter in his hand, which bore my name, over which he wept. The picture vanished almost in the instant that it came; and instead of it the crystal held a multitude of faces, listening radiant with pleasure, open-lipped and eager, while a youth sang to them from an ecstatic song.

"You have seen: was it not better so?" said the angel.

And I, with bowed head, answered humbly, "Yea; it is well with the child."

And once more the living music throbbed through the place, and far off a multitude of voices cried, "Alleluia," and then a great silence fell.

## FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA

—As a memorial of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee the Americans residing in England endowed a bed in perpetuity in each of the five leading London hospitals, each bed being endowed with the sum of £1,000. The beds are especially for the use of Americans, but other patients may be received if all the Americans are well.

—There are 1,500 people upon the German Emperor's list of employees, including 350 female servants, who are engaged in looking after the 22 royal palaces and castles that belong to the crown. Their wages are small. The women receive not more than \$12 a month, and the men servants, who number over 500, from \$15 to \$25 a month.

—The carrier pigeon was in use by the State Department of the Ottoman Empire as early as the fourteenth century. Lithgow says that a dispatch has been carried in those days from Bagdad to Aleppo, thirty days' journey on horses, in forty-eight hours.

—There are, according to an eminent archæologist, no less than from 120 to 130 absolutely distinct languages in North and South America. As the growth of language is very slow, he thinks the fact of the existence of so great a variety of speech on the Western Continents proves that the native red men have inhabited them for many thousands of years.

—A procession of icebergs sent against the surface of the sun would melt at the rate of 300,000,000 cubic miles of solid ice a second, and its heat is estimated to produce a force of about ten thousand horse power to every square foot of its surface.

—The longest unsupported telegraph wire in the world is in Switzerland. It crosses in one span the Lake of Wallenstadt in the canton of St. Gall, and was put up by the Swiss telephone bureau. Its extremities are fastened to two iron towers, 2,400 meters (7872 feet) apart. In the lowest part this conductor is forty meters (131 feet) above the water level of the lake. The line is of excellent steel, and only two millimeters (one and one-half inches) in diameter.

—Birmingham, England, turns out every week 300,000,000 cut nails, 100,000,000 buttons, 4,000 miles of wire of different sizes, 5 tons of hairpins, 500 tons of nuts and 20,000 pairs of spectacles.

—Paris has, apart from two places where paupers can spend the night, 14 asylums for the homeless, which last year lodged 144,037 persons, of whom 15,557 were women and 2,606 children. Among the lodgers were 246 professors and teachers, 18 students, 5 authors, 5 journalists, 120 actors and singers, 30 musicians, and 16 music teachers.

—A captive bee, striving to escape, has been made to record as many as 15,540 wing strokes per minute in a recent test.

—A microscopic examination of mother of pearl shows the shell to be made up of very fine lines so closely put together that the white light is broken up into its prismatic colors, and we get the so-called "play of colors." Taking a careful cast of such a shell the wax cast will yield the same prismatic effects.

—The common house-fly makes 600 strokes of its wings per second when flying at its highest speed. The dragon-fly makes 11,500.

—Of the 250 stamps which have been issued the values have ranged from 1 cent to \$5,000. Five dollars is the highest value among postage stamps, but newspaper stamps reach the hundred-dollar mark, while a revenue stamp may represent \$5,000.

—It appears from the experiments of a French scientific man that oak trees are in more danger than other trees of being struck by lightning. Beeches, on the contrary, are not good conductors of electricity. The danger of trees from lightning is great in proportion to the electrical conductivity of their wood. Dead trees and dead wood generally form a much better conductor than living growing woods, which offer greater resistance.

—Animals are often able to bear very protracted fasting. In the Italian earthquakes of 1795 two hogs were buried at Soriano in the ruins of a building. They were taken out alive forty-two days later, but very lean and weak. A dog at the same time and place was buried for twenty-three days and recovered.

—There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 12,000 feet above the ocean level. Forty of these are higher than 14,000 feet, and more than half of that number are so remote and rugged that no one has dared to attempt to climb them. Some of them are massed with snow, others have glaciers over their approaches, and others are merely masses of jagged rocks.

—The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world lies under the province of Galicia, Hungary. It is known to be 550 miles long, twenty broad and 250 feet in thickness.

—The mines of the world produce every year 540,000,000 tons of ore, coal, etc., of which the United States produces 160,000,000. The greatest "record" ever made, perhaps, by any mine was that of the Comstock in 1874, when nearly \$25,000,000 worth of gold and silver was taken out.

—Of the candidates for the British Army who fail to pass the tests, four out of five are rejected because of defective vision. The "eysight" test consists of being able to count correctly with both eyes, as well as each eye separately, a number of small black dots exhibited on a card ten feet from the candidate.

—It is estimated that 3,000 to 4,000 cords of pulp wood a day enter into the manufacture of paper in the United States. At the minimum, 3,000 cords, the total for a year would be the enormous amount of 900,000 cords. It is safe to call it 1,000,000. If this wood were piled in one continuous string, it would make a wall four feet wide and four feet high a little over 1,515 miles in length. It can be seen what a prodigious thing the wood pulp industry is, and at what a tremendous rate it is devouring trees, mainly spruce. Yet all this wood is converted into paper, which, after being used, vanishes from sight in a few days, and goes back to dust, out of which element the trees grow.

## WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS\*

—The Lady of the House—Why don't you go to work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss? Tramp (from Boston)—Madam, not to evade your question at all, but merely to obtain information, may I ask of what practical utility moss is to a man in my condition?

—“We could adduce a hundred illustrations to prove the advantages of shorthand and the saving of time thereby effected. Only think, gentlemen, it took Goethe forty years to write his Faust; how many years he might have saved if he had known shorthand!”

—Miss Jenks (reading paper)—Wal, Cyrus, what do you think of this—Miss Steele has just been arrested for shop liftin'? Cyrus—Well I swan! I never knew she was as strong as that.

—Alice—What a gallant person Mr. Dunkley is! He never addresses me without beginning “Fair miss.” Dorothy—Oh, that's force of habit. He used to be a street-car conductor.

—“I wonder,” said Mrs. Bluebow in a meditative way, “where the colonel got his title?” “Probably,” said Aristophanes, who is not fond of the colonel, “in the army of the unemployed.”

—“Mrs. Meeker,” observed a friend of the family, “is a very superior woman. She can converse intelligently, I believe, on a thousand different topics.” “Yes,” sighed Mr. Meeker, “and she does.”

—“Borgess has untold wealth.” “How do you know?” “I just saw the tax assessor coming from his house.”

—Bacon—Have you seen Sprocket lately? Egbert—No. “He's a sight. Face all cut, arm in a sling, and walks lame.” “How did he do it, on his bicycle?” “No; if he could have stayed on the bicycle he'd have been all right.”

—Lady (in smoking carriage, to man about to indulge in a whiff)—My man, smoking always makes me feel very sick. Workman (calmly proceeding with the “lighting up”)—Do it? Then take my advice, and don't smoke!

—“Where did you learn French?” asked the Parisian. “From a native,” proudly replied the tourist. “Ah! A native of what?”

—Lea (sadly)—I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He's been two years at the medical college, and still keeps at the foot of his class. Perrins (promptly)—Make a chiropodist of him.

—Rebecca—Vadder, Chacob has bledged me his love. Rheinstein (absent minded)—At vat per cend, Repecca?

—“May I print a kiss on your cheek?” I asked.  
She nodded her sweet permission;  
So we went to press, and I rather guess  
I printed a large edition.

—First Populist—Wouldn't you like to see the railroads carryin' us all free? Second Populist—I dunno. I think the millionaires ought to be made to pay their fare.

—A young lady began a song at a recent entertainment, “The autumn days have come, ten thou-

and leaves are falling.” She began too high. “Ten thou—ousand—” she screamed, and then stopped. “Start her at five thousand!” cried an auctioneer who was present.

—Mrs. Stalefirm (who mistakes Dr. Jovial for a physician)—And where do you practise, Doctor? Rev. Dr. Jovial—Ah, madam, I do not practise; I only preach.

—“My Lord,” said the foreman of an Irish jury, when giving in his verdict, “we find the man who stole the mare not guilty.”

—“Isn't this Kneipp cure something like Christian science?” asked the elderly boarder. “Well,” said the Cheerful Idiot, “it does its work through the sole.”

—Mistress (who had given her maid a ticket for the theater)—Well, how did you like the performance, Maria? Maria—Oh, it was splendid, ma'am! You should have heard a servant sauce her missus!

—Father (visiting his son's studio)—I just met the sheriff on the stairs. What was he doing here? Artist—The sheriff? He—he—was sitting for me.

—A man writing from Dawson City, near the Klondike gold diggings, says: “Beer is fifty cents a drink. I have quit drinking.” This is an impressive example of the efficacy of the gold cure.

—Rev. Longface—Remember, my young friend, there are some things in life better than money. Young Fastpace—Yes, I know that; but it takes money to buy 'em.

—Bessie—There's that horrid Miss Newrich talking to Lord Brokeleigh. Hasn't she awful manners? “Yes; but she's doing her best to be a lady.”

—Stranger—How old is the oldest inhabitant of this village? Native—There ain't none. He died last week.

—The self-made man was speaking. He said: “My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us”—and then his voice was drowned by the applause.

—“There are two ways of making a Maltese cross, you know,” said he to a red-cross girl. “I know only one,” she returned. “Well, the other is to step on its tail.”

—The Deacon—I don't think the minister should go to Europe. Satan never takes a vacation. His Wife—Well, you don't want the minister to be like Satan, do you?

—“I have never yet lost a patient,” said young Dr. Doce, proudly. “I can't say that much,” replied Dr. Paresis. “I often have a patient get well.”

—“But, my dear,” gently remonstrated her husband, “I thought I gave you five dollars to buy a sofa-cushion for your fancy-table at the fair, yesterday.” “Why, but, John, dear, *this* five dollars is to buy it back.”

—“He can't hoe his own row.” “No. He has been a rake all his life.”

—Maud—What do you think of Miss High-Note's singing? It's entirely by ear. Claud—Well, I was wondering how she managed to make such a frightful noise with her mouth.

\* Compiled from *Contemporaries*.

## BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Hall Caine's *The Christian* was submitted in proof to twenty different specialists for revision—divines, music-hall stars, doctors, hospital nurses, and lawyers, lest any error of technic might have crept in. The manuscript was delivered to the printer June 25, and on July 16 the book of over 100,000 words was in Mr. Caine's hands. It is common rumor that Glory Quayle, the heroine of the novel, is a "composite" of Ellen Terry and Miss Letty Lind, the charming dancer in *The Geisha*, and it is said that Miss Terry has taxed the author with this and he has not denied the charge. Mr. Caine's admirers will be glad to learn that he is already at work on a new novel which will deal with the drink question.

Mr. Donald G. Mitchell (*Ik Marvel*) is preparing a second volume of *American Lands and Letters* which will appear early next year.

Mr. Owen Wister is not the first to make the name of Wister known to readers of fiction. That had already been done by Dr. Furness's sister, Mrs. A. L. Wister, whose translations from the German have long been deservedly popular. The clan is a numerous one, but in proportion to its numbers has not figured largely in the literary world—though Dr. Caspar Wister was known in the medical profession as an authoritative writer; and Fanny Kemble's daughter, who became the wife of Dr. Owen Wister, not only translated *Musset*, but wrote original verse. Mr. Wister sacrificed a musical career in order to become a lawyer. Whether he means to sacrifice the law in order to remain a writer is a question.

Mrs. Margaret Deland is working upon a series of sketches called *Old Chester Tales*, which will be published in Harper's Monthly next year.

Thomas Whittaker announces the publication of a new story by Charlotte M. Yonge entitled *Founded on Paper, or Uphill and Downhill between two Jubilees*.

Mr. Maurice Thompson has three books nearly ready for the printers: *Stories of Indiana*, a novel, and a collection of out-of-door papers.

It may interest the readers of E. W. Hornung's Australian stories to know that he is a brother-in-law of Dr. A. Conan Doyle.

*Outlines in Color*, a companion volume to *Vignettes of Manhattan*, will be Professor Brander Matthews' only book for the year. The new volume, like the earlier one, will contain exactly a dozen sketches—one for each month.

A book of stories for children, by the late Professor Drummond, is in preparation. The book will be illustrated by Mr. Louis Wain.

Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the Boston Pilot, has completed the manuscript of a story entitled *Her Majesty the King: A Romance of the Harem*. Mr. Oliver Herford is illustrating it, and it will probably be published before the end of the year.

Alphonse Daudet has decided to keep back a realistic novel drawn from life, which he has just finished, until the original of the hero dies.

The next story from Mrs. Burton Harrison's pen

will be *Good Americans*. It is a study of the growing tendency of the wealthy and cultured classes to unfit their children for life at home by teaching them to find their chief pleasure in foreign countries.

Daniel Frohmann has announced in the papers that H. C. Chatfield-Taylor is writing for him a comedy of fashionable life. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has a novel of Washington, *The Vice of Fools*, just out.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has four volumes nearly ready for the public: A book of metrical translations, a collection of child verse, a new and improved edition of his multi variorum *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, and a translation of the German novel *Schloss Hubertus*.

Miss Mary Rachel Dobson, a daughter of Austin Dobson, is one of the most active workers in the university settlement for women in Bombay, India. Their work is principally among the Parsees.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton is putting the finishing touches to a series of historical stories concerning the buccaneers and pirates of the Atlantic coast. The sketches will appear in *St. Nicholas* before their issue in book form. He has also just completed a short romantic story of life in New Orleans which will be published in *The Century Magazine*.

Two or three of Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's books will appear shortly. Her *Days of Jeanne d'Arc* will be published this month and a volume of fiction about New Year's. Mrs. Catherwood's many friends will be surprised to learn that she intends to make the Klondike journey next spring to gather fresh literary material.

A new book by Mary E. Wilkins is an event. This year she issues through the Lothrop Publishing Company a volume of verse for children, with the delightfully attractive title of *Once Upon a Time*. She is now at work on a Christmas story for Harper's Weekly, after which she will complete a group of short stories and then begin a new novel.

Sir Lewis Morris, the English poet, who is to make a lecturing tour in this country under the management of Major Pond, commencing early in November, began his career as a lawyer, and now leads the life of a country gentleman, possessing ample private means. His latest volume, only just out, *The Epic of Hades*, appears in this month's Book-List.

Mr. Clinton Scollard has two books, *Giovio* and *Giulia* and *Skenandoa*, both of poetry, in press. Both have been privately printed before but this is the first publication for the trade. Mr. Scollard's novelette, *The Son of a Tory*, which ran through the Chautauquan in the early months of this year, will probably be brought out in book form shortly.

Mr. E. S. Martin, writing in Harper's Weekly, pays this tribute to a well-known American writer who, as it happened, published most of his books abroad: "New York has lost a remarkable man in Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, President of the Nineteenth Century Club, who died suddenly of apoplexy on July 10. He was born in 1850, in Montpelier, Vermont, a son of Judge Daniel Pierce Thompson, the author of *Green Mountain Boys*."

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley has a new volume of dialect (Hoosier) verse in press which will appear before the end of the year. Scribners have in preparation a uniform edition of the complete writings of Mr. Riley which will be called the Homestead Edition, and will match their beautiful editions of Kipling, Barrie and Field. The first volume of the edition, which will contain ten or twelve volumes, will contain a photogravure portrait and will appear early this month.

Some early writings by Thomas Carlyle, never before published in book form, will appear soon. They date from 1820 to 1823.

General Lew Wallace will shortly publish a book containing two long poems: *The Wooing of Mulattoon* and *Commodus*. The first is an oriental love story; the second, a play founded upon a dramatic incident in the time of Rome's greatest glory. General Wallace has worked long and carefully on these poems and this venture in a new field will be watched with interest.

The Bowen-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, will bring out Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's new volume of recollections, *Eighty Years and More*. The same firm is to publish Miss Susan B. Anthony's reminiscences, speeches, etc., which will form two volumes of 500 pages each.

John Fox, Jr., author of *The Kentuckians*, the serial which has attracted so much attention up to its conclusion in the October Harper's, bears a family name that goes back in this country to Major John Fox, who commanded Old Point Comfort when Cromwell sent his troops over, was in the conspiracy to rescue Charles, and was wrecked off the coast of Virginia in 1649.

Pierre Loti has just finished a prose-drama, *Judith Renaudin*, which has occupied him for several months. It is in four acts and six scenes, and the action takes place at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It has not yet been decided where and how the work will first be produced.

Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, for thirty-six years literary critic and editor of *The Spectator*, died in London, September 10, in his seventy-first year. Mr. Hutton's principal books are *The Relative Value of Studies and Accomplishments in the Education of Women*, *Studies in Parliament*, and *Essays, Theological and Literary*, in two volumes, the first devoted to theology, the second to literature as represented by Goethe, Wordsworth, Shelley, Browning, George Eliot, A. H. Clough, Hawthorne and *The Poetry of the Old Testament*. A selection from these papers was issued in Philadelphia, with a preface by the author, under the title *Essays in Literary Criticism*. Other books by Mr. Hutton were *Sir Walter Scott*, in the *English Men of Letters* Series, and *Essays on Some Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith*, discussing Carlyle, Newman, Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, and J. D. Maurice.

A novel entitled *Taken by Siege*, by Jeannette Gilder, is shortly to be published. It was first published anonymously several years ago, but did not enjoy much of a success. It is a tale of journalists and musicians, the story revolving about the old Academy of Music in New York.

The publishers of the complete edition of Jane

Austen's works, mentioned elsewhere in this number of *Current Literature*, recently received a letter addressed to "Miss Jane Austen," and regard it as a good joke to tell. But the fact is that many people who enjoyed Jane G. Austin's stories *A Nameless Nobleman*, *Nantucket Scraps*, *The Desmond Hundred*, and other modern novels, have imagined that the novels of the Jane Austen of our grandfather's time were by her. Hence the amusing occurrence recorded above.

In a letter to *Current Literature* correcting a literary note that has been going the rounds of the press, Miss Maria Audubon, grand-daughter of the naturalist John James Audubon, says: "The work of compiling my grandfather's journals has been completed and illustrations are now being selected for it. I should like to correct an item that has been going through the press. I have been twelve years collecting my material, but only two in arranging it for publication; there has been no translation necessary beyond occasional words and phrases, as the journals are written in very beautiful English. Part of the writing was very small and required a reading glass, but the greater part is legible though often faded."

A posthumous work of the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton is on the press. It is entitled *The Quest of Happiness*.

J. M. Barrie, the author and playwright, met with an accident recently from which he narrowly escaped death, or at least serious injury. He was assisting at the rehearsal of *The Little Minister* at the Haymarket Theater, London, seated in a chair which was tilted back against a handrail. The railing gave way and Mr. Barrie fell into the stalls. He was unconscious for a time, but the doctors who were summoned immediately restored him to consciousness, and after examination announced that they did not apprehend any serious results from his fall beyond the effects of the shock.

Mark Twain has been invited by an English publishing house to write his autobiography. He is said to be considering the offer. It is announced that the title of his forthcoming book has been changed from *The Surviving Innocent Abroad* to *Following the Equator*. The price paid to Mr. Clemens for this book is said to be \$40,000 in payments of \$10,000 each; the whole of which he will make over to his creditors, to whom he owes about \$20,000 more.

The translations from Maurus Jókai are to be continued, and the English publishers propose, in fact, to bring out all his best-known works. The next tale in the series will be *The Lion of Janina*; or, the *Last of the Janissaries*.

It is said that the highest price per word ever paid to an author was paid by Messrs. Scribner to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for his railroad story, No. 007, published in the August number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The story numbers over seven thousand words, and the price paid was about \$1,500.

A monument is to be erected in Paris, in the Place Malesherbes, to Dumas the younger. In the same square there is a statue to the elder Dumas, and the name of the little park will be changed to "Dumas."

## BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

**Biographic and Reminiscent.**

Life Histories of American Historians: Clarence Moores Weed: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illus....	\$1 50
Martin Luther: Gustav Freytag: Trans. by Henry E. O. Heinemann: Open Court Pub. Co., paper.....	25
Men I Have Known: Frederick W. Farrar: T. Y. Crowell & Co., cloth, illus.....	1 75
Robert E. Lee: Henry Alexander White: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth, illus.....	1 50
The Ayrshire Homes, and Haunts of Burns: Henry C. Shelley: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth, illus.....	1 25

**Educational Topics.**

A Three-Year Preparatory Course in French: Chas. F. Kroch: The Macmillan Co., cloth.....	65
Gems of School Song: Carl Betz: American Book Co., cloth.....	65
Report of Commissioner of Education for the year 1895-96: Government Printing Office, cloth.....	70
University Series of Map Studies: W. T. B. S. Imlay and W. L. Felter: University Pub. Co.....	30

**Essays and Miscellanies.**

A Political Primer of New York State and City: Adele M. Field: The Macmillan Co., cloth.....	75
Bon-Mots of the Nineteenth Century: Edited by Walter Jerrold: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illus...	75
Boston Browning Society Papers: The Macmillan Co., cloth.....	3 00
Curious Homes, and Their Tenants: James Carter Beard: D. Appleton & Co., cloth, illus.....	65
Fairy Life: John H. Haaren: University Pub. Co., board, illus.....	65
Fighting a Fire: Charles T. Hill: The Century Co., cloth, illus.....	1 50
Golfing Papers: Andrew Lang: M. F. Mansfield, cloth.....	75
How to Read a Pebble: Fred. L. Charles: Paper...	25
In Indian Tents: Abby L. Alger: Roberts Bros., cloth	1 00
Magic: Compiled by Albert A. Hopkins: Munn & Co., cloth, illus.....	2 50
Nature's Diary: Compiled by Francis H. Allen: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth.....	1 25
Practical Hints for Young Writers, Readers and Book-Buyers: Frederic Lawrence Knowles: L. C. Page & Co., cloth.....	50
Statistics of Libraries and Library Legislation in the U. S.: Government Printing Office, paper.....	
Talks on the Study of Literature: Arlo Bates: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.....	1 50
The Federal Judge: Charles K. Lush: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth.....	1 25
The Little Klondyke Nugget: Compiled by Max Maury: Laird & Lee, leatherette, illus.....	25
The Scholar and the State: Henry Codman Potter: The Century Co., cloth.....	2 00
The Sketch-Book: Washington Irving: University Pub. Co., paper.....	1 25
The Story of the Cowboy: E. Hough: D. Appleton & Co., cloth, illus.....	1 50
Two Years Before the Mast: Richard H. Dana, Jr.: University Pub. Co., paper.....	20
Whitelaw's Improved Tablets and Charts: J. H. Whitelaw: Laird & Lee, cloth.....	75
Wild Neighbors: Ernest Ingersoll: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illus.....	1 50
Varia: Agnes Repplier: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth.....	1 25

**Fiction of the Month.**

A Browning Courtship: Eliza Orne White: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth.....	1 25
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A Norway Summer: Laura D. Nichols: Roberts Bros., cloth, illus.....	1 25
A Wonder-Book: Nathaniel Hawthorne: University Pub. Co., paper.....	12 1/2
Across the Country of the Little King: William Bement Lent: Bonnell, Silver & Co., cloth, illus....	1 25
Captain Fracasse: Theophile Gautier: Trans. by Ellen Murray Beam: L. C. Page & Co., cloth, illus. 1 25	
"Captains Courageous": Rudyard Kipling: The Century Co., cloth, illus.....	1 50
Christmas Stories: Charles Dickens: University Pub. Co., paper.....	12 1/2
Diana Victrix: Florence Converse: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth .....	1 25
Dr. Marks, Socialist: Marion Conthony Smith: The Editor Pub. Co., paper.....	50
Gulliver's Travels: Jonathan Swift: University Pub. Co., paper.....	12 1/2
Harold: Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton: University Pub. Co., paper.....	20
Horse-Shoe Robinson: John P. Kennedy: University Pub. Co., paper.....	20
Hugh Wynne: S. Weir Mitchell: The Century Co., cloth, illus., 2 vols.....	2 00
Ivanhoe: Sir Walter Scott: University Pub Co., paper	20
Kenilworth: Sir Walter Scott: University Pub. Co., paper.....	20
Knickerbocker Stories: Washington Irving: Univ. Pub. Co., paper.....	12 1/2
Little Nell: Charles Dickens: University Pub. Co., paper.....	12 1/2
Margot: Sidney Pickering: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth. 1 00	
Master Skylark: John Bennett: The Century Co., cloth, illus.....	1 50
Miss Nina Barrow: Frances Courtenay Baylor: The Century Co., cloth.....	1 25
Ninety-Three: Victor Hugo: University Pub. Co., cloth.....	
Old Ebenezer: Opie Read: Laird & Lee, cloth, illus..	1 00
Paul Dombey: Charles Dickens: University Pub. Co., paper.....	12 1/2
Phyllis in Bohemia: L. H. Bickford and Richard Stillman Powell: Herbert A. Stone & Co., cloth.....	
Queer Janet: Grace le Baron: Lee & Shepard, cloth, illus.....	75
Rob Roy: Sir Walter Scott: University Pub. Co., paper.....	12 1/2
Robinson Crusoe: Daniel Defoe: University Pub. Co., paper.....	12 1/2
Ruth Bergen's Limitations: Marion Harland: Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth.....	50
Secret of the Black Butte: Wm. Shattuck: Roberts Bros., cloth, illus.....	1 50
Tales of the Alhambra: Washington Irving: University Pub. Co., paper.....	12 1/2
The Big-Horn Treasure: John F. Cargill: A. C. McClurg & Co., cloth, illus.....	1 25
The Campaign of Marengo: Herbert H. Sargent: A. C. McClurg & Co., cloth.....	1 50
The Cedar Star: Mary E. Mann: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth.....	1 25
The Count of Nideck: Erckmann Chatrian: Trans. by Ralph Browning Fiske: L. C. Page & Co., cloth, illus.....	
The Days of Jeanne D'Arc: Mary Hartwell Catherwood: The Century Co., cloth.....	1 50
The Deerslayer: J. Fenimore Cooper: University Pub. Co., paper.....	20
The Golden Crocodile: F. Mortimer Trimmer: Roberts Bros., cloth.....	1 50
The Last Three Soldiers: William Henry Shelton: The Century Co., cloth, illus.....	1 50

The Man of the Family: Christian Reid: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth	1 00	Brother and Lover: Eben E. Rexford: John B. Alden, cloth	.....
The Man Who Was Good: Leonard Merrick: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth	1 25	Enoch Arden, and other Poems: Alfred, Lord Tennyson: University Pub. Co., paper	12 1/2
The New Man: Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer: The Levytype Co., cloth	1 00	Evangeline: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: University Pub. Co., paper	12 1/2
The Pilot: J. Fenimore Cooper: University Pub. Co., paper	12 1/2	On the Heights: Lucius Harwood Foote: Roycroft Printing Shop, cloth	.....
The Revolt of a Daughter: Ellen Olney Kirk: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth	1 25	Rhymes and Fables: John H. Haaren: University Pub. Co., board, illus	.....
The Snow Image: Nathaniel Hawthorne: University Pub. Co., paper	12 1/2	Songs and Stories: John H. Haaren: University Pub. Co., board, illus	.....
The Spy: J. Fenimore Cooper: University Pub. Co., paper	12 1/2	The Dreamers and Other Poems: Edward S. Van Zile: F. Tennyson Neely, 12mo, cloth	1 25
The Statue in the Air: Caroline Eaton Le Conte: The Macmillan Co., cloth	75	The Epic of Hades: Lewis Morris: T. Y. Crowell & Co., cloth	.....
The Story of an Untold Love: Paul Leicester Ford: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth	1 25	The Epic of Paul: William Cleaver Wilkinson: Funk & Wagnalls, cloth	2 00
The Young Mountaineers: Charles Egbert Craddock: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth, illus	1 50	The Golden Treasury: Second Series: Francis T. Palgrave: The Macmillan Co., cloth	1 00
Three Partners: Bret Harte: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth	1 25	The Lady of the Lake: Sir Walter Scott: University Pub. Co., paper	20
Twice-Told Tales: Nathaniel Hawthorne: University Pub. Co., paper	12 1/2	The Prisoner of Chillon: Lord Byron: University Pub. Co., paper	12 1/2
Uncle Lisha's Outing: Rowland E. Robinson: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth	1 25	The Ring and the Book: Robert Browning: T. Y. Crowell & Co., cloth, illus	2 00
Up the Matterhorn in a Boat: Marion Manville Pope: The Century Co., cloth, illus	1 25	Verse Vagaries: George Austin Woodward: The Chamberlin Press, paper	.....
Van Hoff, or the New Faust: Alfred Smythe: American Pub. Corporation, cloth	1 00	Whisperings of a Wind-Harp: Anne Throop: Paper	1 00
Wanolasset: A. G. Plympton: Roberts Bros., cloth, illus	1 25	<b>Religious and Philosophic.</b>	
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## NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

*The Silver Lining.....George D. Sutton.....Ladies' Home Journal*

High in the distant sapphire way  
A cloud and a sunbeam met one day;  
Met as indeed might you and I,  
By chance, if we rode through the azure sky.

The cloud wore a saddened, a gloomy face.  
Quoth the sunbeam, all in a quiver of grace,  
"Why frown you so on your daily way?  
Why look so sad when life's so gay?"

The somber cloud to this quest replied,  
"It's easy for you to be satisfied;  
I'm born of rain, you're born of the sun.  
I needs must weep till the world is done."

"Tis true," said the sunbeam, "that you must cry  
While I must smile through the boundless sky,  
But there's never a sorrow that won't undo  
Through the smile of a friend, and I'll smile for you."

And lo, as the sunbeam spoke, the frown  
On the face of the cloud was softening down;  
'Twas years ago, but each cloud you see  
Wears a silver lining for you and me.

*King Oswald's Feast.....Archibald Lampman.....Youth's Companion*

The king had labored all an autumn day  
For his folk's good and welfare of the kirk,  
And now when eventide was well away,  
And deepest mirk

Lay heavy on York Town, he sat at meat,  
With his great councillors round him and his kin,  
And a blithe face was set in every seat,  
And far within

The hall was jubilant with banqueting,  
The tankards foaming high as they could hold  
With mead, the plates well heaped, and everything  
Was served with gold.

Then came to the king's side the doorkeeper,  
And said: "The folk are thronging at the gate,  
And flaunt their rags, and many plaints prefer,  
And through the grate

"I see that many are ill-clad and lean,  
For fields are poor this year, and food hard won."  
And the good king made answer: "Twere ill seen,  
And foully done,

"Were I to feast, while many starve without;  
And he bade bear the most and best of all  
To give the folk; and lo, they raised a shout  
That shook the hall.

And now lean fare for those at board was set,  
But came again the doorkeeper and cried:  
"The folk still hail thee, sir, nor will they yet  
Be satisfied;

"They say they have no surety for their lives,  
When winters bring hard nights and heatless suns,  
Nor bread, nor raiment have they for their wives  
And little ones."

Then said the king: "It is not well that I  
Should eat from gold, when many are so poor,  
For he that guards his greatness guards a lie;  
Of that be sure."

And so he bade collect the golden plate,  
And all the tankards, and break up, and bear,  
And give to the folk that thronged the gate,  
To each his share.

And the great councillors in cold surprise  
Looked on and murmured; but unmindfully  
The king sat dreaming, with far-fixed eyes,  
And it may be

He saw some vision of that Holy One,  
Who knew no rest nor shelter for His head,  
When self was scorned and brotherhood begun.  
"Tis just," he said:

"Henceforward wood shall serve me for my plate,  
And earthen cups suffice me for my mead;  
With them that joy and travail at my gate  
I laugh, or bleed."

*Two Wheels.....Joseph Bert Smiley.....Chicago Inter-Ocean*

She sings by her wheel at the low cottage door  
Which the long evening shadows are stretching before,  
With a music as sweet as the music which seems  
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

If the good Quaker poet could only come back,  
And cast his mild eyes over progress' hot track,  
From the maidens that were to the maidens that be,  
Oh, weeping Jerusalem, what would he see?

The maiden who sat by her wheel at the door,  
Isn't running that kind of a wheel any more;  
She spinneth not flax by the cottage door neat;  
She straddles the wheel and goes forth on the street.

The girl with the wheel in the good Quaker's day,  
Calm, quiet and modest was spinning away  
Where the cool waters flowed and the light zephyrs fair  
Blew the truant locks loose that had strayed from her hair.

And her manner was tranquil, her skin lily white,  
And her gown it was clean, and her speech was polite.  
In short, this fair maiden the wheel who possessed,  
Was a pattern of modesty, coolness and rest.

The girl with the wheel at the present goes out,  
Without any weak hesitation or doubt,  
And in dirt, and in dust, perspiration and heat,  
She pushes her way 'mong the teams on the street.

She has large baggy trousers, no bothersome skirt,  
A manly cravat, and a coat, and a shirt,  
And her face becomes red as she onward does plow,  
And the hot perspiration stands forth on her brow.

Oh, shades of our grandmothers, look o'er the tide!  
Think of your spinning, the cottage beside,  
Then look at these bloomers, this shirt and cravat.  
Shades of our ancestors, where are we at?

*A Character.....Pittsburg Bulletin*

He sowed, and hoped for reaping—  
A happy man and wise;  
The clouds—they did his weeping,  
The wind—it sighed his sighs.

He made what Fortune brought him  
The limit of desire;  
Thanked God for shade in summer days,  
In winter time, for fire.

When tempest, as with vengeful rod,  
His earthly mansion cleft,  
On the blank sod, he still thanked God  
Life and the land were left!

Content, his earthy race he ran,  
And died—so people say—  
Some ten years later than the man  
Who worried his life away!

## OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

370. *The Rose*: Some ten or twelve years ago a poem entitled, I think, *The Rose*, was published quite extensively in papers and magazines, the copy I had was anonymous. It begins, as well as I remember:

"I am weary of the garden," said the rose,  
"For the winter winds are sighing,  
All my playmates round me dying;  
Soon with dead leaves I'll lying  
'Neath the snows."

Cannot vouch for correctness of this, but it is sufficiently like for identification. If found, will you please publish, or if not please refer me to author and publication in which it occurs. Also can I now obtain what was, I think, your first edition, 1883 or 1884, containing among other things *She Cometh*, by Robt. Burns Wilson?—D. S. Cowan, New Orleans, La.

[We regret that we cannot identify the poem from which you quote. Perhaps some of our readers may recognize it. With regard to the other verse mentioned, we find but two of Robert Burns Wilson's poems printed in the early issues of *Current Literature*: *A Ballade of the Faded Field*, in which the recurring refrain is, "But beauty's soul abideth still" (October, 1888), and *A Winter Fantasie* (January, 1889). Back numbers of the magazine from July, 1888 (the first issue) to date can be had on application to this office.]

371. Can Open Questions give the author of a quotation beginning, "The treasures of the deep are not so priceless (or precious)"—which then goes on, in substance, "as is his lot who is wrapped close in woman's love." I know I have seen this quotation, and thought I could at once lay hands on it, but thus far have been unable to find it.—Isaac H. Julian, San Marcos, Texas.

372. Soon after the fall of Richmond, in April, 1865, there appeared in the *Weekly New York Tribune* some verses written, I think, by Charles G. Halpine under the nom de plume of Miles O'Reilly. There was, as I remember, a day of rejoicing fixed, and this poem appeared on that day. It ran something like this:

"Bad luck to the man who is sober to-night;  
He's a cold-blooded borlaugh, or a secret secesher  
Whose heart for the old flag's never been right,

And who takes in the fame of his country no pleasure."

There were more of these verses. I was charmed with them. I am reading your *Current Literature* every month; would be pleased if you would publish these lines of Halpine's, or inform me where they can be obtained.—E.G. Johnson, Elyria, O.

[We are informed by G. W. Dillingham & Co., who were Halpine's publishers, that his volumes are out of print, and we know of no collection which includes the verses quoted above. Can anyone come to our assistance?]

373. *A Voice that was Heard in Grace Church Choir*: I beg to ask, as a reader of your periodical, if you could possibly inform me where I could obtain the poem entitled, "A voice that was heard in Grace Church choir," or something to that effect. I recollect reading the same in some magazine or paper, but cannot remember in which one. It

was only recently that I saw the same, some four or five months ago. The poem was dedicated to a woman who sang in Grace Church choir some twenty or thirty years ago. I should be pleased if you could aid me in securing it, and would meet the expense, whatever it may be.—J. P. Spengler, New York City.

374. *Saxe Holme*: Will you kindly answer the following question? Who is the author of the *Saxe Holme* stories? They are generally supposed to have been written by Helen Hunt Jackson. Not long ago I read in a magazine a short note about the stories and their author, and I think it was in *Current Literature*.—Carlotta Bicknell, Dalton, Mass.

[The following, clipped from a chapter on *Nom-de-Plumes*, by Charles T. Scott, in the October *New England Magazine*, may not satisfy our correspondent, but it is obviously the best answer we can make to her difficult query: "The short stories by *Saxe Holme* form the cleverest body of pseudonymous writings known in recent years. These stories appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1873-74. They have been credited to many well-known writers, more especially to Helen Hunt Jackson, who by many is looked upon as their creator. But the mystery of their authorship is just as impenetrable to-day as it was when they first appeared"]

375. I have long been anxious to discover the authorship of a poem in blank verse, of which the following are the opening lines, as well as I remember:

"What message, or what messenger to man?  
Whereby shall revelation reach the soul?  
For who, by searching finds out God?"

Can *Current Literature* or some reader thereof come to the rescue?—W. H. H., Duluth, Minn.

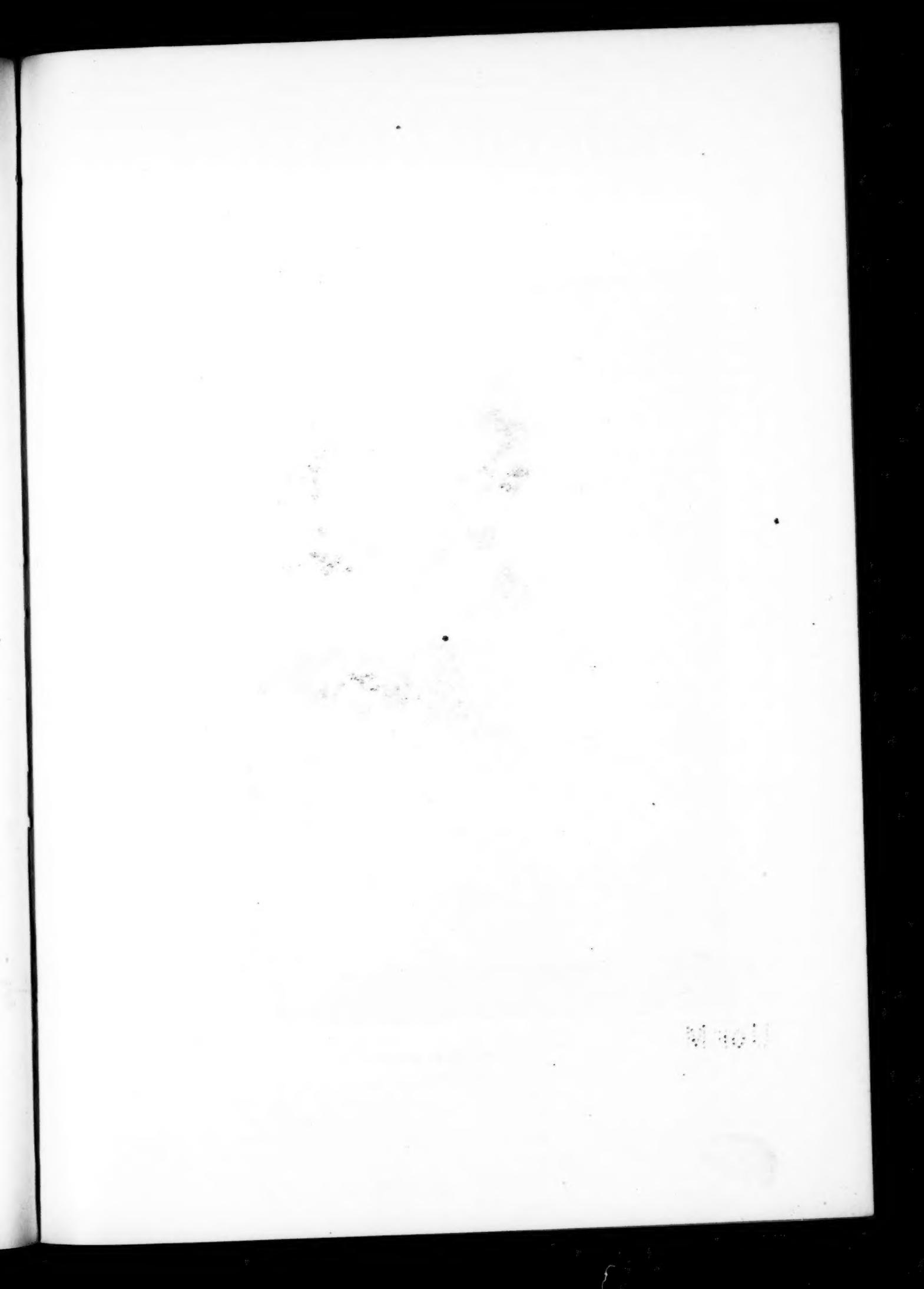
376. *Whose Mittens are These?* Can you tell me in what issue of your magazine, several years ago, there appeared a curious bit of rhyming about a pair of mittens, so that I may order a copy? The "poem" described the making of these wonderful mittens with "outside fur side inside," and the "inside skin side smooth side outside," etc. etc. The nonsensical jingle afforded much amusement at the time, and I would very gladly get hold of it again. A reply either by mail, for which I enclose stamped envelope, or in your "Correspondent" department, will greatly oblige a reader of *Current Literature* from the initial number to the present.—(Mrs.) Evelyn Raymond, Baltimore, Md.

### ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

332. *Hajji Baba in England—at Last!* Your querist will find Hajji Baba in England in Birk's English Library of Standard Works, published by John Birk, 313 Strand, London, England.—George Waters, M. D., Cobourg, Ontario, Canada.

369. *My Rival*: Ed. Irving can find the poem, *My Rival*, which is written by Rudyard Kipling, in *Departmental Ditties, Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses*, published by the United States Book Co., successors to John W. Lovell Co., 150 Worth St., New York.—A. S. Peabody, Chicago, Ill.

[A courteous reply to this question, referring to the British edition of *Departmental Ditties*, is received from W. S. Atkin, R. M. S. Teutonic; also from Miss Millicent Olmsted, Cleveland, Ohio, and from H. W. Roberts, Boston, Mass., enclosing a copy of *My Rival*, which is at Mr. Irving's disposal.]





DRAWING MADE FOR CURRENT LITERATURE.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

(See page 494)